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Publications

of the

Catholic Truth Society.

VOL. I.

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LONDON:
CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY,
18 WEST SQUARE, S.E.
DEPÔTS: 21 WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ROAD, S.E.;
245 BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.; 22 PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

1896.

31961

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Socialism

BY THE REV. JOSEPH RICKABY, S.J.

1. The Sores of Lazarus.

THE sacred rights of property—yes, but there is something even more sacred than property, the lives and happiness of mankind. It is an often proved thesis that property is an institution natural and necessary; a comforting doctrine to persons in easy circumstances. But these arguments for property are not the want of the times. Dives does not need them, and Lazarus will not heed them, not at least unless they be accompanied with a recognition of his grievances and a discourse of remedies for the same. The sacred duties of property, that is the theme to take up at present, even in the worldly interest of the propertied classes themselves. To parody a famous saying, property now is on its trial. If the existence of Dives is a benefit to Lazarus according to the order of nature, then well and good, Dives may be converted, and maintained in his estate; but if his existence is a benefit to no one but himself, so much the worse for Dives in the time that is coming on the earth.

Lazarus can read; he has had some education: he can think; and he does think the division of this world's goods between himself and Dives desperately unfair: and in his weakness he growls to his comrades in misery, "We will right this injustice some day."

2. What is Socialism?

The means of redress held out to him by the oratory, poetry, journalism, and organizing power of a very active propaganda, is a plan called "Socialism." It is one of

those inconvenient names that mean different things to different people. Socialism carried to an extreme, involves a transfer, sudden and probably violent, of all capital to the State, and that apparently without compensation to the sufferers by the change. There is nothing to prevent a good Catholic, or any reasonable man, if he sees his way to it, advocating that the State should pacifically and with due consideration of vested rights, take up now this form of capital, now that, and make it a government or communal monopoly; and it is difficult to see where the absorption should stop; only let it be done gradually and justly. But there must be some limit. I am about to argue that Socialism in its extremest form, implying the extinction of private capital and private commercial enterprise altogether, would be a huge and intolerable evil, abhorrent alike to the pious Catholic and to every other rational human being.

Whenever I speak of Socialism, I mean Socialism full-blown, unmitigated and extreme. It may take many forms. But as it is impossible here to discuss infinite possible amendments, I must beg leave to confine my remarks to one original proposal. That proposal at least is thoroughly Socialistic; and we want to inquire what thorough-going Socialism would involve. Socialism thus carried out means a posture of affairs in which a government of sheer democracy, just such as was proposed by Jean Jacques Rousseau, keeps in its own hands the whole of the capital, or producer's wealth, of the country. The government is purely democratic. The people, having manhood suffrage, make their own laws by their own direct vote, without Parliament or Senate, and hold the sovereign power in their own hands in such a way that all government officials are their nominees and bailiffs, removable at their will any day they choose. The people collectively is sole proprietor, not of all the wealth of the country, but of all the wealth that may lawfully be employed for producing other wealth by means of buying and selling, or other contracts. A man thus may own the house he lives in, the coat upon his back, the wine in his cellar, even the garden that grows cabbages for his table; but he may not hire hands to cultivate the garden, and then

sell the produce; he may not build houses and rent them; he may not import wine for the market. The State will be sole landlord, sole manufacturer, sole owner of shipping and railroads and all branches of the carrying trade, sole exploiter of mines, sole practitioner of medicine (taking fees), sole educator, sole keeper of wine and spirit vaults, sole merchant, and sole retail dealer—in a word, sole capitalist. The only way to wealth for the individual will be his own personal labour; he will get nothing but the wages of his work. The utmost vigilance will be exerted to prevent his capitalizing his wages; they are given him to consume, not to produce with. He may produce for himself if he can, but not for the market. It will be seen that there is no compulsion put on any man to work; but he must either work himself, or have worked, or beg, borrow, or steal from some one who has worked, if he means to live.

Under this system mental labour will be rewarded as well as bodily. The work that feeds the imagination and ministers to the æsthetic taste will command a price no less than the labour which supplies the necessaries of life. Every one will receive pay who does work useful to the community, and no one else will receive anything. Skilled labour will be paid better than unskilled, not in proportion to the excellence of the work, but in proportion to the time that the workman, manual or intellectual, may be supposed to have taken in acquiring his skill; the apprenticeship will be counted into the value of the labour. Thus the value of labour will always be reckoned by time, the unit of value being the day of a labourer of average skill and diligence.

It is difficult to formulate proposals which crumble away in the act of putting them into definite shape and detail; proposals the authors of which prefer to leave them vague and general; or if any one has come forward with a scheme more detailed than the rest, the others are sure to protest that they are not answerable for the absurd details of his addition. No working-drawing, so to speak, of Socialism has yet been made by its architects. And yet some of them are bold enough to cry out for the demolition, sudden, violent, and total, of the present edifice of civilization. Before a man consents to have

his house tumbled about his ears, he may well insist upon inspecting precise and accurate plans of the new palace into which he is invited to migrate.

There are two kinds of labour, storable and unstorable, or productive and ministrative. The former is such labour as making a coat, or writing a book: book and coat can be stored up till there is a demand for them. Ministrative labour is illustrated by a surgeon lancing an abscess, or an usher teaching a class. Whatever the labour be, some Socialists propose that the doers of it form a gild, and that gild have the monopoly in its own sphere—thus a joiners' gild, a tailors' gild, a shoemakers', a masons', a physicians', a schoolmasters'. The maker of a coat, then, will take his article to the gild stores, and receive his pay thence, if he be one of the fraternity: otherwise he will not be authorised to make coats, except, if he chooses, for his own back. The gild will sell the coat. The writer of a book will take it to his literary gild, and they will pay him according to the number of days which they think it would have taken an ordinary man amongst their number to have written that work. But the surgeon and the schoolmaster have no work to take to their gild: who then shall remunerate them? If they pocket their fee according to approved modern practice, they will not be members of the Co-operative Commonwealth, they will be working on their own account. It appears, therefore, that the patient or the pupil must carry his fee to the gild of physicians or the gild of preceptors, and the gild will pay their man for doing so many days' work.

Every gild will manage its own affairs, subject to the central control of the State—that is, of the whole people in meeting assembled. The State will fix, from time to time, a prescribed limit of production for the productive gilds: how many tons of coal shall be raised, how much wheat grown, how much cloth woven, and the rest. This the State will be able to do by employing a school of statisticians, whose forecast will be received with deference by the people. Sometimes it will be necessary to order a large transference of workers from one gild to another. In this system it will be observed that whoever buys anything, buys it of the State, that is, of some

gild over which, the State has plenary dominion and over and. The State, in the meantime, buys all the marketable labour of the individual. The State, having full power over the individual, will always have an excuse for bankruptcy by demanding his labour at a lower figure.

For the whole people to have one common landlord, the State cannot be very large. Its control is restricted into a myriad of minor regulations. These rules may interfere together to weaken production. Some Socialists, moreover, are opposed to the idea of federation as infringing the liberty of the several component States. Some indeed go so far as to wish to get rid of the State itself, as barring the free action of the individual. But these are madmen.

Socialism to be successful, would need to embrace the civilized world. Otherwise the threatened capitalists would hasten to transfer their wealth to countries where private capital was still allowed. It might even be worth while for some State to stand aloof from the Socialist movement here to grow rich at the neighbours' expense.

3. Socialism a Romance.

Well, man fell from Paradise, and might fall from socialism. And it is yet unsure to me whether the Socialist State would be a paradise or a pandemonium, a heaven or a hell on earth. That will depend largely—chiefly perhaps—on the spirit in which it is worked. But we must consider whether the institutions are good as being such as in fact are likely to be worked in a good spirit. The first advocates of State Socialism were made more than two thousand years ago. They were condemned by one of the keenest practical intellects that ever dived with true emphatic condemnation.

"This style of legislation wears a good face and an air of philanthropy. No sooner is it heard than it is eagerly embraced, under the expectation of a marvellous love to grow out from it between man and man, especially if the proposer goes on to inveigh against the evils of existing institutions, setting all down to the want of a community of goods. These evils, however, are due, not to the want of a community of property, but to the depravity of human nature. For experience teaches

that disputes are far more likely to occur among people who possess property in common and live as partners, than among those who hold their estates in separate tenure. The life proposed appears to be altogether impossible." [1]

There are a great many minds who are unable to withstand a brilliant picture set before their imagination. Their intellect is fascinated, their reason dazzled: they take what is set before them without argument, and hold it in spite of argument; it is so airy, so romantic, it must be true. Socialism has made way under this advantage: it is a charming Utopia on paper.

4. Political Difficulties of Socialism.

The first difficulty about the scheme is a political one. Pure unmitigated democracy is to Socialism the very breath of its nostrils: for if the State owned all capital, and privileged classes ruled the State, where would the workman be? But pure democracy is a very hard government to work. There is no instance in history of its working over a large area and for a long period of time. But the area of government duties in the Socialist State would be very large indeed. Not only would it include all the functions of government proper, as at present carried on, but likewise the supreme management of business throughout the country. To be sure, those functions would be simplified by the absence of competition, but even in their simplest form the administrative duties would be enormous. The State might have armies of clerks to work for it: moreover, the several gilds, as proposed above, might each conduct their own affairs; but there would always remain the appeal to the general assembly, an appeal that would be made continually. The assembly, unless it were willing that the government should pass into bureaucracy and oligarchy, would exercise an active and meddlesome supervision over the gilds and their officers. It would be a body huge and unwieldy, established on the principle of a vote for every man, and every man one vote. Obstruction would flourish there rank and impassable,

[1] Aristotle, *Politics*, 2, 5.

like the growth of an Indian jungle. The labour of legislation would supplant the labour of production. The people would be voting supplies when they should be working for them. To "run," as the Americans phrase it, the Social Democracy, there ought to be, as there was at Athens and at Rome, one set of men to work as slaves, and another set to legislate and adjudicate as citizens.[1] Thus only would there be shoulders broad enough to bear the immense burden of sovereign and proprietary right combined, which Socialists wish to devolve upon the sovereign people.

We are told in reply that the General Assembly, in Socialist times to come, will consist of people so highly educated, so wise to discern their own best good in the good of the commonwealth, so very unlike all people within our experience, the British House of Commons included, that there need be no fear of obstruction, over-legislation, partisanship, or any other of the infirmities that have beset popular assemblies in the past. In other words, we are requested to discard all the lessons of history in judging of Socialist proposals. By what other canon is it possible to judge them except the experience of the past? "What is it that hath been? The same thing that shall be."

Peoples have their favourites as well as kings. The favourite of a Social Democracy would be a very formidable personage. The lives, liberties, and property of all would be in his hands. It is the way of the multitude in politics to overlook principles which they cannot understand or see the application of, and stand by persons who excite their enthusiasm and sympathy. To these persons they blindly commit the management of concerns, as our large-tongued James committed himself and his kingdom to "Doggie Steenie." But this devotion to what our forefathers in Cromwell's time called "The Single Person" looks ominous for popular liberty. If ever in the Socialist State a Fighting Gild—

[1] Rousseau was shrewd enough to see this. He says of the Greeks: "Des esclaves faisaient ses travaux: sa grande affaire était sa liberté. . . Quoi! la liberté ne se maintient qu'à l'appui de la servitude! Peut-être. Les deux excès se touchent" (*Du Contrat Social*, iii. 15).

in other words, a standing army—shall rise up by the side of the other gilds, the people may find some day that they and all their capital have passed into the ownership of a military despot.

5. The Proletariate.

So much for political difficulties. They have been the difficulties of democracies in past times, and Socialism will not be exempt from them. Rather, as being the most democratic of democracies, it will experience them in an aggravated form. There remains a social difficulty peculiarly incident to the constitution we are now considering. The only source of private wealth here will be wages. That is to say, wages will be the only lawful source: but it is not to be expected that the greed of having, and the dislike of working, will be extinguished in the heart of man. On the contrary, when wealth by the force of law and public opinion is made a mere thing to squander and enjoy, men will first scrape together a little wage, then quit work altogether and spend their earnings wildly; then come back with less inclination than before to work, agitate for higher wages, abuse their foremen, rant and cabal in the Assembly, steal the wages of a more industrious neighbour, embezzle the gild-money; or they will borrow at usury, as gamblers contract their debts in disregard of legal sanction, from some canny workman who will let them have part of his wages for a consideration. Saving money for commercial gain is certainly not the noblest motive that a man can have for suppressing his spendthrift and riotous appetites: yet it is a motive, and one which poor humanity can ill afford to lose. That motive is flung aside and lost by Socialism.

There is an ugly foreign word, unknown to our fathers, that Socialists now use as a watchword, the Proletariate. It means the people who have nothing but their labour to live by, and who give birth to children as poor as themselves. Socialism promises to be the enfranchisement, aye, the enthronement, of the Proletariate. But Socialism once established would witness the speedy development of a Proletariate within

the Proletariate thus ennobled and crowned. In the days when the workmen are to have all, and all are to be workmen, there will grow up in the vitals of this new society a class of drones, of workmen who have gone to the bad; degraded, debauched, and dissolute creatures, whom no gild will employ, and who have no mind to belong anywhere where work is to be done. People like these — "stinging drones" Plato calls them — are, in countries like England and France at present, systematically coerced and kept under by force, the doing, Socialists say, of the *bourgeoisie*. But in the new republic to come they will be emancipated, on the principle that one man is as good as another: so they will sway from side to side like unsecured cargo in the hold of the political vessel. Their votes in the Assembly will be bidden for by the political adventurer, the Clodius of the future: one day they will shout for a Clodius, another for a Cæsar. This is the revolution that is preparing in the womb of the Revolution itself.

It may be said that Socialism will disfranchise these drones, every man that will not work, and treat them as criminals. But that would be to make labour obligatory, an intention which at least some modern Socialists disclaim. Besides, once disfranchisement sets in, many may be found to deserve it.

6. The Iron Law.

The right and left arm of Socialism in argument are Karl Marx's Theory of Value and Lassalle's Iron Law of Wages. We will deal with the Iron Law first. There is a certain level of wages, the lowest that is sufficient to enable a workman to live and work, and leave children behind him to go on working when he is dead If wages sink below this level, numbers of workmen die: and the scarcity of labour in the market brings wages up again to their normal level. If that level is exceeded, more children are born to working people, and more live: thus in time the labour-market is glutted and wages sink. The conclusion is that, as things are, the lot of the labouring classes can never be permanently improved: they and their children have nothing to hope for but a bare subsistence: they are iron-bound in toil and

penury. Whence the further conclusion is drawn, that the labouring classes must break up the established order and the distinction between labourer and capitalist.

The Iron Law professes to state things as they must be. The first verification of such a statement is by comparison with things as they are. Now, looking at things as they are, we find that the Iron Law has been broken, is being broken, cancelled and removed, by the action of the Trades Unions. Socialists themselves explain that what they call bare subsistence must be taken with a certain latitude. It includes more in Queen Victoria's reign than it did in Queen Anne's. It means more for an Englishman than for a coolie. So the term may be stretched until it comes to signify quite a comfortable existence; and when that limit is reached, the workman need no longer complain of the Iron Law. It depends in some measure on the workmen themselves to keep wages up towards this limit. This has been the object of the Trades Unions, an object not unsuccessfully pursued. There are always two limits to wages, a superior and an inferior. The superior limit is the utmost that masters can afford to give; the inferior is the least that workmen can afford to take. If the superior limit is past, the master closes his business: if the inferior limit is not attained, the workman dies of slow starvation. Where labour is very unproductive, the superior limit falls down upon the inferior: where the productiveness of labour generally is very great, the superior limit rises high above the other. That is the workman's opportunity. Then let him combine with his fellows to ask a high price: the master can afford it. Then he may live and flourish, and snap his fingers at the Iron Law.

The workman who does fall a victim to the Iron Law is the unfortunate person who, for one cause or another, cannot belong to any Union, and is glad to eke out a livelihood at any sacrifice. He comes under the operation of the "sweating system," and the worst of it is that he (or she, for it is too frequently a woman) is glad to be "sweated," the alternative being starvation. At this price of human misery we are supplied with cheap goods. But we need not raise the demon of Socialism to be rid of the sweating system. A more

innocuous and more effectual remedy would be to relinquish the cheap goods, and pay honest prices for our luxuries to provide fair wages.

7. Karl Marx's Theory of Value.

But the right arm of Socialism, as I have said, is Karl Marx's Theory of Value. He presupposes the distinction between worth, or value in use, and value in exchange, or market-value. The *worth* of a thing is the esteem which its possessor has of its utility to him. Thus the convenience of being ferried across a river, thereby saving a seven miles' walk when I am short of time, has a worth in my eyes equal perhaps to £1. The market-value of that same passage, the ferry being a public one, is 1d. Value in exchange is measured by the commercial price of any article, or of a service rendered. Karl Marx, then, reasoned thus. The exchange value of a commodity, he said, is the amount of human labour that has been put into it. Take, for instance, a regimental coat. There was, to start with, a sheep, a work of nature; but the shepherd laboured to rear and feed it, and to shear it: there was the carriage of the wool, the dyeing it, the manufacture of it into cloth, the tailoring. There has been large use of machinery in these processes, but the machines were made by man. The value of the coat is all this labour added together, all the human labour that such a coat involves. Moreover, Marx goes on, labour is estimated by the time that it takes a man to do it. Thus the value of the coat is the amount of man's time that has been spent in making it. It is obvious to object that at that rate the slower the workman, the more valuable the work. Marx replies that by time we must understand the time which an average workman would take over the task.

I waive for the present another objection with Marx's reply to it, and proceed to show how this theory is pursued to the destruction of capital. Suppose we have before us a consignment of five thousand regimental coats, fresh from the premises of Messrs. X. Y. Z., military tailors and outfitters. The coats are of considerable value: that is, they represent not a little of man's

time spent in making them. Who created that value? The man, it is answered, whose time and labour has been spent, and is contained as it were *jellified* in those coats. But who are those men? X. Y. Z.? Not a bit of it. Y. and Z. are away perhaps boating on Lake Lucerne; and X. has not been on the premises more than two hours a day, and has never laid a finger on the coats in any stage of their manufacture. The men who created that value are other workmen going before, and finally the workmen or "hands" of Messrs. X. Y. Z. But now who will pocket the price, the equivalent of that value? Messrs. X. Y. Z. will take it, and divide into three portions. With one they will pay for the raw material and machinery: one will be paid to their workmen as wages: the third portion, it is said, they will put into their own pockets, and on it live in luxury, doing no work, creating no value, but consuming the lives and devouring the labours of other men. Messrs. X. Y. Z. are capitalists. That third portion which they take to themselves, is termed "surplus value." Karl Marx proposes to abolish Messrs. X. Y. Z., and distribute that surplus value among the hands that created it, the workmen.

It is time to go back upon the objection that we waived just now. A carver in wood spends his time in turning out wooden imitations of cakes of Brown Windsor Soap. In ten days, working eight hours a day, he has turned out two hundred of these wooden tablets. No ordinary carver could have done the job in less. The man goes about to sell his products and can find none to buy them. In vain he relates how long he took to make them, and babbles of labour-jelly and Karl Marx: the public will not have them. They are no use. This brings Marx down to saying that by labour he means socially useful labour, or what society esteems such. Here is a vast alteration of the theory. Value, which had been all reduced to labour and time, is found to contain a totally different element, social utility. So the value of labour itself is not the mere labour and toil of it, not the mere time that it took, or would have taken an average man; but the issue or outcome of the labour to society is an important factor in its value.

It further appears that there are various orders of labour, some more useful to society than others, and therefore more valuable, time for time. In other words, we must consider the quality of labour, not merely the quantity. The attempt to reduce labour of high quality, or the best skilled labour, to quantity by referring it to the time spent in education or apprenticeship, is futile and absurd. Lord Wellington drove the French out of the Peninsula in something like five years: how long would it have taken an ordinary soldier, with Arthur Wellesley's education, to do the like? How long would the Duke of York, of Walcheren celebrity, have taken to do it? As in war, so in medicine, literature, engineering, politics, business management, art, there are men whose labour is quite incommensurable with the labour of their fellows. There are born aristocrats, a nobility of nature's own creation. And there is every grade of quality between one man's labour and his neighbour's, the difference arising partly from natural endowment, partly from advantages of position. Thus the little finger of Cæsar or Crassus is thicker than the loins of Drom : half an hour of Cæsar's thought does what Dromo could not do in weeks, perhaps not in centuries. So blind, so misleading, so outrageously neglectful of the facts, is this conceit of reducing all value to labour, and all labour to time.

To return to Messrs. X. Y. Z., their "hands," and the regimental coats. These coats are valuable, not merely as representing a certain amount of labour, but as being tolerably well adapted to meet a public need. But who thought of adapting them? Who foresaw the need and was forward to meet it? Who set up the machinery, improved and perfected it, bought up the raw material, got together the workmen, inspected and controlled them? All this is the doing of capitalists, not of the hands. It is not hand-labour, but it is labour of the highest social utility. Unless this be done, all the labour of the workmen is of no use at all, and has no value. So I have seen four horses dragging a load of timber up the slope of a hill, straining and bending to the weight, and by their side at his ease walked a man urging the animals with low cries: the horses carted the timber, but

the man carted it too, the former as physical causes, the latter in the way of mental and moral causation; and as the man would have been helpless to move the timber without the horses, so the horses without the man could never have carried it to any good end. But it will be urged, the capitalist is a man and the workmen are men too: the workmen then may replace the capitalist. Not if they continue to be workmen, that is, hand-labourers. You cannot have every one working with his hands. There must, as Socialists allow, be directors, statisticians, managers, whose work is mental, not manual; there must be men set aside for mental labour, as others are made over exclusively, this to one, this to another narrow province of manual labour. The labour and use of capitalists, and the value they create, are proved by the vast bureaucracy which Socialists are compelled to think of instituting in order to replace them. It is no more fair to deny the capitalist his profit, and call it unjust gain, because one has imagined a contrivance to work in his stead, than it would be fair of a capitalist to defraud his labourers of their wages, in view of a dreamy vision of machinery to come whereby he shall no longer need them. The present actual creator of social utilities is to have his reward in the present; the coming man may look for his at the justice of future generations.

It is only fair to X. Y. Z. to observe that they do not spend all the so-called surplus value in living riotously: that is what Socialists advise workmen to do with the said surplus, when it comes to be distributed amongst them. But X. Y. Z. capitalize great part of it, and provide for work and production to come. Their investments are not always judicious, it is true; but it is generally better to invest than to squander. More production means of itself higher wages; and less production, lower wages.

Pressed by arguments like these, Socialists sometimes change their key, and tell us that at any rate Messrs. X. Y. Z. are wonderfully well paid for their personal contribution to the value of their goods. As one puts it, "half the cake is a pretty dear price for overseeing its baking." But how many capitalists get half the cake, or a net profit equal to the sum of wages and

other working expenses put together? Perhaps there ought to be higher wages; certainly the capitalist has other duties to his workmen besides paying them their wages; but it is a law of nature, from which even the Socialist Commonwealth will not be exempt, that the superintendent be better paid than the journeyman baker.

Under the direction of intelligence, labour has vastly increased the wealth of the world, an increase which Socialists are never weary of enlarging upon, while they forget that it is due, not to common labour merely, but also to the intelligence of the capitalist setting common labour to work under advantageous conditions.

8. The Unproductive Rich.

Beaten out of their first position, Socialists take up this second and stronger ground. "Granted that some capitalists can rightly claim a reward as productive causes, for example, a gentleman farmer, or the managing partner in a factory, or the lessee of a coal-pit, what shall we say of the young nobleman who owns this pit and half a dozen others, and who is lounging about Pall Mall or Rotten Row, with less knowledge of coal than a housemaid, and with less brains than four-fifths of the miners?"

Personally, of course, he is not a productive cause, though his money is. But what good comes to society of his having that money and that exemption from all personal labour of production? Why this, that such sinecures are the prizes of the intellectual labour that is thrown into the work of production. The managing partner, and the coal-pit lessee aforesaid, toils and moils in the hope that, before the evening of life, he shall have reached an opulence which shall enable him to spend the rest of his days exempt from the labour of producing, and moreover to hand over his store, undiminished by his period of rest, to his children. His ambition is *to found a family* in wealth. He works that his posterity may not have to work as he does. An ignoble desire, you say: but a potent moral cause of production.

This second and further good comes from the exist-

ence of a class of unproductive capitalists, that society has available an array, as it were, of pensioners, who can, and who as a class do, undertake and perform a mass of ministrative duties. Of this class are our Cabinet Ministers, and our higher Public Service generally, our clergy, authors, scientific investigators, musicians, artists, poets, the men who refine our taste and brighten our lives. Society exists not for consumption alone, nor for consumption chiefly, and quite as little for production alone. Socialists, who are fond of the fable of the Belly and the Members, may remember that some organs in the body minister to higher purposes than those of nutrition and reproduction.

The class, then, of unproductive capitalists is valuable to society. The drones, who are found in this class as in every other class, and well-nigh in every family, high and low, should be induced to such labour as they are capable of by public opinion. There is no harm trying to render their position uncomfortable, even by law, if that can be done without destroying greater store of goods than they at present idly consume. For example, they may be taxed in proportion to their laziness and their luxury, if need be: but they are not a reason for overturning the whole Social Beehive, in the hope of building up the comb afresh on unnatural lines of Socialism.

9. The Healing of Lazarus.

There is no lack of remedies proposed. Temperance, Thrift, Emigration, National Insurance, Co-operation, Profit-sharing, all have their advocates, all are good in their way, none of them is all in all by itself. I have yet another remedy to add. It is not Charity, as that word is commonly understood in England. The science and art of almsgiving must be studied and practised by charitable societies for the relief of the sick and wounded in the battle of life, who cannot help themselves: but we do not want all the working classes on the sick list.

We must contrive to have fewer sick and wounded, by giving the workman a better chance of doing a stroke for himself. He has higher claims than those of charity

on his employer. There is a virtue which the old schoolmen called *piety:* we might English it *family-feeling.* It imports the habitual love and care which the members of a family ought to have one for another. Family is from the Latin *familia*, by which the Romans understood all who were under the *paterfamilias*, namely, the wife, the children, (called *liberi*, or free subjects), and the bondsmen (*servi* or *famuli*, literally the *doers*, or workers, whence the name *familia*, from *facio*, I do). We need to have the principle recognized, that workmen are part of the family of their employer, understanding *family* in this wide Roman sense: that he is their *paterfamilias:* that between him and them there exists a personal relationship, the observance of which is matter of the virtue of *piety*. Now piety is a virtue that binds with a closer tie than justice. It is justice to give to another his own. Justice supposes two terms, the giver and the receiver, mutually distinct. Therefore no man can be just to himself, strictly speaking. Nor does hard, fast justice run between those who are in some sense identified as one moral person, as between father and son, husband and wife, master and servant. This is the teaching of Aristotle. If the father harms the son, or the master the servant, he harms himself, a more wicked piece of mischief than is injustice done to a stranger. This was the personal relationship, the family connection between master and man, recognized in theory at least in the ancient world, where there were slaves; recognized in the Middle Ages as the relationship of lord and vassal; and most cruelly discarded in modern times by the substitution of the conception that finds expression in the terms *employer* and *hands.*

The bond of family must be strengthened, and the sphere of duty of the *paterfamilias* enlarged. It is the depreciation of family ties that leads up to the rankest State Socialism. To that goal our large Companies, with their agents and "hands," are unconsciously tending. But the tendency may be arrested, and even Companies become paternal, by wishing it, and by delegating to their various agents in command of their workpeople the office of a father, not without support of course from the Company's purse. Thus a station-master might be

responsible for the Company's servants employed under him, not merely as touches the Company's interest, but for their individual well-being, short of fussy interference, for there is excess in all things.[1]

It will be said that this taking of workmen within the family circle will mean their employer spending money on them over and above the wages that he pays them. A frightful supposition truly! Horrible to think of obstacles being thrown in the way of the amassing of wealth! Perhaps the selfishness of the master may find comfort in the Aristotelian teaching, that he who spends on his workpeople, that is, on his family, spends on himself. Perhaps he may reflect that his men will work to greater production by being better fed, better housed, less brutal, less immoral, and more loyal to his person. After all, there is something beyond mere breath in the "For he's a jolly good fellow." I fear, however, that the employer who starts this objection has but a poor idea of the end and purpose of money-making. Either he regards it as a means to enjoyment and ostentation, or as an end in itself. In either case he is a selfish man, a plague and embossed carbuncle in the flesh of society. Capitalists of this mind—sober, respectable men as they are reputed to be—are to blame for the present and past misery of our labouring population. If no capitalist is possible except money-grubbers like these, it is waste of words to argue against Socialism: the Socialists are right, and Capital stands condemned. The true end of money-making is for the good of the man's own family, whereof his workmen count for part, for the good of his native city or district, and for the good of his country. Whoever does not appreciate the motto, *Non sibi sed patriæ*, is unworthy of a high position amongst mankind.

But, in these present evil days at least, it will be

[1] "It is a good investment in a money point of view, but far more in other ways, for a railway company to provide houses for its station-masters, porters, platelayers, and signalmen. A company in good credit ought to be able to build houses more cheaply than other people, and can afford to let them to its servants at a lower rent than people who build houses merely for profit; and it is much to the advantage of the company to keep their men together, giving them an interest in the company both while at work and when off duty." *Railway Appliances*, by Barry (Text-books of Science), pp. 190–1.

urged, it is all that the masters can do to keep out of the bankruptcy court: if they spend any more on their workmen, they will be clean ruined. One thinks of Macduff's keen inquiry, "Dost thou say all?" All these cotton-spinners who rent the parks of decaying noblemen, all these provision-dealers who dress their wives in diamonds, all employers of labour who find money to fling away in the extravagances of the London season, who yacht in the Mediterranean, and fish in Norway, and buy up art-treasures in Italy all will be ruined by an increase of attention and expenditure bestowed on the poor who are the props of their fortunes! There certainly are capitalists whose backs another straw would break, and who are not now in a position to treat their workmen handsomely: these petty potentates in due course of nature must perish from the ranks of Capital. It is much more certain that they will perish than that their wealthier brethren will awake to a sense of their duty. The times are unfavourable to small undertakings. Too many moneyed men have taken up the position of employer, attracted by the profits, and not thinking of the responsibilities; now the profits are gone, and they must go. The burden of employership must rest on broader shoulders.

10. Co-operation.

Hobbes, in the frontispiece of one of his works, exhibits the bust of a human figure, whose head, breast, and shoulders are made up of men packed together. We may take this for a figure of a Co-operative Society. Co-operation may open a great future at once to the small capitalists and to the working man. It has certain drawbacks, notably the difficulty of getting good managers; still the cause looks hopeful. Even more hopeful still is Profit-sharing, which gives workmen a direct interest in the profits which their labour helps to produce. The effect hence anticipated is to make "industrial divisions vertical, not horizontal," the workman's interests being "bound up with those of his employer, and pitted in fair competition against those of other workmen and employers" (Jevons).

11. Honour to Masters.

Flattery of the lower orders is as base and mischievous as the flattering of kings. It is plain truth to tell, and wholesome to hear, that the great multitude of the poor, who are always with us, have a choice to make, an alternative dictated by nature, between misery joined to independence on the one hand, and comfort along with dependence on the other. In the present deplorable state of society a third alternative widely obtains, to wit, abject misery and dependence conjoined. But if ever the good time comes when employers as a body shall take up an attitude of fatherly *piety* toward their men; shall abstain from gains, the outcome of paying a starvation wage; shall see to the housing of their people, shall visit them, know them, and be proud of their bright, happy faces, as of the young olive-plants about their own table: if ever this shall come to pass, it can only be by the workman assuming a reciprocal attitude towards his employer, an attitude of respect, love, and loyalty, and a readiness to consider his master's opinions –in fact, obedience without servility and deference short of blind worship. The employer cannot be a father, where the employed will not behave like a son. A grown-up son, if you like, and emancipated from paternal dominion, but a son for all that, mindful of the Commandment, "Honour thy father." The old song must no more be heard, "I care for nobody," with its doleful addition, "and nobody cares for me." The workman must put away at once the pride of independence and the grief of the castaway.[1]

12. Augury of the Future.

It is presumptuous to prophesy, but one may hazard a guess as to distribution of wealth in the future. First,

[1] In time, however, the dismissal of a workman may become so heavy a ban as to require a court of arbitration to pronounce it. In time too we may revert to the old Saxon rule, *no man without a hlaford* (lord); *i.e.*, no labourer at a loose end, destitute of land and capital, and not belonging to any employer, or *gild* or *gang* of working men. Sudden spurts of work may then be met by contracting with the foremen of these gangs or gilds, or with other masters for the loan of their staff.

then, there will be large private capitalists, with or without profit-sharing. These will be incorporated frequently in wealthy companies. Small capitalists standing by themselves will grow fewer and fewer. Hesiod of old sang:

> Small craft praise and admire, but stow thou thy wares in a large ship.

So it is, that trade is entering into waters where nothing will float but either large argosies or large flotillas. Secondly, there will be individuals of small means, half capitalist and half workman, banded together in common enterprises of Co-operation and Profit-sharing. Thirdly, most wonderful event of all, there will be large municipal or communal property, mills, mines, stores, land, and particularly workmen's dwelling-houses. Local government in those days will be vastly developed, and great part of the total taxation will be under municipal control. In that day, the working man will have the shrewdness to perceive, that it is much more his interest to have a potent voice in the management of municipal affairs than in the government of the empire. Municipal capital, therefore, will be fairly controlled by the workers: it will not be mere matter of *bourgeoisie* jobbery. The men employed in the corporation works will live in the corporation dwelling-houses. The liberal treatment they receive, so to speak, at their own hands, will compel all private employers and companies, if they mean to find men to work for them, to treat their workpeople well, and especially to see them well lodged. But this is Socialism! No, it is not. Socialism allows of no private capital whatever. I look forward in ages to come to see private capital and communal capital working side by side in amicable and advantageous competition, the presence of either operating as a corrective to the peculiar abuses to which its rival is liable.

13. Need of Motive Power from Above.

In considering this or any other sketch of arrangements contemplated, we must stand on our guard against what is perhaps the master delusion of Socialism: I mean the idea that any imaginable constitution of society

whatever has virtue enough in itself to render oppression impossible. Happiness and good order do not spring from mere environment. Perhaps it is their habitual conversation in mills and workshops that helps Socialists to imagine that human well-being might be manufactured like any other product, could we only erect the requisite machinery. Give a man, they say, an interest in the interest of his fellows; let him find himself benefited in the common good; and he will remain indeed selfish as before, but his selfishness will work no harm, it will all turn to the good of the community. In being selfish he will be public-spirited. He will commit no crime against society, simply because he will be beyond the reach of temptation. How can a man steal, who abounds in bread? or commit adultery, where there is every facility for divorce? or be idle, when by wages he must live? or perjure himself, when he believes in no God? or commit murder, when every man he meets is his partner and help-mate? How indeed? Shrewd old Aristotle has an answer to the point, which I think worth quoting with some adaptation here:

"It is not only for the necessaries of life that men commit crime, for which Socialists think to find a remedy in the confiscation of capital, so that people may not turn highwaymen for cold or hunger; a further temptation is the longing to get gratification and appease desire. For if people have a desire of something beyond the necessaries of life, they will commit crimes to satisfy that craving. Nay, they will form to themselves artificial desires, that they may have gratification without paying for it by previous uneasiness. . . . As a matter of fact, it is the superfluities rather than the bare necessaries of life, which are the motives of the most heinous crimes. Men do not usurp a kingdom to get out of the cold. . . . It is solely as a preventive of petty crimes that the principle of the Socialist polity is efficacious. . . . No doubt there is a certain advantage in Democratic Socialism as a safeguard against the rivalry of classes, but it is nothing to boast of. For in the first place the men of light and leading, the possessors of ability and ingenuity, will take umbrage at not being set above the rest, as they deserve, and will turn to attacking the Constitution and sowing

sedition. And secondly, *there is no satisfying the greed of human kind.*[1] People are content at first with an allowance of two shillings, but no sooner is this the constitutional sum than they claim a larger one, and so on *ad infinitum*. For it is of the nature of desire to extend indefinitely, and the mass of mankind live for the gratification of desire."[2]

Aristotle mentions philosophy as a remedy. Under a purely natural dispensation philosophy would have been the guide of life. But in the present order of Providence, not philosophy but the faith of Christ is appointed to lead man to his goal. That goal is beyond this world, that we may so pass through the good things of life as to arrive at eternal joys. As things stand, there is no way to those joys except by faith in Christ. Christian "godliness is profitable to all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."[3] It is a mistake to look upon Christianity as a necessary institution indeed for bringing up men for heaven, but a drawback and disadvantage to their temporal estate.[4] Mankind cannot prosper as a race unless they live for heaven; and living for heaven in the actual order of things means Christianity. There is no other name under heaven given to men but the name of Jesus, whereby we must be either saved eternally or rescued from present social miseries. There is no other love but the love of Jesus Christ, that can take the selfishness out of a man. Demagogues, philanthropists, are all selfish—they want to advertise themselves, unless the love of the Crucified has taught them the art of self-suppression. There is nothing but the vision and hope of good things beyond this world, that can thoroughly loosen a man's heart from honour and money and what money can buy.[5] But we need

[1] The Professor of Greek in the Socialist Commonwealth will often have these words on his lips.

[2] Aristotle, *Politics*, ii. 7, with slight adaptation.

[3] 1 Tim. iv. 8.

[4] Pius IX. in the Syllabus, n. 40, condemned the proposition that "The doctrine of the Catholic Church is adverse to the interests and well-being of human society."

[5] "No conviction that unselfishness pays, has ever made any man permanently and persistently unselfish" (Balfour).

unselfishness and detachment —poverty of spirit, in fact —that human society as a whole may thrive and prosper. If a man looks upon intoxicating drink as the supreme good of humanity, that very persuasion disqualifies him for taking his drink wisely. Part of the reformation of a drunkard, or of any sensualist, is the creation in him of higher tastes. But whoever takes the supreme good to be money, whether in the shape of capital or wages, it matters not—whoever has set his whole heart on money and its incidents, is as incapable of using his money well as the drunkard his wine. Whatever we take to be the supreme good, we want to have as much as possible of it for ourselves—the drunkard all the liquor he can carry; the worshipper of wealth and wages, all the money and luxuries he can lay his hands on. Both men are thoroughly selfish: they are unfit co-operators in any social scheme: they will wrangle and squander, peculate and revolutionize. I speak of what will occur in the world generally. Man's nature needs to be spiritualized that we may deal with temporal goods unselfishly. Never was there greater infatuation than the Socialist proposal, to set all mankind a-hungering after material goods alone, and then to make men up into fraternities and co-partnerships, in the fond expectation that they will not rend and prey upon one another. The survival of the fittest—in popular language, the weakest to the wall—is a stern law of nature. It works itself out too little checked in the present capitalist system. It will work itself out under any system than can be proposed, Co-operation, Profit-sharing, Socialism—except it be counteracted by the further law of faith, hope, and charity, causing the stronger to hold their hand. But Socialism rejects faith, hope, and charity. It levies war alike on Capital and on Christianity. It has yet to learn that Christianity is the stronger institution of the two.

The Gospel Story of the Passion of Our Lord.[1]

COMPILED BY THE VERY REV. CANON RYAN.

I. The Last Supper.

St. Matt. xxvi., St. Mark xiv., St. Luke xxii., St. John xiii.

THE feast of unleavened bread, which is called the Pasch, was at hand, and Jesus said to His disciples: You know that after two days shall be the Pasch, and the Son of Man shall be delivered up to be crucified. Then were gathered together the chief priests and scribes and ancients of the people into the court of the high priest, who was called Caiphas, and they consulted together and sought how by subtilty they might apprehend Jesus and put Him to death; but they feared the people, and they said: Not on the festival day, lest perhaps there should be a tumult among the people. Now Satan entered into Judas, who was surnamed Iscariot, one of the twelve, and he went and discoursed with the chief priests and magistrates how he might betray Him to them. And he said to them: What will you give to me and I will deliver Him unto you?

[1] Every important word found in the Gospel narratives of the Passion has been used in this "Story," and no other word has been added. Hence on every word in these pages the devout reader may rest as on a word of the inspired text.

And they, hearing it, were glad, and promised and covenanted to give him money. And they appointed him thirty pieces of silver. And he promised; and from thenceforth he sought opportunity to betray Him in the absence of the multitude.

Now, the day of the unleavened bread came, on which it was necessary that the Pasch should be killed. And on the first day when they sacrificed the Pasch, the disciples came to Jesus, saying to Him: Whither wilt Thou that we go and prepare for Thee to eat the Pasch? And He sendeth two of His disciples, Peter and John, saying: Go and prepare for us the Pasch, that we may eat. But they said: Where wilt Thou that we prepare? And Jesus said to them: Go ye into the city; and behold, as ye go in, there shall meet you a certain man carrying a pitcher of water; follow him into the house where he entereth in, and you shall say to the good man of the house: The Master saith to thee: My time is near at hand: with thee I make the Pasch: where is My refectory, the guest-chamber where I may eat the Pasch with My disciples? And he will show you a large dining room, furnished, and there prepare ye for us. And His disciples, going their way, did as Jesus appointed to them, and came into the city and found as He had told them; and they prepared the Pasch. And when evening was come, before the festival day of the Pasch, Jesus knowing that His hour was come that He should pass out of this world to the Father, having loved His own who were in the world, He loved them unto the end. And He sat down and His twelve Apostles with Him, and He said to them: With desire I have desired to eat this Pasch with you before I suffer; for I say to you, that from this time I will not eat it, till it be fulfilled in the Kingdom of God. And having taken the chalice He gave thanks and said: Take and divide it among you. For I say to you, that I will not drink of the fruit of the vine, till the Kingdom of God come.

And when supper was done (the devil having now put into the heart of Judas Iscariot, the son of Simon, to be-

tray Him), knowing that the Father had given Him all things into His hands, and that He came from God and goeth to God, He riseth from supper, and layeth aside His garments, and having taken a towel, girded Himself. After that, He putteth water into a basin, and began to wash the feet of the disciples, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith He was girded. He cometh, therefore, to Simon Peter, and Peter saith to Him: Lord, dost Thou wash my feet? Jesus answered and said to him: What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter. Peter saith to Him: Thou shalt never wash my feet. Jesus answered him: If I wash thee not, thou shalt have no part in Me. Simon Peter saith to Him: Lord, not only my feet, but also my hands and my head. Jesus saith to him: He that is washed needeth not but to wash his feet, but is clean wholly; and you are clean, but not all. For He knew who he was that would betray Him; therefore He said: You are not all clean. Then after He had washed their feet and taken His garment, being sat down again, He said to them: Know you what I have done to you? You call Me Master and Lord: and you say well, for so I am. If I then, being your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, you also ought to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an example, that as I have done to you, so you do also. Amen, amen, I say to you: The servant is not greater than his lord; neither is the apostle greater than He that sent him. If you know these things, you shall be blessed if you do them. I speak not of you all: I know whom I have chosen: but that the Scripture may be fulfilled: "He that eateth bread with Me, shall lift up his heel against Me." At present I tell you, before it come to pass, that when it shall come to pass, you may believe that I am He. Amen, amen, I say to you, he that receiveth whomsoever I send, receiveth Me, and he that receiveth Me, receiveth Him that sent Me.

When Jesus had said these things, He was troubled in spirit, and when they were at table and eating, He testified and said: Amen, amen, I say to you, one of you, that

eateth with Me, is about to betray Me. But the disciples, being very much troubled, began to be sorrowful, and looked one upon another, doubting of whom He spoke. And they began to say to Him, one by one: Is it I, Lord? But He answering saith: One of the twelve, who dippeth with Me his hand in the dish, he shall betray Me. And whilst they were at supper and eating, Jesus took bread, and giving thanks, blessed, and broke, and gave to His disciples, saying: Take ye and eat: this is My Body which is given for you: do this for a commemoration of Me. And taking in like manner the chalice also after He had supped, He gave thanks and gave to them, saying: Drink ye all of this. And they all drank of it. And He said to them: This is the chalice, My Blood of the new testament—the new testament in My Blood—which shall be shed for you and for many unto the remission of sins. But yet, behold, the hand of him that betrayeth Me is with Me on the table. And the Son of Man indeed goeth, according to that which is determined, as it is written of Him. But yet, woe to that man by whom the Son of Man shall be betrayed: it were better for him if that man had not been born. And they began to enquire among themselves which of them it was that should do this thing.

And there was also a strife amongst them which of them should seem to be greater. And He said to them: The kings of the Gentiles lord it over them, and they that have power over them are called beneficent. But you not so; but he that is the greater among you, let him become as the younger; and he that is the leader as he that serveth. For which is greater—he that sitteth at table, or he that serveth? Is not he that sitteth at table? But I am in the midst of you as he that serveth. And you are they who have continued with Me in My temptations: and I dispose to you, as My Father hath disposed to Me, a kingdom; that you may eat and drink at My table in My Kingdom: and may sit upon thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel.

Now, there was leaning on Jesus's bosom one of His

disciples, whom Jesus loved. Simon Peter therefore beckoned to him, and said to him: Who is it of whom He speaketh? He therefore, leaning on the breast of Jesus, saith to Him: Lord, who is it? Jesus answered: He it is to whom I shall reach bread, dipped. And when He had dipped the bread, He gave it to Judas Iscariot, the son of Simon. And Judas said: "Is it I, Rabbi? Jesus saith to him: Thou hast said it. And after the morsel, Satan entered into him. And Jesus said to him: That which thou dost, do quickly. Now no man at the table knew to what purpose He said this unto him. For some thought, because Judas had the purse, that Jesus had said to him:—Buy those things which we have need of for the festival-day: or that he should give something to the poor. He, therefore, having received the morsel, went out immediately. And it was night.

When he, therefore, was gone out, Jesus said: Now is the Son of Man glorified, and God is glorified in Him. If God be glorified in Him, God also will glorify Him in Himself: and immediately will He glorify Him. Little children, yet a little while I am with you. You shall seek Me, and, as I said to the Jews: Whither I go you cannot come, so I say to you now. A new commandment I give unto you: That you love one another, as I have loved you, that you also love one another. By this shall all men know that you are My disciples, if you have love one for another. Simon Peter saith to Him: Lord, whither goest Thou? Jesus answered: Whither I go thou canst not follow Me now, but thou shalt follow hereafter. Peter said to Him: Why cannot I follow Thee now? And the Lord said: Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat. But I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not: and thou, being once converted, confirm thy brethren. Who said to Him: Lord, I am ready to go with Thee both into prison and to death: I will lay down my life for Thee. Jesus answered him: Wilt thou lay down thy life for Me? Amen, I say

to thee, Peter, the cock shall not crow this day, till thou thrice deniest that thou knowest Me.

And He said to them: When I sent you without purse and script and shoes, did you want anything? But they said: Nothing. Then, said He unto them: But now, he that hath a purse let him take it, and likewise a script; and he that hath not, let him sell his coat and buy a sword. For I say to you, that this that is written must yet be fulfilled in Me, "and with the wicked was He reckoned." For the things concerning Me have an end. But they said: Lord, behold, here are two swords. And He said to them: It is enough.

II. Gethsemani.

St. Matt. xxvi., St. Mark xiv., St. Luke xxii., St. John xviii.

And when Jesus had said these things, and when they had said a hymn, going out, He went, according to His custom, to the Mount of Olives. And His disciples also followed Him. And Jesus saith to them: You will all be scandalized in Me this night: for it is written, "I will strike the shepherd, and the sheep of the flock shall be dispersed." But after I shall be risen again I will go before you into Galilee. But Peter saith to Him: Although all shall be scandalized in Thee, I never will be scandalized: not I. And Jesus saith to him: Amen, I say to thee, to-day, even in this night, before the cock crow twice, thou shall deny Me thrice. But he spoke the more vehemently: Although I should die together with Thee, I will not deny Thee. And in like manner also said they all.

Then Jesus came with them over the brook Cedron into a country place, to a farm which is called Gethsemani, where there was a garden, into which He entered with His disciples. And when He had arrived at the place, He said to them: Pray, lest ye enter into temptation. Sit ye here, till I go yonder and pray. And He taketh with Him Peter, and James and John, the two sons of Zebedee, and He began to grow sorrowful and to be sad,

to fear and to be heavy. Then He saith to them: My soul is sorrowful, even unto death: stay you here and watch with Me. And going a little further, He was withdrawn away from them a stone's cast: and kneeling down He fell upon His face flat on the ground, and He prayed that, if it might be, the hour might pass from Him. And He said: Abba, Father, all things are possible to Thee: My Father, if it be possible, if Thou wilt, remove this chalice, let it pass from Me; nevertheless, not My will but Thine be done. And He cometh to His disciples, and findeth them asleep, and He saith: What! could ye not watch one hour with Me? And He saith to Peter: Simon, sleepest thou? Couldst thou not watch one hour? Watch ye and pray, that ye enter not into temptation. The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak. Again, the second time, He went and prayed, saying the same words: My Father, if this chalice may not pass away but I must drink it, Thy will be done. And returning, He cometh again and findeth them sleeping, for their eyes were heavy: and they knew not what to answer Him. And leaving them, He went again and prayed the third time, saying the self-same words. And there appeared to Him an angel from heaven, strengthening Him. And being in an agony, He prayed the longer, and His sweat became as drops of blood, trickling down upon the ground. Then when He rose up from prayer, and was come for the third time to His disciples, He found them sleeping for sorrow. And He said to them: Why sleep you? Sleep you now and take your rest. It is enough. Behold, the hour is at hand, the hour has come, and the Son of Man shall be betrayed into the hands of sinners. Rise, pray, lest you enter into temptation. Let us go: behold he that will betray Me is near at hand.

Judas also who betrayed Him, knew the place: because Jesus had often resorted thither together with His disciples. Judas, therefore, having received a band of soldiers and servants from the chief priests and the Pharisees, cometh thither with lanterns and torches and

weapons. And while Jesus was yet speaking, behold Judas Iscariot, one of the twelve, came, and with him a great multitude with swords and clubs and staves, sent from the chief priests and the scribes and the ancients of the people, and he that was called Judas, one of the twelve, went before them. And the traitor had given them a sign, saying: Whomsoever I shall kiss, that is He; lay hold on Him, and lead Him away carefully. And when he was come, immediately going up to Jesus, he said: Hail, Rabbi! And he drew near to Jesus to kiss Him, and he kissed Him. And Jesus said to him: Friend, whereto art thou come? Judas, dost thou betray the Son of Man with a kiss? Jesus, therefore, knowing all things that should come upon Him, went forth, and said to them: Whom seek ye? They answered Him: Jesus of Nazareth. Jesus saith to them: I am He. And Judas also, who betrayed Him, stood with them. As soon, therefore, as He had said to them, I am He, they went backwards, and fell to the ground. Again, therefore, He asked them: Whom seek ye? And they said: Jesus of Nazareth. Jesus answered: I have told you that I am He. If, therefore, you seek Me, let these go their way: that the word might be fulfilled which He said: Of them whom Thou hast given Me, I have not lost any one. And they that were about Him, seeing what would follow, said to Him: Lord, shall we strike with the sword? And behold, one of them that were with Jesus, Simon Peter, having a sword, stretching forth his hand, and striking the servant of the high priest, cut off his right ear: and the servant's name was Malchus. But Jesus answering, said: Suffer ye thus far. And when He had touched his ear, He healed him. The Jesus said to Peter: Put up thy sword again into its place, into the scabbard; for all that take the sword shall perish with the sword. Thinkest thou that I cannot ask My Father, and He will give Me presently more than twelve legions of angels? But how, then, shall the Scriptures be fulfilled, that so it must be done? The chalice which My Father hath given Me, shall I not drink it?

Then they came up, and laid hands on Jesus, and held Him.

In that same hour, Jesus said to the multitudes, to the chief priests and magistrates of the Temple, and the ancients that were come unto Him: Are you come out as it were to a robber, with swords and clubs to apprehend Me? When I was daily with you in the Temple, teaching, you did not stretch forth your hands against Me, you did not lay hands on Me. All this has been done, that the Scriptures of the prophets may be fulfilled: this is your hour, and the power of darkness. Then the band and the tribune and the servants of the Jews took Jesus and bound Him. Then all His disciples, leaving Him, fled away. And a certain young man followed Him, having a linen cloth cast about his naked body; and they laid hold on him. But he, casting off the linen cloth, fled from them naked. But they, holding Jesus, led Him to the house of Caiphas, the high priest.

III. Jesus before the Priests.

St. Matt. xxvi., St. Mark xiv., St. Luke xxii., St. John xviii.

And they led Him away to Annas first, for he was father-in-law to Caiphas, who was the high priest of that year. Now Caiphas was he who had given the counsel to the Jews: That it was expedient that one man should die for the people. The high priest, therefore, asked Jesus of His disciples and of His doctrine. Jesus answered him: I have spoken openly to the world: I have always taught in the Synagogue and in the Temple, whither all the Jews resort; and in secret I have spoken nothing. Why askest thou Me? Ask them who have heard what I have spoken unto them: behold, they know what things I have said. And when He had said these things, one of the servants standing by gave Jesus a blow, saying: Answerest Thou the high priest so? Jesus answered him: If I have spoken evil, give testimony of the evil: but if well, why strikest thou Me? And Annas sent Him bound to Caiphas, the high priest: and all the priests and

the scribes and the ancients assembled together. And Simon Peter followed Him afar off, and another disciple, even to the court of the high priest. And that disciple was known to the high priest, and went in with Jesus into the court of the high priest. But Peter stood at the door without. The other disciple, therefore, who was known to the high priest, went out and spoke to the portress and brought in Peter. And he, going in, into the court, sat with the servants at the fire that he might see the end. For they had kindled a fire in the middle of the hall, and were sitting about it; and Peter was in the midst of them, and was warming himself.

And the chief priests and the whole council sought false witness against Jesus, that they might put Him to death. And they found none, whereas many false witnesses had come in. For many bore false witness against Him, and their evidences were not agreeing. And last of all there came two false witnesses; and they said: This Man said, for we heard Him say, I am able to destroy the Temple of God, and after three days to rebuild it: I will destroy this Temple made with hands, and within three days I will build another not made with hands. And their witness did not agree. And the high priest, rising up in the midst, asked Jesus saying: Answerest Thou nothing to the things that are laid to Thy charge by these men? But Jesus held His peace, and answered nothing. Again the high priest asked Him, and he said to Him: I adjure Thee by the living God, that Thou tell us if Thou be the Christ, the Son of the blessed God. And Jesus saith to him: Thou hast said it: I am. Nevertheless I say to you, hereafter you shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of the power of God, and coming in the clouds of Heaven. Then the high priest rent his garments, saying: He hath blasphemed: what further need have we of witnesses? Behold, now you have heard the blasphemy: what think you? But they all answering condemned Him and said: He is guilty of death.

Then the men that held Him, mocked Him: and some

began to spit on Him, and to cover His face, and to buffet Him. They spat on His face, and others smote His face with the palms of their hands, saying: Prophesy unto us, O Christ, who is he that struck Thee? And the servants struck Him with the palms of their hands. And blaspheming, many other things they said against Him. But Peter sat without in the court: and there came to him one of the servant-maids of the high priest, the maid that was portress; and when she had seen Peter sitting at the light, warming himself, looking on him, she said: Thou also wast with the Galilean, Jesus of Nazareth. Art not thou also one of this Man's disciples? But he denied Him before them all, saying: I am not, woman, I know Him not: I neither know nor understand what thou sayest. And he went forth before the court, and the cock crew. And again another maid-servant, seeing him as he went out of the gate, began to say to the standers-by there: This is one of them: this man also was with Jesus of Nazareth. Now, after a little while, the servants and ministers stood at a fire of coals, because it was cold, and warmed themselves. And with them was Peter also standing and warming himself. They said, therefore, to him: Art not thou also one of His disciples? And another, seeing him, said: Thou also art one of them. But Peter again denied, and said, with an oath: O man, I am not: I know not the man. And after a little while, the space, as it were, of one hour, they that stood by came and said to Peter: Surely thou also art one of them, for thou also art a Galilean; even thy speech doth discover thee. And another certain man affirmed, saying: Of a truth, this man was also with Him, for he is also a Galilean. And one of the servants of the high priest (a kinsman of him whose ear Peter had cut off), saith to him: Did not I see thee in the garden with Him? But Peter again denied: he began to curse and to swear that he knew not the man; I know not this man of Whom you speak; man, I know not what thou sayest. And immediately, while he was yet speaking, the cock crew again. And the Lord, turning, looked on Peter. And Peter

remembered the word that Jesus had said unto him: Before the cock crow twice, thou shalt thrice deny Me. And he began to weep. And, going out, he wept bitterly.

And straightway in the morning, as soon as it was day, all the chief priests came together, and held a consultation with the ancients and the scribes, and the whole council, against Jesus, that they might put Him to death. And they brought Him into their council, saying: If Thou be the Christ, tell us. And He saith to them: If I shall tell you, you will not believe Me; and if I shall also ask you, you will not answer Me nor let Me go. But hereafter the Son of Man shall be sitting on the right hand of the power of God. Then said they all: Art Thou, then, the Son of God? Who said: You say that I am. But they said: Why need we any further testimony? For we ourselves have heard it from His own mouth. And binding Jesus, the whole multitude of them rose up, and led Him from Caiphas to the governor's hall, and delivered Him to Pontius Pilate, the governor. And it was morning.

Then Judas, who betrayed Him, seeing that He was condemned, repenting himself, brought back the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and ancients, saying: I have sinned in betraying innocent blood. But they said: What is that to us? look thou to it. And casting down the pieces of silver in the Temple, he departed, and went and hanged himself with a halter. But the chief priests, having taken the pieces of silver, said: It is not lawful to put them into the corbona,[1] because it is the price of blood. And after they had consulted together, they bought with them the potter's field, to be a burying-place for strangers. For this cause that field was called Haceldama, that is, the field of blood, even to this day. Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by Jeremias, the prophet, saying: "And they took the thirty pieces of silver, the price of Him that was prized, whom they prized of the children of Israel. And they gave them unto the potter's field, as the Lord appointed to me."

[1] Treasury.

IV. Jesus before the Civil Tribunals.

St. Matt. xxviii, St. Mark xv., St. Luke xxiii., St. John xviii.

The Jews went not into the governor's hall, that they might not be defiled, but that they might eat the Pasch. Pilate, therefore, went out to them, and said: What accusation bring you against this Man? They answered and said to him: If He were not a malefactor, we would not have delivered Him up to Thee. Pilate, therefore, said to them: Take Him you, and judge Him according to your law. The Jews, therefore, said to him: It is not lawful for us to put any man to death. That the word of Jesus might be fulfilled which He said, signifying what death He should die.

And they began to accuse Him, saying: We have found this Man perverting our nation, and forbidding to give tribute to Cæsar, and saying that He is Christ the King. Pilate, therefore, went into the hall again, and called Jesus, and Jesus stood before the governor. And Pilate asked Him, saying: Art Thou the King of the Jews? Jesus answered: Sayest thou this thing of thyself, or have others told it thee of Me? Pilate answered: Am I a Jew? Thy own nation and the chief priests have delivered Thee up to me: what hast Thou done? Jesus answered: My Kingdom is not of this world. If My Kingdom were of this world, My servants would certainly strive that I should not be delivered to the Jews, but now My Kingdom is not from hence. Pilate, therefore, said to Him: Art Thou a King, then? Jesus answered: Thou sayest it, I am a King. For this was I born, and for this came I into the world; that I should give testimony to the truth. Every one that is of the truth, heareth My voice. Pilate said to Him: What is truth? And when he had said this he went out again to the Jews, and said to them: I find no cause in Him. But you have a custom that I should release one unto you at the Pasch: Will you therefore that I release unto you the King of the

Jews? Then cried they all again, saying: Not this Man, but Barabbas. Now Barabbas was a robber. And Pilate said to the chief priests and to the multitudes: I find no cause in this Man. And when He was accused by the chief priests and ancients, in many things, He answered nothing. Then Pilate again asked Him, saying: Answerest Thou nothing? Behold in how many things they accuse Thee. Dost not Thou hear how great testimonies they allege against Thee? But Jesus still answered him nothing to any word, so that Pilate, the governor, wondered exceedingly. But they were more earnest, saying: He stirreth up the people, teaching throughout all Judea, beginning from Galilee to this place.

Pilate hearing Galilee, asked if the Man were of Galilee? And when he understood that He was of Herod's jurisdiction, he sent Him away to Herod, who was also himself at Jerusalem in those days. And Herod, seeing Jesus, was very glad; for he was desirous for a long time to see Him, because he had heard many things of Him; and he hoped to see some sign wrought by Him. And he questioned Him in many words. But Jesus answered him nothing. And the chief priests and the scribes stood by, earnestly accusing Him. And Herod with his army set Him at nought, and mocked Him, putting on Him a white garment, and sent Him back to Pilate. And Herod and Pilate were made friends that same day; for before they were enemies one to another. And Pilate, calling together the chief priests and magistrates and the people, said to them: You have presented unto me this Man, as one that perverteth the people; and behold I, having examined Him before you, find no cause in this Man touching those things wherein you accuse Him. No, nor Herod either. For I sent you to him and behold nothing worthy of death is done to Him: I will chastise Him, therefore, and release Him.

Now, upon the solemn festival day the governor was accustomed, of necessity, to release to the people one of the prisoners, whomsoever they demanded. And he had then a notorious prisoner, that was called Barabbas,

who was put into prison with some seditious men, who in the sedition had committed murder. And when the multitude was come up, they began to desire that he should do as he had ever done unto them. They therefore being gathered together, Pilate said: Whom will you that I release to you, Barabbas, or Jesus that is called Christ? Will you that I release to you the King of the Jews? For he knew that the chief priests had delivered Him up out of envy. And as he was sitting on the judgment-seat his wife sent to him, saying: Have thou nothing to do with that just Man: for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of Him. But the chief priests and the ancients moved the people, and persuaded them to ask that he should rather release Barabbas to them, and make Jesus away. And the governor answering, said to them: Whether will you of the two to be released unto you? But the whole multitude together cried out, saying: Barabbas: away with this Man, and release unto us Barabbas. And Pilate again spoke to them, desiring to release Jesus. And he saith to them again: What shall I do then with Jesus that is called Christ? What will you that I do to the King of the Jews? But they all again cried out, saying: Crucify! Crucify Him! Let Him be crucified! But Pilate, the governor, said to them the third time: Why, what evil hath this Man done? I find no cause of death in Him! I will chastise Him, and let Him go. But they cried out the more, and were instant with loud voices requiring that He might be crucified: Crucify Him! Let Him be crucified! And their voices prevailed. And Pilate, seeing that he prevailed nothing, but that rather a tumult was made, being willing to satisfy the people, gave sentence that it should be as they required. And taking water, he washed his hands before the people, saying: I am innocent of the blood of this just Man: look you to it. And the whole people answering, said: His blood be upon us, and upon our children. Then he released to them Barabbas, him who for murder and sedition had been cast into prison, whom they had desired: but Jesus

he took and scourged, and delivered unto them to be crucified.

Then the soldiers of the governor, taking Jesus into the court of the palace, gathered together unto Him the whole band; and stripping Him, they put a scarlet cloak about Him. And platting a crown of thorns, they put it upon His head, and a reed in His right hand. And bowing the knee before Him, they mocked Him, and they came to Him, and they began to salute Him, saying: Hail! King of the Jews! And they did spit on Him. And they took the reed, and struck His head with it, and they gave Him blows, and bowing their knees, they adored Him.

Pilate, therefore, went forth again and said to them: Behold, I bring Him forth unto you, that you may know that I find no cause in Him. Jesus, therefore, came forth, wearing the crown of thorns and the purple garment. And he said to them: Behold the Man! When the chief priests, therefore, and the servans, had seen Him, they cried out, saying: Crucify Him! Crucify Him! Pilate said to them: Take Him you, and crucify Him, for I find no cause in Him. The Jews answered him: We have a law; and according to the law He ought to die, because He made Himself the Son of God. When Pilate, therefore, had heard this saying, he feared the more. And he entered into the hall again, and he said to Jesus: Whence art Thou? But Jesus gave him no answer. Pilate, therefore, said to Him: Speakest Thou not to me! Knowest Thou not that I have power to crucify Thee, and I have power to release Thee? Jesus answered: Thou shouldst not have any power against Me, unless it were given thee from above: therefore he that hath delivered Me to thee had the greater sin. And from henceforth Pilate sought to release Him. But the Jews cried out, saying: If thou release this man, thou art not Cæsar's friend: for whosoever maketh himself a king speaketh against Cæsar. Now when Pilate had heard these words, he brought Jesus forth, and sat down on the judgment-seat in the palace that is called

Lithostrotos,[1] and in the Hebrew Gabbatha. And it was the Parasceve of the Pasch, about the sixth hour, and he said to the Jews: Behold your King. But they cried out: Away with Him; away with Him! Crucify Him! Pilate said to them: Shall I crucify your King? The chief priests answered: We have no King but Cæsar. Then, therefore, he delivered up Jesus to their will to be crucified.

V. Calvary.

St. Matt. xxvii., St. Mark xv., St. Luke xxiii., St. John xix.

After they had mocked Jesus, they took off the scarlet cloak from Him, and put on Him His own garments, and took and led Him away to crucify Him. And bearing His own Cross He went forth. And as they led Him away, going out, they found one Simon of Cyrene, who passed by coming out of the country, the father of Alexander and of Rufus, and they forced him to take up His Cross, and they laid the Cross on him to carry after Jesus. And there followed Him a great multitude of people, and of women who bewailed and lamented Him. But Jesus turning to them said: Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not over Me, but weep for yourselves and for your children. For behold the days shall come, wherein they shall say: Blessed are the barren and the wombs that have not borne, and the paps that have not given suck. Then shall they begin to say to the mountains: Fall upon us: and to the hills: Cover us. For if in the green wood they do these things, what shall be done in the dry? And there were also two other malefactors led with Him to be put to death. And they brought Him to the place that is called in Hebrew Golgotha, which being interpreted is, the place of Calvary. And when they were come they gave Him wine mingled with gall and myrrh; and when He had tasted He took it not, and would not drink.

[1] The Pavement.

And it was the third hour, and they crucified Him there. And with Him they crucify two others, thieves, one on each side: one on the right hand, and one on the left, and Jesus in the midst. And the Scripture was fulfilled which saith: "And with the wicked He was reputed." And Jesus said: Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do, and Pilate wrote a title also; and they put it over His head upon the Cross—the inscription of His cause written: THIS IS JESUS OF NAZARETH, THE KING OF THE JEWS. This title, therefore, many of the Jews did read: because the place where Jesus was crucified was nigh to the city; and it was written over Him in letters of Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. Then the chief priests of the Jews said to Pilate: Write not, The King of the Jews; but that He said, I am the King of the Jews. Pilate answered: What I have written, I have written. The soldiers, therefore, after they had crucified Him, took and divided His garments (and they made four parts, to every soldier a part.) And they cast lots upon them, what every man should take, and also on His coat. Now the coat was without seam, woven from the top throughout. They said then, one to another: Let us not cut it, but let us cast lots for it whose it shall be. That the Scripture might be fulfilled, saying: "They have parted My garments among them; and upon My vesture they have cast lots." And the soldiers indeed did these things.

And they sat, and watched Him. And they that passed by, blasphemed Him, wagging their heads and saying: Vah! Thou that destroyest the Temple of God, and in three days dost rebuild it, save Thy own self: if Thou be the Son of God, come down from the Cross. And the people stood beholding, and in like manner also the chief priests, mocking, derided Him, and said, with the scribes and ancients, one to another: He saved others; Himself He cannot save: let Him save Himself, if He be Christ, the elect of God. If He be Christ, the King of Israel, let Him now come down from the Cross, that we may see and believe in Him. He trusted in God: let Him now deliver Him, if He will have Him; for

He said: I am the Son of God. And the soldiers also mocked Him, coming to Him and offering Him vinegar, and saying: If Thou be the King of the Jews, save Thyself. And the self-same thing, the thieves also, that were crucified with Him, reproached Him with; and they reviled Him. And one of these robbers who were hanged, blasphemed Him, saying: If Thou be Christ, save Thyself and us. But the other, answering, rebuked him, saying: Neither dost thou fear God, seeing thou art under the same condemnation? And we indeed justly; for we received the due reward of our deeds; but this Man hath done no evil. And he said to Jesus: Lord, remember me when Thou shalt come into Thy Kingdom. And Jesus said to him: Amen, I say to thee, this day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise.

Now there stood by the Cross of Jesus, His Mother and His Mother's sister, Mary of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalen. When Jesus, therefore, had seen His Mother and the disciple standing, whom He loved, He saith to His Mother: Woman, behold thy son! After that He saith to the disciple: Behold thy Mother! And from that hour the disciple took her to his own.

Now it was almost the sixth hour. And when the sixth hour was come, there was darkness over the whole earth until the ninth hour. And the sun was darkened. And about the ninth hour, Jesus cried out with a loud voice, saying: Eloi, Eloi, lamma sabacthani? Which is, being interpreted: My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me? And some of the standers-by, hearing, said: Behold, this Man calleth Elias. Afterwards, Jesus knowing that all things were now accomplished, that the Scripture might be fulfilled, said: I thirst. Now there was a vessel set there, full of vinegar. And immediately one of them running, took a sponge, and filled it with vinegar about hyssop, and putting it on a reed put it to His mouth and gave Him to drink. And the others said: Let be, let us see whether Elias will come to take Him down and deliver Him. When Jesus, therefore, had taken the vinegar, He said: It is consummated. And Jesus

again crying out with a loud voice, said: Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit. And saying this, and bowing His head, He gave up the ghost.

And behold, the veil of the temple was rent in two in the midst, from the top even to the bottom, and the earth quaked and the rocks were rent. And the graves were opened; and many bodies of the saints that had slept, arose, and coming out of the tombs after His Resurrection, came into the Holy City, and appeared to many. Now the centurion, and they that were with him watching Jesus, seeing that crying out in this manner He had given up the ghost, and having seen the earthquake and the things that were done, were sore afraid, and glorified God, saying: Indeed this was a just Man! Indeed this was the Son of God! And all the multitude of them that were come together to that sight, and saw the things that were done, returned, striking their breasts.

And all His acquaintance, and the women that had followed Him from Galilee, ministering unto Him, were there, looking on afar off, and beholding these things; among whom was Mary Magdalen, and Mary the mother of James and Joseph, and Salome the mother of the sons of Zebedee, who also, when He was in Galilee, followed Him, and ministered to Him; and many other women that came up with Him in Jerusalem. Then the Jews, because it was the Parasceve, that the bodies might not remain upon the cross on the Sabbath day (for that was a great Sabbath day) besought Pilate that their legs might be broken, and that they might be taken away. The soldiers therefore came, and they broke the legs of the first, and of the other that was crucified with Him. But after they were come to Jesus, when they saw that He was already dead, they did not break His legs. But one of the soldiers with a spear opened His side, and immediately there came out Blood and Water. And he that saw it hath given testimony: and his testimony is true. And he knoweth that he saith true; that you also may believe. For these things were done that the Scripture might be fulfilled: "You shall not break a bone of Him."

And again another Scripture saith "They shall look on Him Whom they pierced."

And after these things, and when evening was now come (because it was the Parasceve, that is the day before the Sabbath), behold there came a certain rich man named Joseph, of Arimathea, a city of Judea, who was a noble counsellor, a good and just man. The same had not consented to their counsels and doings, who was also himself looking for the Kingdom of God, because he was a disciple of Jesus, but secretly for fear of the Jews. He went in boldly to Pilate, and begged him that he might take away the Body of Jesus. But Pilate wondered that He should be already dead. And sending for the centurion, he asked him if He were already dead. And when he had understood it by the centurion, Pilate commanded that the body should be delivered to Joseph. He, buying fine linen, took down the Body of Jesus. And Nicodemus also came, he who at the first came to Jesus by night, bringing a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about a hundred pound weight. They took, therefore, the Body of Jesus, and Joseph wrapped It up in a clean linen cloth; they bound It in linen cloths with the spices as the manner of the Jews is to bury. Now, there was in the place where He was crucified a garden; and in the garden a new sepulchre, wherein no man yet had been laid. There, therefore, in Joseph's own new monument, which he had hewed out in a rock, because of the Parasceve of the Jews they laid Jesus, for the sepulchre was nigh. And Joseph rolled a great stone to the door of the monument and went his way.

APPENDIX.

Christ's Prayer for His Disciples.

St. John xvii.

These things Jesus spoke, and lifting up His eyes to Heaven, He said: Father, the hour is come, glorify Thy Son, that Thy Son may glorify Thee. As Thou hast given Him power over all flesh, that He may give eternal life to all whom Thou hast given Him. Now this is eternal life: That they may know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent. I have glorified Thee on the earth: I have finished the work which Thou gavest Me to do. And now glorify Thou Me, O Father, with Thyself, with the glory which I had, before the world was, with Thee. I have manifested Thy Name to the men whom Thou hast given me out of the world. Thine they were, and to Me Thou gavest them: and they have kept Thy Word. Now they have known that all things which Thou hast given Me are from Thee: because the words which Thou gavest Me, I have given to them: and they have received them, and have known in very deed that I came out from Thee, and they have believed that Thou didst send Me. I pray for them: I pray not for the world, but for them whom Thou hast given Me: because they are Thine; and all My things are Thine, and Thine are Mine; and I am glorified in them. And now I am not in the world, and these are in the world, and I come to Thee. Holy Father, keep them in Thy Name, whom Thou hast given Me, that they may be one, as We also are. While I was with them, I kept them in Thy Name. Those whom Thou gavest Me have I kept, and none of them is lost, but the son of perdition, that the Scripture may be fulfilled. And now I come to Thee: and these things

I speak in the world, that they may have My joy filled in themselves. I have given them Thy Word, and the world hath hated them, because they are not of the world, as I also am not of the world. I pray not that Thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldst keep them from evil. They are not of the world: as I also am not of the world. Sanctify them in truth. Thy Word is truth. As Thou hast sent Me into the world, I also have sent them into the world. And for them do I sanctify Myself: that they also may be sanctified in truth. And not for them only do I pray, but for them also who through their word shall believe in Me. That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, in Me, and I in Thee: that they also may be one in Us: that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me. And the glory which Thou hast given Me, I have given to them: that they may be one, as We also are one. I in them and Thou in Me: that they may be made perfect in one; and the world may know that Thou hast sent Me, as hast loved them, as Thou hast also loved Me. Father, I will that where I am, they also whom Thou hast given Me may be with Me; that they may see My glory which Thou hast given Me, because Thou hast loved Me before the creation of the world. Just Father, the world hath not known Thee: but I have known Thee: and these have known that Thou hast sent Me. And I have made known Thy name to them, and will make it known: that the love, wherewith Thou hast loved Me, may be in them, and I in them.

Imprimatur.

✠ JOANNES,

Episcopus Southwarcensis.

HYMN OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

My God, I love Thee, not because
I hope for Heaven thereby;
Nor because they who love Thee not,
Must burn eternally.

Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the Cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace.

And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony;
E'en death itself—and all for one
Who was Thine enemy.

Then why, O blessed Jesu Christ,
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the sake of winning Heaven,
Or of escaping Hell:

Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward;
But, as Thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving Lord!

E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing;
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

THE LEAK IN THE DIKE.

A Story of Holland.

The good dame looked from her cottage
At the close of the pleasant day,
And cheerily called to her little son
Outside the door at play:
"Come, Peter, come! I want you to go
While there is light to see,
To the hut of the blind old man who lives
Across the dike, for me;
And take these cakes I made for him,—
They are hot and smoking yet:
You have time enough to go and come
Before the sun is set."

Then the good-wife turned to her labour,
Humming a simple song,
And thought of her husband, working hard
At the sluices all day long;
And set the turf a-blazing,
And brought the coarse black bread,
That he might find a fire at night,
And find the table spread.

And Peter left the brother,
With whom all day he had played,
And the sister who had watched their sports
In the willow's tender shade;
And told them they'd see him back before
They saw a star in sight,
Though he wouldn't be afraid to go
In the very darkest night!

For he was a brave, bright fellow,
With eye and conscience clear:
He could do whatever a boy might do,
And he had not learned to fear.
Why, he wouldn't have robbed a bird's-nest,
Nor brought a stork to harm,
Though never a law in Holland
Had stood to stay his arm!

And now, with his face all glowing,
And eyes as bright as the day
With the thoughts of his pleasant errand,
He trudged along the way;
And soon his joyous prattle
Made glad a lonesome place—
Alas! if only the blind old man
Could have seen that happy face!
Yet he somehow caught the brightness
Which his voice and presence lent:
And he felt the sunshine come and go
As Peter came and went.

And now, as the day was sinking,
And the winds began to rise,
The mother looked from her door again,
Shading her anxious eyes;
And saw the shadows deepen,
And birds to their homes come back,
But never a sign of Peter
Along the level track:
But she said; "He will come at morning,
So I need not fret or grieve,—
Though it isn't like my boy at all
To stay without my leave."

But where was the child delaying?
On the homeward way was he,
And across the dike while the sun was up
An hour above the sea.
He was stopping now to gather flowers,
Now listening to the sound,

As the angry waters dashed themselves
Against their narrow bound.
"Ah! well for us," said Peter,
"That the gates are good and strong,
And my father tends them carefully,
Or they would not hold you long!"
"You're a wicked sea," said Peter;
"I know why you fret and chafe!
You would like to spoil our land and homes;
But our sluices keep you safe!"

But hark! through the noise of waters
Comes a low, clear, trickling sound;
And the child's face pales with terror,
And his blossoms drop to the ground.
He is up the bank in a moment,
And, stealing through the sand,
He sees a stream not yet so large
As his slender, childish hand.
'Tis a leak in the dike! He is but a boy,
Unused to fearful scenes;
But, young as he is, he has learned to know
The dreadful thing that means.
A leak in the dike! The stoutest heart
Grows faint that cry to hear,
And the bravest man in all the land
Turns white with mortal fear.
For he knows the smallest leak may grow
To a flood in a single night;
And he knows the strength of the cruel sea
When loosed in its angry might.

And the boy? he has seen the danger,
And, shouting a wild alarm,
He forces back the weight of the sea
With the strength of his single arm!
He listens for the joyful sound
Of a footstep passing nigh;
And lays his ear to the ground, to catch
The answer of his cry.

And he hears the rough wind blowing,
  And the waters rise and fall,
But never an answer comes to him,
  Save the echo of his call.
He sees no hope, no succour,
  His feeble voice is lost;
Yet what shall he do but watch and wait,
  Though he perish at his post!

So, faintly calling and crying
  Till the sun is under the sea;
Crying and moaning till the stars
  Come out for company;
He thinks of his brother and sister,
  Asleep in their safe warm bed;
He thinks of his father and mother,
  Of himself as dying—and dead;
And of how, when the night is over,
  They must come and find him at last:
But he never thinks he can leave the place
  Where duty holds him fast.

The good dame in the cottage
  Is up and astir with the light,
For the thought of her little Peter
  Has been with her all night.
And now she watches the pathway,
  As yester eve she had done—
But what does she see so strange and black
  Against the rising sun?
Her neighbours are bearing between them
  Something straight to her door;
Her child is coming home, but not
  As he ever came before!

"He is dead!" she cries; "my darling!"
  And the startled father hears,
And comes and looks the way she looks,
  And fears the thing she fears:
Till a glad shout from the bearers
  Thrills the stricken man and wife,—

"Give thanks, for your son has saved our land,
And God has saved his life!"
So there in the morning sunshine
They knelt about the boy;
And every head was bared and bent
In tearful reverent joy.

'Tis many a year since then; but still,
When the sea roars like a flood,
Their boys are taught what a boy can do
Who is brave and true and good.
For every man in that country
Takes his son by the hand,
And tells him of little Peter,
Whose courage saved the land.

They have many a valiant hero,
Remembered through the years;
But never one whose name so oft
Is named with loving tears.
And his deed shall be sung by the cradle,
And told to the child on the knee,
So long as the dikes of Holland
Divide the land from the sea!

PHŒBE CARY.

THE SUPPER OF ST. GREGORY.

A TALE for Roman guides to tell
To careless, sight-worn travellers still,
Who pause beneath the narrow cell
Of Gregory on the Cælian Hill.

One day before the monk's door came,
A beggar, stretching empty palms,
Fainting and fast-sick, in the name
Of the Most Holy asking alms.

And the monk answered: "All I have
In this poor cell of mine I give;
The silver cup my mother gave:
In Christ's name take it, and live."

Years passed; and, called at last to bear
The pastoral crook and keys of Rome,
The poor monk in St. Peter's chair
Sat the crowned Lord of Christendom.

"Prepare a feast," St. Gregory cried,
And let twelve beggars sit thereat."
The beggars came, and one beside,
An unknown stranger, with them sat.

"I asked thee not," the Pontiff spake,
"O stranger! but if need be thine,
I bid thee welcome for the sake
Of Him who is thy Lord and mine."

A grave, calm face the stranger raised,
Like His who on Genesareth trod,
Or His on whom the Chaldeans gazed,
Whose form was as the Son of God.

"Know'st thou," he said, "thy gift of old?"
And in the hand he lifted up
The Pontiff marvelled to behold
Once more his mother's silver cup.

"Thy prayers and alms have risen and bloom
Sweetly among the flowers of heaven.
I am the Wonderful, through whom
Whate'er thou seekest shall be given."

He spake and vanished. Gregory fell
With his twelve guests in mute accord
Prone on their faces, knowing well
Their eyes of flesh had seen the Lord.

The old-time legend is not in vain;
Nor vain thy art, Verona's Paul,
Telling it o'er and o'er again,
On grey Vicenza's frescoed wall.

Still, wheresoever pity shares
Its bread with sorrow, want, and sin,
And love the beggar's feast prepares,
The uninvited Guest comes in;

Unheard, because our ears are dull,
Unseen, because our eyes are dim,
He walks our earth, the Wonderful,
And all good deeds are done to Him.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE ANGEL OF THE ANNUNCIATION.

DOWN through the village street,
Where the slanting sunlight was sweet,
Swiftly the Angel came;
His face was the star of even,
When night is grey in the heaven;
His hair was a blown gold flame.

His wings were purple of bloom,
And eyed as the peacock's plume;
They trailed and flamed in the air;
Clear brows with an aureole rimmed,
The gold ring now brightened and dimmed,
Now rose, now fell on his hair.

O the marvellous eyes!
All strange with a rapt surprise,
They mused and dreamed as he went;
The great lids, drooping and white,
Screenèd the glory from sight;
His lips were most innocent.

His clear hands shining withal,
Bore lilies, silver and tall,
  That had grown in the pleasaunce of God;
His robe was fashioned and spun
Of threads from the heart of the sun;
  His feet with white fire were shod.

O friend with the grave white brow,
No dust of travel hast thou,
  Yet thou hast come from afar
Beyond the sun and the moon,
Beyond the night and the noon,
  And thy brother the evening star!

He entered in at the gate
Where the law-givers sit in their state,
  Where the law-breakers shiver and quake.
The rustling of his sweet wings,
Like music from gold harp strings,
  Or songs that the dear birds make.

None saw as he passed their way,
But the children paused in their play,
  And smiled as his feet went by.
A bird sang clear from the nest,
And a babe on its mother's breast
  Stretched hands with a small, sweet cry.

The women stood by the well,
Most grave; and the laughter fell,
  The chatter and gossip grew mute;
They raised their hands to their eyes—
Had the gold sun waxed in the skies?
  Was that the voice of a lute?

All in the stillness and heat,
The Angel passed through the street,
  Nor pausing nor looking behind;
God's finger-touch on his lips;
His great wings fire at the tips;
  His gold hair flame in the wind.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

A LEGEND.

THE monk was preaching: strong his earnest word,
From the abundance of his heart he spoke,
And the flame spread,—in every soul that heard
Sorrow and love and good resolve awoke:—
The poor lay-brother, ignorant and old,
Thanked God that he had heard such words of gold.

"Still let the glory, Lord, be Thine alone,"—
So prayed the monk, his heart absorbed in praise:
"Thine be the glory; if my hands have sown
The harvest ripened in Thy mercy's rays,
It was Thy blessing, Lord, that made my word
Bring light and love to every soul that heard.

"O Lord, I thank thee that my feeble strength
Has been so blest; that sinful hearts and cold
Were melted at my pleading,—knew at length
How sweet Thy service and how safe Thy fold,
While souls that loved Thee saw before them rise
Still holier heights of loving sacrifice."

So prayed the monk: when suddenly he heard
An angel speaking thus: "Know, O my son,
Thy words had all been vain, but hearts were stirred,
And saints were edified, and sinners won,
By his, the poor lay-brother's humble aid,
Who sat upon the pulpit stair and prayed."

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL.

"HADST thou stayed, I must have fled!"
That is what the vision said.

In his chamber all alone,
Kneeling on the floor of stone,
Prayed the Monk in deep contrition
For his sins of indecision,

Prayed for greater self-denial
In temptation and in trial;
It was noonday by the dial,
And the monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,
An unwonted splendour brightened
All within him and without him
In that narrow cell of stone;
And he saw the Blessed Vision
Of our Lord, with light elysian
Like a vesture wrapped about Him,
Like a garment round Him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,
Not in agonies of pain,
Not with bleeding hands and feet,
Did the Monk his Master see;
But as in the village street,
In the house or harvest-field,
Halt and lame and blind He healed,
When He walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,
Hands upon his bosom crossed,
Wondering, worshipping, adoring,
Knelt the Monk in rapture lost.
"Lord," he thought, "in Heaven that reignest,
Who am I that thus Thou deignest
To reveal Thyself to me?
Who am I, that from the centre
Of the glory Thou shouldst enter
This poor cell my guest to be?"

Then amid his exaltation,
Loud the convent-bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Rang through court and corridor,
With persistent iteration
He had never heard before.

It was now the appointed hour
When alike, in shine or shower,
Winter's cold or summer's heat,
To the convent portals came
All the blind and halt and lame,
All the beggars of the street,
For their daily dole of food
Dealt them by the brotherhood;
And their almoner was he
Who upon his bended knee,
Wrapt in silent ecstacy
Of divinest self-surrender,
Saw the Vision and the splendour.

Deep distress and hesitation
Mingled with his adoration;
Should he go or should he stay?
Should he leave the poor to wait
Hungry at the convent gate
Till the Vision passed away?
Should he slight his heavenly guest,
Slight this visitant celestial,
For a crowd of ragged, bestial
Beggars at the convent gate?
Would the Vision there remain?
Would the Vision come again?

Then a voice within his breast
Whispered, audibly and clear,
As if to the outward ear:
"Do thy duty; that is best;
Leave unto thy Lord the rest!"

Straightway to his feet he started,
And, with longing look intent
On the Blessed Vision bent,
Slowly from his cell departed,
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,
Looking through the iron grating,
With that terror in the eye
That is only seen in those

Who amid their wants and woes
Hear the sound of doors that close
And of feet that pass them by;
Grown familiar with disfavour,
Grown familiar with the savour
Of the bread by which men die!
But to-day, they knew not why,
Like the gate of Paradise
Seemed the convent gate to rise,
Like a Sacrament divine
Seemed to them the bread and wine.

In his heart the Monk was praying,
Thinking of the homeless poor,
What they suffer and endure;
What we see not, what we see;
And the inward voice was saying;
"Whatsoever thing thou doest
To the least of Mine and lowest,
That thou doest unto Me."

Unto Me! But had the Vision
Come to him in beggar's clothing,
Come a mendicant imploring,
Would he then have knelt adoring,
Or have listened with derision
And have turned away with loathing?
Thus his conscience put the question,
Full of troublesome suggestion,
As at length, with hurried pace,
Towards his cell he turned his face,
And beheld the convent bright
With a supernatural light,
Like a luminous cloud expanding
Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awestruck feeling
At the threshhold of his door;
For the Vision still was standing
As he left it there before,
When the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,

Summoned him to feed the poor.
Through the long hours intervening
It had waited his return,
And he felt his bosom burn,
Comprehending all the meaning,
When the blessed Vision said:
"Hadst thou stayed I must have fled!"

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

ST. HERBERT AND ST. CUTHBERT.

St. Herbert, the Hermit of Derwentwater, and St. Cuthbert, Bishop of Lindisfarn, died on the same day; St. Herbert having always prayed that he might not survive his friend and spiritual guide.

MIRROR'D on Derwent's silver lake
Slumbers a fairy isle;
Stern watch around the mountains keep,
As o'er loved nurslings smile.

The sun's last look doth linger there,
In rosy evening hues:
There glad he sheds his first bright ray
O'er glittering morning dews.

There glance, thro' close-twined leafy bowers,
The sunbeams in their glee,
On grey old stones that 'mid the moss
And tufted fern ye see.

There, in rude cell lived Herbert dear,
Saint of the humble heart;
Might but our proud, cold spirits bend,
To learn his childlike part!

Now pass thou on to rugged cliff,
On bleak Northumbria's shore;
There lies a barren rocky isle,
'Mid breakers' foam and roar.

The only living thing ye hear,
The wheeling sea-mew's scream,
Or cry of shipwreck'd men that breaks
On startled midnight dream.

There reverent trace where trod the feet
Of Cuthbert—sainted name—
Ah! from his burning heart might we
But learn one prayer to frame!

Time was, he bore the crozier-staff
Of Lindisfarn the old;
And guided well his flock, and fed,
And living watch'd the fold.

But warning voice from heaven hath come
His raptured ear to greet:
"Well done! thou good and faithful one
Now haste thy Lord to meet."

Blessing his weeping flock, he goes
Back to the sea-beat shore;
Where angel converse cheer'd his hours,
Where learn'd he sacred lore.

But still from mitred state, or isle
So lone, each passing year
Hastes Cuthbert counsel sweet to take,
With friend in Jesus dear.

And still doth, year by year, light barque
O'er Derwent's blue lake fleet,
As holy Herbert wends his way
To kneel at Cuthbert's feet

Till Cuthbert saith, with joyful eye;
"My friend, I say farewell;
Dear to my heart thou art, and wert,
None loved on earth so well.

"But dearer still is One above,
And Him I go to see;
Death, the dear angel, on the wing
Soon will be here with me.

"I pant for those dear flames to burn
My heart all pure from sin;
Pray for me, that, all cleansed from stain,
Full soon I Heaven may win."

Then, in his fear and sorrow, loud
Did holy Herbert weep;
"When thou from earth art gone, dear friend,
Who my poor soul will keep?

"Who knows my sinful, erring heart,
Will pity me, and save!
That I may not without thee live
Is all the boon I crave.

"My Father, I would not thee keep
From thy bright crown on high:
But when thou goest to claïm it, may
I lay me down and die!"

So parted they, with dear embrace,
On earth to meet no more:
Herbert—to Derwent's leafy isle,
Cuthbert—to lone sea-shore.

But when death's bright-winged angel came,
Cuthbert's pure soul to find,
Not lonely, in this world of sin,
Was Herbert left behind.

Where dark and stormy waves do beat
On rocky, northern shore,
There, lifeless, holy Cuthbert lay,
His toils and watching o'er.

And where through island-bower do glance
The sunbeams in their glee,
There, smiling on his mossy couch,
Might Herbert's corpse ye see.

So Jesus loved the humble soul,
And took him to His breast;
Cuthbert and Herbert, pray for us,
Amid your blissful rest!

ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold;
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed:
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

Leigh Hunt.

ANGELS EVERYWHERE.

There flit a myriad angels
About this earth below;
And in and out our thresholds
Their footsteps come and go,
While in our very blindness
Their forms we do not know.

They sing to us in music,
They smile on us in dreams—
They talk to us in echoes
The worldly spirit deems
But chirruping of wood-birds
And chattering of streams.

They make light in our corners,
They purify our air;
They take our hands unconscious,
And guide us unaware.
The presence of their ministry
Is sweetly everywhere.

They sit up in the nursery,
And kiss the babes to sleep.
Across the holy hearth-place
They join their hands, to keep
From blotting out the home-shine
The tears that sad hearts weep.

They lurk about the sick-room,
And trace upon the wall
Quaint legends for still musings
When twilight shadows fall—
The dim world drifting past us,
A thing not worth recall.

Then sit they by the bedside
And hold our passive hands,
And talk to us of strange things
That health scarce understands,
Till home-like to the soul grow
Uncomprehended lands.

They sketch the shadow-groups
And the pictures 'tween the bars,
And point with finger pure
To the tranquil vast of stars,
While breathing holy peace
On the daylight's petty jars.

They kneel beside the children
Who say their evening prayer,
And flit beside the mother
Who passeth down the stair,
With peace writ on her forehead
Across the print of care.

And when the door is shut,
And the hurried day is gone,
They stand beside the father
Whose labouring is done,
And pay him down the blessings
The children's prayers have won.

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

THE LEGEND OF THE CROSSBILL.

On the Cross the dying Saviour
Heavenward lifts his eyelids calm,
Feels, but scarcely feels, a trembling
In His pierced and bleeding palm.

And, by all the world forsaken,
Sees He how, with zealous care,
At the ruthless nail of iron
A little bird is striving there:

Stained with blood and never tiring,
With its beak it doth not cease,
From the Cross 't would free the Saviour
Its Creator's Son release.

And the Saviour speaks in mildness:
"Blest be thou of all the good!
Bear, as token of this moment,
Marks of blood and holy rood!"

And that bird is called the Crossbill;
Covered all with blood so clear,
In the groves of pine it singeth
Songs, like legends, strange to hear.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THE TAILOR OF BRABANT.

From the German.

THE wine that's best for children
Is that clear wine which flows
Down from the rock-girt fountain,
And carols as it goes.

It flows through verdant meadows,
It flows through bush and brake;
And bird and beast all drink it,
For it makes no head to ache.

And if this wine for children
Is the best that they can drink,
To their elders it would do no harm,
If they drank it too, I think.

In Brabant there was a tailor,—
His name I cannot tell,—
But he drank not much of the white wine,
This I know, alas, full well.

Our tailor's choice was red wine,
He loved it exceedingly;
He drank so much of the red wine,
That his head hung heavily.

Then, the sport of all naughty children,
He trotted on his way,
Until in the midst of the market place
The drunken tailor lay.

And while there he lay and slumbered,
As drunk as drunk can be,
There passed that way Count Philip,
The Lord of Burgundy.

He pressed through the crowd of gazers
To see what was lying there;
And he bade them to his castle
The drunken tailor bear.

Then spake Count Philip, laughing,
For his heart beat merrily;
" I' faith, the tailor's punishment
Our pastime now shall be."

And in the Count's richest garments,
Silk robe and golden vest,
With coronet and ribands gay,
The sleeping man they dressed.

And when his sleep was over,
They cried, on bended knee:
" All hail, our liege, Count Philip,
The Lord of Burgundy!"

Our tailor rubbed his eyelids,
He rubbed them o'er and o'er;
He listened, and he listened,
And they shouted as before.

He gazed with joy and wonder
On gold and precious stone,—
On his coronet of glittering pearls,
And on his ivory throne.

As Count he heard them greet him,
He saw the lighted hall,
His ears they heard, his eyes beheld,
And it vexed him not at all.

The honours and the glory,
They pleased him mightily;
" Doubtless I am Count Philip,
The Lord of Burgundy."

First timidly, then boldly,
He issues his command;
First with the smile of favour,
Then with the threatening hand.

To do his will the servants
Are hurrying here and there;
Not the Count himself e'er bore him
With such a lordly air.

At last he cried with anger:
"Make haste, you lazy lot!
For a draught of wine I'm parching,
And yet you bring it not.

"And hark ye, bring the red wine;
For, by my coronet,
That horrid stuff, your white wine,
I never loved it yet."

And then the huge golden goblet
He drained full thirstily;
And sleep once more o'ermastered
The Count of Burgundy.

As Count Philip of Burgundy
In the Castle he fell asleep;
But as tailor in the market-place,
He awoke from slumber deep.

He called upon his servants;—
With threatening words he said:
"Bring not to me your white wine,—
I only drink the red."

But instead of a velvet cushion,
On the cold, hard stone he lies;
And near him, in the fountain,
The cool, white wine he spies.

And the tailor, parched and thirsty,
Of that hated wine did drink,
And then, with sober footsteps,
Homeward began to slink.

But, as he tottered onward,
The crowd cried scoffingly:
"All hail, our liege, Count Philip,
The Lord of Burgundy!"

And the tailor never after
From his dwelling ventured out,
But the scornful crowd would follow
With mocking laugh and shout.

Now lest you too should suffer
The tailor's cruel fate,
Be sure you do not learn, like him,
The pure white wine to hate.

J. A. STORY

TO-DAY.

Lord, for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray:
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin,
Just for to-day.

Let me both diligently work
And duly pray:
Let me be kind in word and deed,
Just for to-day.

Let me be slow to do my will
Prompt to obey,
Help me to mortify my flesh,
Just for to-day.

Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say,
Set Thou a seal upon my lips,
Just for to-day.

Let me in season, Lord, be grave,
In season gay;
Let me be faithful to Thy grace,
Just for to-day.

Let Thy own Mother's kindly smile
Light up my way;
Let me behave as Mary's child,
Just for to-day.

Let me with Thee, my own true life,
In spirit stay;
Stay Thou with me my only strength,
Just for to-day.

And if to-day my tide of life
Should ebb away;
Give me Thy Sacraments Divine,
Sweet Lord, to-day.

In Purgatory's cleansing fires,
Brief be my stay;
O bid me if to-day I die,
Go home to-day.

So for to-morrow and its needs,
I do not pray;
But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord,
Just for to-day.

OUR PATTERN.

A WEAVER sat one day at his loom,
Among the colours bright,
With the pattern for his copying
Hung fair and plain in sight.

But the weaver's thoughts were wandering
Away on a distant track,
As he threw the shuttle in his hand
Wearily forward and back.

And he turned his dim eyes to the ground,
And tears fell on the woof,
For his thoughts, alas! were not with his home,
Nor the wife beneath its roof;

When her voice recalled him suddenly
To himself, as she said:
"Ah, woe is me! for your work is spoiled,
And what shall we do for bread?"

And then the weaver looked, and saw
His work must be undone;
For the threads were wrong, and the colours dimmed
Where the bitter tears had run.

"Alack, alack!" said the weaver,
"And this had all been right
If I had not looked at my work, but kept
The pattern in my sight!"

Ah, sad it was for the weaver,
And sad for his luckless wife:
And sad will it be for us, if we say,
At the end of our task of life:

"The colours that we had to weave
Were bright in our early years;
But we wove the tissue wrong, and stained
The woof with bitter tears.

"We wove a web of doubt and fear,—
Not faith, and hope, and love,—
Because we looked at our work, and not
At our Pattern up above!"

PHŒBE CARY.

ROBIN REDBREAST.

SWEET Robin, I have heard them say
That thou wert there upon the day
That Christ was crowned in cruel scorn,
And bore away one bleeding thorn;
That so the blush upon thy breast
In shameful sorrow was imprest,
And thence thy genial sympathy
With our redeemed humanity.

Sweet Robin, would that I might be
Bathed in my Saviour's Blood like thee;
Bear in my breast, what'er the loss,
The bleeding blazon of the Cross;
Live ever, with thy loving mind,
In fellowship with human kind;
And take my pattern still from thee,
In gentleness and constancy.

GEORGE W. DOANE.

LETTER FROM BLESSED THOMAS MORE TO HIS CHILDREN.

This little poem, highly characteristic of the fondness of the father and the playfulness of the man, is taken from *A selection from the Works of Sir Thomas More*, by W. J. Walter.

Thomas More salutes his Margaret, Elizabeth, Cecily, and John.

ONE though my letter be, it greets my four
Sweet children, wishing them all health in store
As late I journey'd through the pouring rain,
My nag oft floundering on the miry plain,
My ready muse, to cheat the tedious way,
Was pleased to meditate this little lay,
Which tells how much my absent ones I prize,
To me far dearer than my very eyes.
The swelling streams had flooded all the way,
Till my poor nag was nearly swept away;
Fast as the pouring rain my verses pour:
A father's love is an exhaustless store,
You know how fond is this indulgent breast,
How warmly you are cuddled and caressed;
What lots of cake I keep for you in store,
What apples ripe, and mellow pears galore;
With many a pretty ribband, which I kept
To soothe my pretties when in pain they wept.
No rod, save peacock's whistling tail, you feel,
And then the ready kiss was there to heal;
For ne'er my hand the tingling birch applied,
Lest some unseemly token might abide.
To me that father hard of heart appears,
Whose eyes o'erflow not with his children's tears
What others do I know not; but in me
A weak, and fond, and foolish heart you see
If by too great indulgence I offend,
Heaven only knows whenever I shall mend.
And you, my rosy, laughing troop, repay
Your father's love as warmly as ye may.

A CANTICLE OF DIVINE LOVE BY ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN.

MOST high, omnipotent, good Lord, to Thee,
All glory, honour, praise and blessing be:
Thou only art deserving of the same;
No man is worthy to pronounce Thy Name.

Praised be my God by creatures, every one;
And praised be Thou, my Lord, by Brother Sun
Thy gift to us that he our day may light.
Most beautiful is he, and passing bright;
Radiant in splendour—for in him we see
Displayed to us a glorious type of Thee.

Praise to my Lord by Sister Moon be given,
By all the clear and lovely stars of heaven.

Praised be my Lord by Brothers Wind and Air;
By clouds and weather—be it dark or fair;
For by their ministry Thou e'er dost give
The sustenance whereby all creatures live.

Praise to my Lord from Sister Water be;
Most useful, humble, precious, chaste is she.

Praised be my Lord by Brother Fire, so bright;
By whom Thou dost illuminate the night;
For he is lively, and most beautiful;
And most robust withal, and powerful.

Praised be my Lord and God by Mother Earth,
Who governs and sustains us; who gives birth
To all the many fruits and herbs that be;
And coloured flowers in rich variety.

Praised be my Lord by those who pardon wrong
For love of Thee; enduring sorrow long;
Bearing their woes in peace. Blessed are they!
By the Most High they shall be crown'd one day.

Praised be my Lord by Sister Death, from whom
No living soul escapes. She brings the doom
Of mortal woe to all who pass away
In guilt of mortal sin. But blessed they
Who die in doing Thy most holy Will.
To them the Second Death, can bring no ill.

O praise and bless my Lord right thankfully,
And serve ye Him with great humility.

From *The Month.*

THE WOODCUTTER.

A PEASANT was felling a knotty oak;
He sighed and murmured at every stroke.
"What endless sorrow, what ceaseless pain
It costs a poor man's bread to gain!
Alas! alas! 'tis a wretched fate!
Would God I'd been born of rich estate!"

And lo! a beautiful youth stood at hand,
With silver garments and golden wand;
He spoke to the peasant in kindly tone,
"God bless you, you poor unfortunate one
Whatever you wish, ask without any dread;
Your prayer shall be granted the moment 'tis said."

The peasant, no doubt, was somewhat afraid,
But yet his choice was speedily made.
Humbly he lifted his hat from his head,
And, lowly bending, reverently said:
"O heavenly youth, pray think me not bold,
But grant, that whatever I touch become gold.

The beautiful stranger raised his hand,
And touched the man with his golden wand.
"I would thou hadst asked more prudently,
But yet thy petition is granted thee."
He disappeared as this he said,
And heavenly odours around were shed.

"Ah me!" cried the peasant, "how rich am I!"
And at once began his new powers to try.
He touched the stem of the knotted oak,
And the sheen of gold upon him broke,
And stem, and bough, and leaf, and bud
Of glittering gold before him stood.

"O wonder! O joy! no more labour for me!
Another must now the woodcutter be!
I will eat no more but the rich and rare;
I will drink but the wine that sparkles fair,
For the last time on my coarse bread I'll sup,
And drink my last draught from this earthen cup."

His little earthen cup he drew;—
"How heavy it is! How it glitters too!"
But, alas, the liquid itself is gold;
Not a drop of water the cup doth hold.
He raises the bread to his mouth: Ah woe!
It is solid gold that hurts him so.

"Alas! alas! what now shall I do?
What has my folly brought me to?
Can gold my hunger take away?
Can gold this parching thirst allay?
Oh had I, instead of gold, but bread,
And water to moisten my lips!" he said.

The peasant awoke in pain and affright;
For this was but a dream of the night.
"Thank God," in sudden joy he said,
"That instead of gold, I've my daily bread!
Thank God, that a peaceful mind I hold,
Instead of that greedy desire for gold!

"'Tis well, as my dream hath clearly shown,
God grants not all our hearts would own,
For gold in abundance many would pray,
Who, with it, ne'er would be cheerful and gay.
Man asks for much with thoughtless mind,
And seldom seeks true good to find."

J. A. Story

THE BOY AND THE CHILD JESUS.

Among green pleasant meadows,
All in a grove so wild,
Was set a marble image
Of the Virgin and the Child.

Here oft, on summer evenings,
A lovely boy would rove,
To play beside the image
That sanctified the grove.

Oft sat his mother by him,
Among the shadows dim,
And told how the Lord Jesus
Was once a child like him.

"And now from the highest Heaven
He doth look down each day,
And sees whate'er thou doest,
And hears what thou dost say!"

Thus spoke his tender mother;
And, on an evening bright,
When the red, round sun descended
'Mid clouds of crimson light.

Again the boy was playing;
And earnestly said he,
"O beautiful Child Jesus!
Come down and play with me.

"I will find Thee flowers the fairest,
And weave for Thee a crown;
I will get Thee ripe, red strawberries,
If Thou will but come down.

"O holy, holy Mother!
Put Him down from off thy knee;
For in these silent meadows
There are none to play with me."

Thus spoke the boy so lovely,
The while his mother heard;
And on his prayer she pondered,
But spoke to him no word.

That self-same night she dreamed
A lovely dream of joy;
She thought she saw young Jesus
There playing with the boy.

"And for the fruits and flowers
Which thou hast brought to Me,
Rich blessing shall be given
A thousand-fold to thee.

"For in the fields of Heaven
Thou shalt roam with Me at will;
And of bright fruit celestial
Thou shalt have, dear child, thy fill!"

Thus tenderly and kindly
The fair Child Jesus spoke;
And, full of careful musings,
The anxious mother woke.

And thus it was accomplished;
In a short month and a day
That lovely boy, so gentle,
Upon his death-bed lay.

And thus he spoke, in dying;
"O mother dear, I see
The beautiful Child Jesus
A-coming down to me!

"And in His hand He beareth
Bright flowers as white as snow,
And red and juicy strawberries,—
Dear mother, let me go!"

He died—but that fond mother
Her sorrow did restrain;
For she knew he was with Jesus,
And she asked him not again!

HERDER. Translated by MARY HOWITT.

DOROTHY'S ROSES.

CONSTANTIUS fills the imperial throne, father to Constantine,
He too of mildness not unmeet to found the Christian line.
But Diocletian's code at times yet wreaks its bloody will,
As waves may toss and foam and fret after the storm is still.

Before the ruthless Governor of Cappadocia stands
The high-born maiden Dorothy, serene with folded hands,
Her brow is fair, her cheek is red, her laugh breaks low and clear,
And young she is and innocent—and wherefore stands she here?

But here are only smiles for her, and counsels kindly meant.
"Blench not, fair maiden,"—smirks the judge—"thou art but hither sent
To check those foolish slanderous tales which link thy honoured name
With His— the wretch of Galilee, who died the death of shame."—

—"Who died the death of shame," she cried, "to save the souls He made,
And, for our ransom, on the Tree His last red life-drop paid.
Be glory to the one true God, one God in Persons Three!
Be glory to the Eternal Son, JESUS who died for me!"

"Hold!" yells the angry Governor; "this impious jargon cease!
Adore the gods whom all adore, and live thy life in peace.
Adore or die!"—"Or die?" she saith: "choose sterner threat than this,
For Death is but the golden gate to radiant home of bliss—

"That garden fair whose autumn fruits 'mid flowers of spring-time gleam,
Nor blight nor tempest dares to break the rose's summer dream.
Ah! might I fade from this dark earth, melt quite away, and flee
To Him, my Lover and my Lord, JESUS who died for me!"

The young Theophilus o'erhears the Martyr's raptured sighs,
And with a not ungenerous scorn, "O Dorothy," he cries,
"If flowers and rosy fruits are there in this rude season found,
Send me a few." "I will," she saith. The snow was on the ground.

The girl had braved the tyrant's rage: all tortures, threats, are vain.
Now butchers eager press, their steel in virgin blood to stain!
While at the last before her kneels yon beauteous, smiling child,
A basket in his tiny hands with fruits and flow'rets piled.

"Take these unto Theophilus: say, Dorothy hath cried
To Heaven for mercy on his soul, ere with glad heart she died.
Tell him I go and he shall come where flowers and fruits abound
Of softer sheen, of sunnier tint."—The snow was on the ground.

The snow shone white o'er all the ground, save where the ruby gush
From that young fearless Christian heart forced pagan earth to blush.
St. Dorothy is throned on high, close, close to Christ her Spouse
And by her side Theophilus with laurel round his brows.

REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.

St. George,

PROTECTOR OF ENGLAND.

BY THE REV. J. W. REEKS.

1. Little known for certain of the Life of St. George.

Writers of the Lives of the Saints usually give St. George a page or two, or less. They say so little about him that persons not of a particularly inquiring turn of mind may well conclude that there is nothing to be said. Yet no one who has studied the plays of Shakspeare and the old dramatists, who has conned the military records of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, and has made himself even tolerably familiar with the home life of the English people of those times, can doubt that St. George was the centre of a real and widespread devotion. The man of an inquiring turn of mind consults his two pages or less, and thinks there must be a mistake somewhere. He has seen so much of St. George in the records of the past; has found him carved in stone, pictured in panel, worked in silk and gold on battle-flag, or chasuble, or orphrey, that he cannot rest satisfied with his meagre two pages. It almost appears to him that St. George must be some bright, beautiful creation of the mind of man as bright and beautiful,

but, alas! as unsubstantial, as the figure of him in the window of the old parish church, which lights up for a moment with the glow of the setting sun, full and grand and lifelike, and then, in the twilight, fades away.

We may then start with an admission, which we shall afterwards qualify, that very little is known about the life of St. George.[1] Even if we made the admission without a shadow of qualification or reservation, it would still be useless as an argument to those who contend that St. George is a myth. The mere absence of positive evidence is very useful in its way in argument, if we do not stretch it too far. It is quite possible that you did not see the house on fire, and you may be able to certify the same on oath: but the mere fact of your not seeing it is no proof whatever that the house was not on fire, because it may have been utterly burnt to the ground while you were absent and could not see it. In the same way it may be perfectly true that you personally know very little of the life of St. George or of his great deeds. But even if the page

[1] St. George is not the George who was introduced into the patriarchal chair of Alexandria by the Arian heretics in place of St. Athanasius. This man, once a victualler to the army, was selected for the post by the Arians, who relied upon his well-known ferocity for the extermination of the Catholic party in Alexandria. He was murdered in 362, about sixty years after the martyrdom of St. George. Gibbon, in his *Decline and Fall*, gave a modern currency to the story of the Arian George; but fortunately Gibbon's authority is not what it was. At the present day the editors of non-Catholic cyclopædias and handbooks in general use, such as Chambers's *Cyclopædia* and Brewer's *Reader's Handbook*, refute Gibbon's arguments. Happily for the cause of truth it is popular, widely-read writers like these latter who exercise a greater influence on the mind of the rising generation than historians of the stamp of Gibbon, who are always referred to in respectful terms, and seldom read. In 1792, in answer to Dr. Percy, Protestant Bishop of Dromore, Dr. Milner published his "Historical and Critical Inquiry into the Existence and Character of St. George, Patron of England, of the Order of the Garter and of the Antiquarian Society; in which the assertions of Edward Gibbon, Esq. (ch. xxiii. Hist. of *Decline and Fall*, &c.), and of certain other modern writers concerning this Saint, are discussed; in a letter to the Right Hon. George, Earl of Leicester, President of the Antiquarian Society, by the Rev. J. Milner, F.S.A. 1792."

of history were a blank with regard to St. George, it might at the same time be perfectly true that he was the greatest of saints, and had done greater deeds than were ever done by man before—deeds known to God alone.

2. Very little trustworthy History of early Times, or of early Martyrs.

The historian or critic of modern date, who demands evidence in black and white for every assertion, would find himself sadly at a loss in treating of the lives of individual men who belonged to the third and fourth centuries of the Christian era.

We are apt to be misled by the bulk of modern Roman histories, and are almost led to believe that the information they contain is absolutely great. But it is not. With every disposition to give praise where praise is due, we must recognize the fact that when we take Roman history to pieces and divide it out into centuries, the actual amount of information given is small. Of the lives of men we know next to nothing. A few great Emperors, a dozen military commanders, four or five great orators, a score of tyrants, profligates and criminals, and the actual biography of Roman history is exhausted. We do not take into account the legends and fables which at one time did duty for authentic history, and were possibly just as edifying. We deal simply with admitted facts. The Romans were amongst the most careful preservers of old records, and the materials of future history, and yet we must confess that the result is disappointing. Now, if some of the most noted names in Roman history are to us as names and nothing more, what can we expect to know of the lives of the martyrs? If mighty Rome can hand down to us only a scanty outline of the lives of her favoured sons, it is almost useless to look to her for any information concerning the lives of those whom she considered her enemies. She exalted her own sons, and magnified their deeds: her enemies she crushed out, names and deeds together. As she ploughed up and sowed with

salt the very soil on which once stood her old enemy, Carthage, so she would dig up and rake out from the hearts of men all memory of those who for good or for evil had come in conflict with her colossal power. We can expect no help then from Pagan Rome. Fire and sword and the greed of the barbarian made away in after years with the priceless treasures of knowledge stored up in the Imperial City: the records were destroyed or burned, and their guardians slain. Rome never tried to keep green the memories of those who were martyred as Christians. Even had she tried, the result would have been the same.

But curiously enough, the Roman law, without intending it, did provide for the piety of future ages some record of the lives of the martyrs. When a criminal was tried for his life and a Christian was considered a criminal—the whole of the trial was taken down verbatim by a scribe appointed for the purpose. Every question asked by the judge, every answer made by the accused, was written down at full length, word for word. These reports seem to have served their purpose when the trial was over and the criminal condemned. At any rate, the reports could always be bought from the scribe, or, in the last years of the Empire, from the avaricious judge: and the Christians, when they could afford the large sums demanded, did buy them. Thus it is that we have in the lives of some of the martyrs, especially those who belonged to wealthy families, the most minute account of some of the comparatively unimportant incidents of the trial, whilst of the events of their previous life we have hardly a word. The account of the trial, carefully and accurately written out by the scribe, was bought and kept, whilst the events of their life outside the trial were never written down, and were forgotten. When the early Christians had no written account of their martyred friends, we can easily understand the almost total forgetfulness into which their names and deeds would fall. No one thought of fame. If the deeds of the martyr were recorded, it was that God might be honoured, and that the remaining members of the

little band might be encouraged to die as these had died, gloriously, for Christ's sake. Their tomb was cut in the wall of the Catacombs, a flask of the martyr's blood was imbedded in the soft sand of the grave, and a light burnt before it, like their own faith and love, unquenchable. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered by preference over their tombs. And it has even happened that the satellites broke in unawares, whilst the Sacrifice of the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ was taking place upon the martyr's tomb, the ground in front of it was reddened with the blood of the worshippers, and the buried and the unburied martyrs were left there in silent companionship for ever.

Even when the lives, or, as the history of the death of a martyr was usually called, the acts of the martyrs, were carefully written, they stood little chance of surviving to the present day. If the power of Rome could not preserve its own records from destruction, the Christians were in a still worse plight. Men living in daily peril of their lives were not likely to cumber themselves with heavy rolls of parchment, even when the rolls contained the acts of the martyrs. When such rolls were written or bought, the causes which led to the destruction of the records of the Empire would be fatal to them also. When the Christians were taken and condemned, the written documents they possessed would certainly not be valued by the persecutor, and would be lost or destroyed. The positive evidence of this sort, therefore, which remains to us is very slight.

3. How little the Bible says of the Lives of our Lord and the Saints.

To return to our argumentative admission that very little is known about the life of St. George, known, that is, as certain undoubted truth. Admitting this, how does his case stand? In just the same position as that of many of the greatest saints, including the Apostles,

our Blessed Lady and St. Joseph, and our Lord Himself. How much do we know of certain undoubted truth concerning their lives? The Apostles, or some of them, stand out prominently in the Gospel narrative, and St. Paul has given us a number of particulars concerning his own life in his Epistles. But, after all, the Bible was written for a distinct purpose, which was not simply to serve for a life of the Apostles; and if their actions, or some of them, are recorded there, it is chiefly because the narrative would be incomplete without them. Even so we know next to nothing of the lives of some of the Apostles, although their lives after our Lord's death must have been of a by no means commonplace character. Take our Lady and St. Joseph. Of St. Joseph even the Scripture seems purposely silent. Perhaps the most saintly man that ever lived, his life is only faintly sketched for us. The work of filling in the picture is left to our feeble hand. Our Lady is mentioned more than St. Joseph. But here again, notice how the Mother of God is brought in time after time, as her own humility doubtless suggested to the Evangelists, only when her presence is needed to prove or help to prove the real Humanity or real Godhead of her Son Jesus Christ. The best of sons knew He could safely trust the honour and worship of His Mother to the Church which He had founded on earth. Tradition has handed down to us many particulars of her wonderful life which we take as authentic; yet if we leave out of account the lives of other persons and the history of her times which are usually treated of in the same volume, the life of our Lady will make a small book.

If there is one life more than another of which we should like to have a complete and particular account from day to day, it is the life of our Lord. And what do we find in Scripture and tradition? Just enough to prove our Lord's Divinity and Humanity. There is a practically complete account of His birth and the wonders attending it, and then He comes before us only once during the space of thirty years. During His public life, so little is written for us of the words of wisdom that fell from His

lips that a talkative man says as much, so far as words are concerned, in one day as our Lord is recorded to have said in three years. Yet He was continually preaching. His Death, Resurrection, and Ascension are given fully enough to convince, but leave us strangely hungry for details. We are not quarrelling with the Gospel narrative; we are only working out a comparison, which is this: If our Lord has chosen to leave so scanty a record of His own life, a life every detail of which would be of the most absorbing interest for us, every word bearing its message to our soul, how can we wonder that He should leave some of His greatest saints in the same position? His own life was certainly a perfect model for imitation. We might say the same of our Lady and St. Joseph. With regard then to St. George, we may say that the non-existence of undoubted records of the great deeds of St. George does not prove that he never did them; nor is the shortness of his written life any slur upon him, since our Lord deliberately chose to have a short written life for Himself and our Lady, for St. Joseph and the Apostles.

And further, we cannot pretend to ignore the life of St. George as a model for imitation, simply because we cannot all be soldiers and martyrs, nor think that in this impossibility of imitation lies the reason of the non existence of his written life. We long for a full life of our Lord: yet we know that it is an utter impossibility to imitate Him at all fully. Our Lord Himself knew it too, yet He invites us to be imitators of Him, and even tells us to imitate the perfection of God, which He knows we can never do. If we can find a full life of St. George we may feel sure that the reading of it will help us on the road to Heaven. The Saint may have trodden a harder and more difficult path than we shall ever be called to tread; but in our degree, with our poor strength, our task may seem as hard, and we may sadly need the encouragement of his heroic example to cheer our drooping heart.

4. St. George in the Eastern Church.

St. George has always been honoured in the Eastern Church as "the Great Martyr." The name is significant. Not as *a* great martyr is he honoured, but as *the* Great Martyr, as if no other martyr were so great. Men do not single out one of their number for exceptional honour without reason. If we were to hear any one speak of the Great King, we should think he meant a king who was acknowledged by all the world to be greater than other kings. If some professor were to be continually and seriously spoken of as the Great Professor, we should certainly conclude that he was so eminent, so clever, so far above all other professors, that the world had agreed in considering him the greatest of living professors. So with St. George. Had he not been a most wonderful martyr, had he not seemed to outshine all other martyrs, they would certainly not have glorified him in such unmistakable fashion. Churches were dedicated in his honour in the East, and his feast was kept as a holiday of obligation. One of the many churches of St. George in Constantinople is said to have been built by Constantine the Great, the first Christian Emperor. It would thus appear that the worship of St. George began very early, for Constantine, in restoring the Christian religion, which had been persecuted so long and so cruelly that the Christians had scarcely a church to meet in, would naturally dedicate his first churches to the most popular saints.

5. St. George in the Western Church.

From the East the devotion to St. George spread to the West. St. Gregory of Tours tells us that he was held in great veneration in France as early as the sixth century. We know that churches were dedicated to him there. Many countries, as time went on, chose him for their Patron Saint. He may be said to have been the Patron of the whole of the Christian East. In the West, Sicily, the Republic of Genoa, as well as several of the provinces and towns of Spain -Aragon, Barcelona,

Valencia—and Malta, chose him formally for their Patron. Venice instituted an order of knighthood in honour of St. George in 1200, Spain in 1317, Austria in 1470, Genoa in 1472, Rome in 1492; and, in modern times, Bavaria in 1729, Russia in 1767, and Hanover in 1839.

At the present day the devotion to St. George in Germany, Austria, Northern Italy, and Switzerland, takes the form of a medal of the Saint worn on the watch chain. The jewellers' shops are full of these medals, in gold, silver, and white metal. They bear an equestrian figure of St. George slaying the dragon, with the inscription *Sanctus Georgius, equitum patronus* St. George, Patron of horsemen.

A church was built to St. George in Rome in the fourth century, not long after his martyrdom. It was rebuilt three hundred years after, by Leo II., and the name of St. Sebastian, who, like St. George, was a soldier martyr, was added in the dedication. It has been frequently restored since, but still stands on the same ground, just south of the Forum, and goes by the name of S. Giorgio in Velabro. There is preserved in this church a fragment of the banner of St. George. When Leo XIII. created Dr. Newman a Cardinal, he very thoughtfully gave him S. Giorgio in Velabro for his titular church.

6. How St. George came to be Patron Saint of England.

But the country with which the name of St. George is chiefly associated is England. When and why the English people took St. George for their Patron Saint are questions not altogether easy to answer. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries nearly every country had its Patron Saint, officially recognized as such. Before that time, and certainly up to the tenth century, although some saint of great renown may have more or less eclipsed the glory of the other saints of his own nation, and may have drawn to himself more honour and devotion, he was not officially recognized by the Church or nation as their Patron Saint. In England this was especially the case,

England had no one saint who had converted the whole nation, as St. Patrick had converted Ireland. There was no saint who had so arisen at some time of special need, and had so drawn to himself the affection of the whole people, that from north to south there would arise one voice proclaiming him their great and chief protector and patron. Many saints had flourished during the time of the Saxons and the early Norman kings, but their fame was local. Venerable Bede and St. Edward the Confessor, it is true, were known and honoured throughout the Christian world. It may have been that the different kingdoms which were supposed to have been welded into one still retained a large measure of local self-government, and kept to their own customs, and even their own popularly-accepted patron saints, long after the abolition of the Heptarchy. Certainly we do not hear of any widespread national devotion to any one particular saint in those times. St. Edward was, in a manner, the Patron Saint of England for a couple of hundred years; and had England been a country so placed that it could neither attack nor be attacked by hostile neighbours, St. Edward might have remained her Patron Saint to this hour. For what gave the impetus to the choosing of national patron saints was the necessity felt by the war-like nations of Europe for putting themselves under the protection of some heavenly patron, amid the daily perils of a soldier's life. Other nations had their saint, and their war-cry: and England must have hers. In those days men believed in the intercession of the saints. Nowadays the mention of the Name of God in the despatches of a victorious general announcing his victory is sneered at as a piece of hypocrisy. When we know that either the statesman who decided on the war, the general who gained the victory, or the soldiers who fought under him, may have been wanting in the knowledge of the elementary principles of Christianity, it does seem a mockery. But in those days men believed, as generations had believed before them, that a patron saint is a powerful protector appointed by God as a second guardian angel, to watch over and pray for the individual or town or nation who had chosen him as a patron,

The Norman and Plantagenet Kings were in continual conflict with their neighbours, and seemed to divide their time pretty equally between waging war and wringing money from their subjects to pay for it. Many of their wars may have been unjust; but every man believes in the justice of his own quarrel, and if he is a man of faith will certainly ask God to grant him the victory.

Whatever may be said about the justice of the wars waged by England against France and Scotland and Ireland, no man doubted the justice, nay, the holiness, of the wars which England, in common with all Christian Europe, undertook against the infidels for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre. The nobles and peoples of England, in whose veins ran the blood of the fiercest rovers of the seas, the Saxons, the Danes, and other Northmen, seemed to feel again the restless longing for battle and conquest, the same longing that had once prompted their ancestors to point the prows of their warships against the shores of England. When the Crusaders swept down upon the East, one of the most prominent figures amidst the warlike throng was Richard I. of England. He, too, like the men of his time, wanted a patron saint under whose protection he might fight the battle of the Lord. With a soldier's instinct, he chose a soldier saint, St. George; and chose him, too, in that very Eastern country where the Saint had won his own renown eight hundred years before. However he governed or misgoverned his subjects at home, Richard of the Lion Heart did valiant service against the infidel. At Acre and Ascalon and Jaffa, he, who stood a head and shoulders taller than the rest of men, made himself the terror of the foe, and came to be looked upon as invulnerable. But the name and the war-cry of "St. George" were ever on his lips, and he seemed to rely more upon the protection of his patron saint than upon the weight of his own giant frame or the swinging crash of his huge battle-axe. Once, in the battle, when the infidel forces were pressing the Christians closely, and even the reckless valour of Richard seemed powerless to restore the fortune of the fight, St. George is said to have appeared, mounted on a white horse,

leading on the Christians to victory. The Crusaders attributed the victory to the intercession of St. George. He had previously appeared, in like manner, to Geoffroi de Bouillon, at the siege of Antioch ; and this second apparition convinced military men, and especially the English knights, that their best patron for future ages would be the soldier martyr, St. George. Under his patronage they determined henceforth to live and fight, and, if needs be, die. The English people took up the devotion of St. George as the knights had taken up the war cry, and St. George became the national patron saint of England. The Order of the Garter, the most highly prized order of knighthood in the world, consisting originally of twenty five knights and the Sovereign, was founded by Edward III. in 1349. The ceremony of installation took place in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and St. George was made the patron of the order. From this date St. George was recognized officially as the patron or tutelar saint of England.[1]

[1] The feast of St. George, first solemnly observed in England in 1222, was abolished by Elizabeth in 1567 : although there appears to have been a celebration of the feast on the 23rd of April by James I. Nearly every writer on the Order of the Garter gives a different date for the institution. Although we give 1349 as the generally received date, the institution most probably took place sometime between June 24th and August 6th, 1348. In *Hierurgia Anglicana*, 1848, p. 157, there is given a quotation from Ashmole's *Order of the Garter*, referring to the "*rich copes* of cloth of gold, cloth of bodkin, or most costly embroideries . . . at all times worn at the grand procession" on St. George's Day, "even to the beginning of the late wars in which the covetous barbarism of the then reformers (the Puritans) sent most of them to the fire." In the picture by Hollar of the procession in the reign of Charles II., there are seventy-one persons in copes. The author of *A Brief Discourse of the False Church*, p. 84, quoted in *Hierurg. Ang.*, p. 95, after speaking in the most irreverent manner of the Catholic custom of celebrating the feasts of our Lord, our Lady, and the Saints, is especially moved to indignation at the honour paid to "the Captain of them all, St. George, their borrough (A. S. *borh*, a surety), the patron of the land, a worthy warrior, our Lady's knight, I ween ;" and at "his solemn procession . . . with his cornets, trumpets, harp, sackbuts, psalteries, dulcimer, and all instruments of music," &c. He even resents "the red cross in white field that he beareth in banner displayed."

It seems most probable that it was the military element in the English character which not only determined the choice of a patron saint, but kept him ever before the eyes of the people as their protector from actual bodily harm. At the same time, it must not be supposed that St. George was unknown or unhonoured in England before the time of Richard I. (1189–1199). The principal church in London south of the Thames, St. George the Martyr, Borough High Street, certainly existed in 1122, although the present restoration dates only from 1736. Selden,[1] speaking of the Saxon Martyrology in Bennet College, Cambridge, says he doubts St. George's name being first taken under Edward III., because "in a most ancient Martyrology peculiarly belonging to this kingdome, he is the only saint mentioned for the three and twentieth day of April, though both in the Greek and Latin Martyrology there be divers more beside him on that day. Unless there had been singular honour given him from this nation, why should his name be so honoured with it?"[2] Most likely the devotion to St. George had been gradually growing and spreading in the land, and the apparition to Richard and the enthusiasm of the Crusaders did the rest.

St. George was declared Protector of the Kingdom of England by Benedict XIV. But ages before the time of that learned Pope, the English people had taken him for their patron. At home his feast was solemnly kept, and the association of the leading men of the realm in the order of the Garter under the patronage of St. George tended to throw a magnificence round everything connected with his feast, and to keep his name prominently before the people. In the battlefield the English knights followed Richard's example, and the name of St. George sounded over the length and breadth of France for many a decade.

> The Frenchmen shout forth, "Notre Dame!"
> Thus calling on our Lady's name.
> To which the English host reply,
> "St. George! St. George!" their battle-cry.

[1] *Titles of Honour*, p. 2.

[2] Lingard says that the name of St. George came in the Canon of the Anglo-Saxon Mass.

Peter Suchernwart, who records this for us, in speaking of the devotion of St. George amongst the people of Poictiers, might have added that, in the battle fought near this very town in 1356, Edward the Black Prince took prisoner King John of France, with his son Philip, "in the name of God and St. George."

7. The Reformation.

The Reformation did away with saints' days, and, as far as it could, with the reverence paid to the saints. "The illustrious House of Hanover and Protestant succession" has indeed given us a line of unsaintly Georges, one of whom has been elevated in effigy to a very cold and undignified position on the top of St. George's Church, Bloomsbury. Is it possible that the worthy brewer who paid for the statue thought that the church was dedicated to *King* George and not *Saint* George? If so, we have no right to complain; because the church was built by the brewer and men of his stamp, who no doubt meant to worship therein, and they certainly had a right to select their own patron saint. Judging by the morals of the time, King George I. would have been a more sympathetic patron than St. George. The good-natured ridicule which greeted the appearance of this dissipated old person, clothed in Roman costume, at the top of the church steeple, is well expressed in Horace Walpole's epigram:—

> When Harry the Eighth left the Pope in the lurch,
> The people of England made him "Head of the Church:"
> But George's good subjects, the Bloomsbury people,
> Instead of the Church made him "Head of the Steeple."

St. George's Day goes by now, and the people of England hardly recognize it as the feast-day of their patron.

8. St. George and the England of to-day.

But in spite of the Reformation, Catholics are at liberty, in these days, to worship their patron saint, and even to build churches in his honour. And there is still left to us St. George's cross, the blood-red cross of the martyr saint: fit emblem of a country whose children laid down their lives so gladly at Tyburn for the Faith for which St. George shed his blood. St. George will not desert his children, even though they have forgotten him: for they are still marked with his sign, the red, red cross. Joined with the red cross of Ireland and the white cross of Scotland, blazoned on the Queen's colour of every regiment in the service, it has waved amid the smoke and fury of many a hard-fought field; and still flings out its folds grandly from the mast head of the big ships of the proudest navy in the world.

That one red streak in the national flag is about all that is left in these days to remind us of the martyr saint who was once our patron. He is our patron still, in the providence of God, though the greater portion of his children have rejected or forgotten him. A national saint truly: one whose soldier-life commended him to the martial spirit of the English in days gone by; a true national saint for us in these degenerate days, when a man is hardly allowed to speak the truth. The Catholic Englishman of to-day needs a soldier-saint for his protector and guide, for he fights a daily battle against the powers that be. His tongue must be, like the sword of the Roman legionary, bright and sharp and two-edged, used only when really necessary, and then with such sweeping, fatal blow as to decide the contest between man and man. He needs a patron like St. George, a man with heart stout and true, and ever ready for the fray; keeping within the lines of duty, calmly and patiently; but with the faculty of seeing, on occasion, that a thing has to be done, and then of doing it. What we want, if St. George is ever to be patron of a Catholic England again, is a little less verbal and written declamation about St. George and the English martyrs, and a little more solid hard work, joined with a spirit of self sacrifice in

little things. We must cling to St. George as our national saint in all loyalty and filial love; but not for the sake of fostering a mere national spirit—the setting up of nation against nation. That has done harm enough already. It helped Henry VIII. to effect the Reformation; and in the past few years it has done palpable mischief in keeping asunder those who should be members of one family English and Irish Catholics. England, who was once so impartial that she deliberately chose a foreigner for her national saint, may well, in choosing her friends, look first across St. George's Channel, before she goes farther and fares worse.[1]

9. Why there is no authorized life of St. George.

The absence of a life of St. George in English might well lead one to suppose that none existed. A further conclusion would naturally be that the written life had been lost, or that no life had been written, or that there was no life in particular to write. All these conclusions would be wrong. Many lives of St. George were written in the early ages. The reason of the non-existence of an authentic authorized life is peculiar. St. George was, as we have seen, held in the greatest veneration throughout the East, as the Great Martyr. It was natural that his admirers should write his life: and they did it, and more. For as time went on, anxious to add to the glory of the Saint, they decided many doubtful miracles in his favour, and gave an account of them in his life. There were other saints also of the name of George, who had worked miracles in their day; and when, long after their death,

[1] Red is so generally accepted nowadays as St. George's colour, that it may be interesting to record the wearing of a different colour in honour of the Saint. "So late as 1614, it was the custom for fashionable gentlemen to wear *blue* coats on St. George's day, probably in imitation of the blue mantle worn by the Knights of the Garter" (*Book of Days*, i. 540). "Blue being the national colour in honour of the Saint" (Brand's *Observations on Popular Antiquities*, p. 106, edit. 1877). This custom explains the otherwise puzzling couplet of T. F. Forster—

> On St. George's day, when blue is worn,
> The blue harebells the fields adorn.

men spoke of their miracles as being worked by St. George, and were uncertain which St. George was meant, they naturally gave the credit of them also to the Great Martyr. Very possibly some of the miracles attributed to the various St. Georges were never worked at all; but the pious though indiscreet zeal of his biographers added them to the already long list. Heretics, too, in order to bring the worship of the saints into ridicule, forged false acts of St. George. At last truth and falsehood became so mixed one with another, that it was impossible to distinguish the real life and miracles of St. George from the false or doubtful. Therefore Pope Gelasius I., in the year 494, less than two hundred years after the death of St. George, prohibited the faithful from reading the popular Life of the Saint, called, according to various authorities, the "Acts" or the "Passion" of St. George. It was a measure of necessary prudence; for, much as the lovers of the Saint may grieve, it is far better to rest content with the knowledge that he was a martyr—the Great Martyr—than to take as true a history of his life which would be, to say the least of it, very, very doubtful.

One of the most accessible of the apocryphal Lives of St. George is the one which professes to be written by Pasicrates, the servant of St. George. It was first given in Latin by Aloysius Lipomanus, Bishop of Verona, in his *Lives of the Saints*, published in 1568, in eight volumes. In the prefatory note by Lipomanus, prefixed to this Life in the folio edition of 1572, the Bishop gives his reasons for printing it. He says that he does it the more willingly because amongst the Latins no Life worth reading is to be had of this glorious and renowned martyr, since every one knows that the *Passion of St. George*, condemned by Pope Gelasius, is apocryphal. He adds that this is not the condemned Life, and that a compendium of it is read every year in the Churches of the East. Many of the Lives given by Lipomanus are rather curious than trustworthy. Tradition asserts that the martyrdom of St. George took place on Good Friday, which that year fell on the 23rd of April.

10. St. George was a Martyr.

We do know one thing about St. George: he was a martyr. He laid down his life for Christ's sake. What more could man do? "Greater love than this no man hath, that he lay down his life for his friend." Life is just the one thing that man clings to; there is nothing else that he guards with so jealous a care. And rightly so, for it is his own, given to him - or lent to him if you will—by God, but still his own. And the law of the land upholds him in this view. A man, in defending his own life, may take the life of another; and he who is taken red-handed, having spilt a brother's blood, knows that his own life will pay the forfeit. A man cannot give a greater proof of his belief in a person or thing than by offering to lay down his life in defence of his belief; and this because all other things—wealth, honour, and the rest—if given away, or lost, may be regained; but life, once lost, can never be regained. Even the most wretched and degraded of the human race, men weighed down by every kind of sorrow, poor, diseased, starving, dishonoured, are unwilling, except in a few rare cases, to accept death as a release. They cling to life, and will not give it up at any price. This love of life, this clinging to it in the face of all difficulties, was implanted in us by God, and is necessary for the preservation of the human race. From this love of life springs the glory of the martyr's crown: for in suffering a willing martyrdom for Christ's sake, he lays down the precious life he loves so well.

If some poor wretch whose life, from a merely human point of view, is not worth the living, still clings to life with the desperation of a drowning man, how great must be the love of life in the heart of one who has no earthly care, whose lines have fallen in pleasant places, and who can look forward to the years to come without a a shadow of any sort of anxiety?

11. What Tradition says.

Just such a man was St. George. Young and strong, wealthy and well connected, a favourite with his king,

and a true lover of the true God, he might well have clung to life. Tradition tells us that in the very outset of his career he had been ennobled by the Emperor, and might have looked forward to still greater—nay, the greatest—rewards in the power of the Emperor to give. For he was a good specimen of a class whom the Romans delighted to honour—a brilliant, successful soldier who had led their legions to many a victory, and had added fresh lustre to their arms. He seems to have hitherto accomplished the always difficult task of serving faithfully his God and his King. But the time came when he had to choose between them. The struggle within him was short and severe; but God's grace, which had always reigned in his heart, gained the victory; and when he strode up the hall of the Senate and addressed Diocletian on behalf of the persecuted Christians, he knew that his own words were his death-warrant. Visions of wealth and honour and military renown faded from his mental vision like a dream, and he stood calmly waiting his doom. Life that, a few moments before, had appeared to him so intensely full of pleasure, the life that God had given him, he now willingly lay down—flung it away joyfully for Christ's sake. He had now only one more thing to do on earth, one more glory to win, and that must be fought for without the good sword that had helped him so often to victory: for in the army of God the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong. There was only one decoration, one brightly-shining lustrous jewel, which it was beyond the power of the almost omnipotent Roman Emperor to give as a free gift; and George by God's grace would wrest it from his hands that day—the regal decoration, the lustrous jewel, the purple glory of the martyr's crown.

Can we say, then, that we know nothing of St. George? He died a martyr's death! Only five words! Do we want to know more? Only five words: few in which to write the history of a life. Yet would to Heaven that our life could be written in as few words, and as glorious! He died a martyr's death. Add to it if you can. Pile up, by the hands of angels, all the watchings, all the

scourgings, all the devotion of a lifetime, and they are all swept away in the red tide of the martyr's blood that was shed for Christ's sake. This, then, is the title that St. George has to worship in this world and a crown of glory in the next, the fact that he died a martyr's death. And if we never knew more of him than one fact, it would be quite enough to fix upon him our loving gaze, and to draw towards him the affection of our poor hearts for ever.

NOTE.—The publication of the first edition of this little book drew from Mr. M. Fitzpatrick an interesting letter (*Tablet*, August 14, 1886), in which he calls attention to an article in the *Contemporary Review* for June, 1880, on "Greek Christian Inscriptions," by the Rev. George T. Stokes, which gives some interesting facts as to devotion to the great martyr in the age immediately after his death; and proves that at least one church had been dedicated in his honour within forty years of his martyrdom. Having alluded to the completion of the great work of Boeckh, on Greek Christian Inscriptions, the Rev. G. T. Stokes says: "The study of Greek Inscriptions dissipates legends that have grown up concerning the Early Church. The instance of St. George the Martyr, of peculiar interest to us as the national saint, is a case in point. . . . In Boeckh (No. 8627) we find the following inscription, copied by Dr. Porter at Edhra, the ancient Edrei of Scriptural fame, in the Hauran, east of the Jordan: 'The abode of demons has become a house of God. A saving light has shone forth where darkness did conceal. Where there were idol sacrifices there are now choirs of angels. Where God was provoked, now God is propitiated. A certain man, the lover of Christ—Joannes, the son of Diomedes—from his own funds offered a gift to God, an edifice worthy to be seen; placing in this the esteemed relic of the gloriously victorious holy martyr George, who appeared to Joannes himself, not in a vision, but manifestly in the year 9 of the year 410.' This date, the writer of the article in the *Contemporary* very conclusively shows was the year A.D. 346. Another inscription, No. 8609, which Burckhardt found at Shaka, twenty miles east of Edhra, completes our case. It runs thus: 'A church of the holy victorious martyr, George, and of the holy men (martyrs) with him, was built from the foundations with the offerings of Bishop Tiberinus. But the care of Georgius and Sergius erected the sanctuary and the addition to the temple in the year 263.' Computing this date according to the Bostrœan era, we find the addition to have been made to the church in A.D. 367, while the church itself must have been erected in honour of St. George at a still earlier date."

APPENDIX.

The Dragon.

The Dragon has been an important feature in popular story from the earliest times. Constructed as he was of the most aggressive and terrible component parts of different reptiles and beasts, his conquest and death have been set down as the most noteworthy deed of many a saintly and unsaintly hero. His origin may be variously accounted for. The devil is so often represented as a dragon that it is only natural to find him pictured occasionally, pierced and bleeding, beneath the feet of a popular saint, who has done much to curb his power on earth. The dragon thus often represents the devil, sin, or paganism. The dragons slain by St. Martha, St. Romanus, and St. Martial, typified the rivers Rhone, Seine, and Garonne, whose inundations were curbed by the three Saints. The name of the Seine dragon, Gargouille (a waterspout), is, in his case, conclusive. Formidable and destructive animals and reptiles, destroyed by knightly valour, have often been dubbed "dragon"; but the more accurate naturalists of later times have usually found their remains to be those of crocodiles; the well-known Rhodes dragon, slain by one of the Knights of the Order, turned out to be a hippopotamus.

England from the earliest times seems to have cherished a special fondness for dragon stories. The dragon was the device on the banner of the ancient British Kings: and Pendragon (Pen, chief; dragon, leader in war) was the proud title of Uther, father of Arthur (Tennyson, *Guinevere*, and Shaks., 1 *Hen. VI.*, act iii. scene 2). The Anglo-Saxons brought with them the fame of the slaying of the monster Grendel by Beowulf; and the old rhyming story of *Sir Bevis*, and in later times the *Dragon of Wantley* (Percy's *Rel.* iii. 3, 13), show the tendency there was to create additional dragon-slayers, whose deeds might be chaunted by the minstrels for the delectation of the people. There is a distressing sameness about these

stories. The dragon is always a huge, scaly, fire-breathing monster, with an enormous appetite. Sheep, oxen, and even the leaves and branches of trees are all welcome to him as food: but he usually develops an especial fondness for the flesh of young women. When the last maiden, often the king's daughter, had been led out for sacrifice by an unfeeling populace, a knightly champion appears upon the scene, engages off-hand in a terrific combat with the dragon, whom he slays, marries the princess, and lives for ever in popular memory as a hero.

Why St. George should have been credited with this sort of thing it is hard to say. Probably his terrible martyrdom had given him, from the earliest times, a right to be represented as slaying the dragon of persecution and paganism. The slaying of somebody or something would be in any case an appropriate feature in the statue or picture of a soldier-saint. The English people, who, in common with others, believed in the existence of dragons, would naturally think their patron saint as valiant a warrior as their pagan dragon-slayers of old; and seeing the dragon of sin beneath his feet, would believe it a real dragon such as was sung of by the minstrels. Ecclesiastical symbolism must not be left out of account in considering the dragon of St. George. St. Sebastian, St. Maurice, and St. George would be very much alike, were it not for the arrows, the divided cloak, and the dragon which mark them out. If some such distinction had not existed, the mediæval heralds would soon have hinted to the painter, or sculptor, or embroiderer, that these three saints must be "differenced" somehow.

In pre-reformation days the dragon was always a prominent and popular feature in municipal processions. Many dragons, in wood or wickerwork, were kept for Rogation processions before Ascension Day. A dragon always accompanied the clergy and people round the bounds of the parish. At the end of the third day the dragon, typifying the devil, was stoned, kicked, and ill-treated, but not destroyed. Hence the names of localities to this day: the "dragon's well" being the place where the people stopped during the long procession;

the "dragon's rock" where the dragon sat whilst God's blessing was asked on the fruits of the earth. When the procession was over the people went into church, but the dragon sat on the "dragon's stone" outside.

Snap, the famous green and gold Norwich dragon, went in procession with the civic dignitaries on St. John's Eve till 1835. He was a relic of the magnificent processional properties of the Gild of St. George. Edward VI. confiscated the armour and harness of St. George and the Lady, who used to be represented in the procession. Elizabeth forbade all representations of the saints, but did not seem to have the same rooted antipathy to the devil: "There shall be neyther George nor Margaret, but for future the dragon to come in and show himself:" which he accordingly did till abolished by the Municipal Corporations' Act of 1835.[1]

The New Fourth Lesson of St. George.

The following is the Fourth Lesson of the New Office of St. George—conceded August 14, 1883. It has, therefore, the same amount of authority as the other lives of the saints in the Roman Breviary and supplements.

"George—dignified among the Eastern martyrs by the name Great—suffered a glorious death in the persecution of Diocletian. Soon after, when peace was given to the Church under Constantine, honour began to be paid to the Martyr's memory, and churches were built in his name near Lydda in Palestine, and at Constantinople; and, as time went on, the faithful, first of the whole East and then of the West, cherished a wonderful devotion towards him. From the earliest times the Christian armies, before engaging in battle with the enemy, called upon St. George, St. Maurice, and St. Sebastian as their patrons. The Supreme Pontiff, Benedict XIV., declared St. George Protector of the whole Kingdom of England, where he had long been specially honoured."

[1] The Gild of St. George at Norwich was founded in 1385, and received its charter from Henry V. in 1418. We find the names of an Archbishop, four Bishops, and several knights and gentlemen at the head of the list of members (*English Gilds*, Toulmin Smith, E.E.T.S., 1870, p. 17; and *Append.* i. p. 443). Blomefield, in his *History of Norfolk* (1745), vol. ii. p. 894, gives a full account of the Gild, and mentions as still in existence the ancient wooden sword with "the dragon's head carved at top, sent by King Henry V.," which used to be carried before the Aldermen of the Gild.

Hymn to St. George.

Leader now on earth no longer,
Soldier of th' Eternal King,
Victor in the fight for Heaven,
We thy loving praises sing.
Great St. George, our patron, help us,
In the conflict be thou nigh;
Help us in that daily battle,
Where each one must win or die.

Praise him who in deadly battle
Never shrank from foeman's sword,
Proof against all earthly weapon,
Gave his life for Christ the Lord.
Great St. George, &c.

Who when earthly war was over,
Fought, but not for earth's renown;
Fought, and won a nobler glory,—
Won the martyr's purple crown.
Great St. George, &c.

Help us when temptation presses,
We have still our crown to win:
Help us when our soul is weary
Fighting with the powers of sin.
Great St. George, &c.

Clothe us in thy shining armour,
Place thy good sword in our hand;
Teach us how to wield it, fighting
Onward towards the heavenly land.
Great St. George, &c.

Onward, till, our striving over,
On life's battlefield we fall,
Resting then, but ever ready,
Waiting for the angel's call.
Great St. George, &c.

J. W. R.

St. Patrick,

Apostle of Ireland.

BY THE VERY REV. CANON RYAN.

St. Patrick lived through the fifth century of the Christian era, and died within a few years of its close. It was a time of wonders and of wonderworkers; yet his marvellous life-span of a hundred and twenty years was even then without a rival, while his miracles stood unapproached by the most astounding even of that age.* Roman Imperial civilization had done its work as a channel of Christianity, and, like its own mighty aqueducts which had brought for centuries the pure mountain waters to the thirsty multitudes, was now falling into picturesque decay. In the west, in Gaul and Britain, the Cross, which had advanced with the Roman eagles, fell back with them when they retired. The scattered Christians that remained when the Legions had

* A short Life like this allows no room for controversy, or for such archæological disquisitions as naturally find a place in fuller and more learned works. I have, however, admitted nothing into the text which has not respectable authority to support it, or which does not seem to throw light on the character of the Saint. In the matter of dates and places, I have, I think, nearly always gone with the majority of writers on St. Patrick. My aim has been to give a life of the Apostle of Ireland which will be quickly and easily read by his simple and loving children, and which will give them the result, in a brief and popular form, of a long and, be it confessed, a somewhat sad experience of Patrician literature.

retreated, were either lapsing into heresy, or were being swallowed up in the wave of triumphant barbarism rolling from the north. But the same Providence that let loose that avenging flood upon the sullied Empire, was not without a care for His own. As the Frank and the Goth pushed into the fertile lands of Italy, other conquerors as mighty rose in the lands those had left. Saintly heroes were given by God to the stricken peoples, and by Him strengthened with the power which is made perfect in infirmity. It was one who had first served in the Imperial armies who, as a soldier of Christ, was afterwards to plant more firmly than ever in Gaul, the Cross amid the ruins of the Roman Province: and St. Martin proved his divine commission by miracles. Such was, with the Apostles of those days, the ordinary providence of God. The dialectics of Ambrose, or Leo, or Augustine, would have had little significance for the savage hordes of Huns and Teutons that surged over the deserted provinces, and settled to feast on their fatness.

It was the time for the wonder-worker. And God sent him, with a hand strong to rouse or calm the forces of nature, gifted with life and death. The powers of evil were let loose upon him that he might triumph over their attacks: angelic presences surrounded him to attest his mission, guard his work, and be his messengers. Such manifestations were expected by the rude Europeans of those days. They have ever been looked for by the rude and simple of every age and clime, as charters of the preacher's right to speak with the authority of God. Martin, with his mission to a race then settling in a land where Christianity still survived in the broken traditions as in the ruined fanes of Rome, was less in need of that power of miracle than would be an apostle sent to a land in which Christianity had never found a foot-hold, and which Rome had never cared or dared to colonize. Such an apostle was St. Patrick, kinsman and disciple of St. Martin, sent to the Irish

people unregenerate to Christ, unconquered and untainted by Rome: and so it is that we should expect to find him, as indeed we do, gifted far beyond the Apostle of the Gauls with that power of wonder-working which, while it is the glory and the fondly nursed tradition of his children in the Faith, is also the scandal and the mockery of his enemies and theirs. We enter, therefore, on his holy and assuredly most marvellous life, prepared to find it as unlike the records of modern saintliness as his mission and his times are unlike what we are now acquainted and in sympathy with, and also—let it be written in thankfulness, not in pride—as the blessed success of his work in Ireland, through fourteen centuries, is unlike that of any other apostle's work among any other people, in the annals of the Christian Church.*

St. Patrick was a Gallo-Roman. By his mother, Concessa, he was closely related to St. Martin, Bishop of Tours, whose disciple he afterwards became. His father, Calphurnius, was, the Saint tells us, a Roman officer of good family. It seems a fairly established fact that Concessa had been in her youth, as her son was afterwards, carried into slavery; and that it was from this state that Calphurnius, won by her beauty and virtue, rescued her to make her his wife. So it was by one who had been a slave, and the son of a slave, that the Gospel was preached to a people who were for many a century to know the sorrows of servitude, and amid those sorrows to prepare for better days. The date of St. Patrick's birth was A.D. 372. The place of his birth, as in the

* Tillemont, as a rule a cautious chronicler, likens St. Patrick to the Prophets of the Old Law, and to the Apostles who, in the grace and power of Pentecost, first spread the faith of Christ. Certainly it is only in the records of the very greatest of God's saints that we can find parallels for the miracles commemorated in every page of St. Patrick's history, and in every tradition concerning him. It is in such company alone that his Life should be read and his traditions interpreted. What is in perfect perspective there, would, at a lower level, appear monstrous and absurd.

case of some of the greatest saints and heroes that have lived, is a question of much uncertainty.*

A miracle is said to have signalized the child's baptism. If so, it was a fitting opening for a miraculous life. The blind and aged priest failed to find water for the sacrament. Illuminated as to the future sanctity of the babe, the old man signed, with the infant's hand, a cross upon the ground. A spring of water at once burst up, in which the babe was baptized, and the blind eyes were washed and made to see. The wonder would indeed have been if God had not shown some such sign at the baptism of one who was to be the baptismal fountain-head of an entire race, and whose life was to be one of almost unceasing miracle. The child was, it seems, christened by the name of Succat. Patricius, or Patrick, the name so dear to-day to millions, was the gift of the Pope, and the Saint had reached the age of sixty before he received it from Pope Celestine, together with his commission to preach the Gospel in Ireland.†

* The principal claimants are Scotland and France. Dumbarton in the former, Boulogne in the latter. "North Britain," "by the shores of the Irish sea," "not far from the Western Sea;" these expressions of our Saint's earliest biographers may refer to the Island of Britain, or to the North-West of Gaul, then often called Britain, and, in our own day, Brittany. "At Banaven, in the territory of Tabernia, my father dwelt, and I was taken prisoner there." This is St. Patrick's own account in his *Confession*. But where Banaven or Tabernia may be, who can say? Some may be inclined to accept the conjecture of the eloquent author of *The Light of the West*, who, while allowing northern Gaul to be St. Patrick's birthplace, fixes on Whitehaven—English for the Celtic Ban or Bawn Haven—in Cumberland on the shore of the Irish or Western Sea, as the place where his father was stationed when the pirates made their slave-raid and took the boy with his sister into captivity. His *patria*, to which in his *Confession* he alludes so tenderly, would then be Gallic Britain, or the modern Brittany. In comparison with that distant home, the island of his captivity and of his apostolate would be indeed the "furthest end of the earth," an expression which could scarcely be used of Ireland by a native of Scotland.

† St. Palladius, our Saint's predecessor, had also received the name of Patrick when Pope Celestine sent him to Ireland.

To those accustomed to read the lives of the Saints in the Divine Office of the Catholic Church, it will be no matter for wonder, and still less for doubt, that the holy boyhood of Patrick is described, by all who write of it, as rich in miracles. It is the delight of the Creator to be with the children of men, and we seem to see Him, as He has Himself said, *ludens in orbe terrarum*, playing, as it were, with His own works, the Father condescending to be a child among His children. In the very ancient Tripartite Life, written by St. Evin,* we read of "many prodigies and miracles wrought by Patrick through his youth," of which only "a few out of many" are there recorded. By the sign of the Cross,—ever Patrick's strength and comfort from youth to extreme old age—the boy healed his wounded sister, and changed water into honey. By his breath—to bring in after years the comfort of faith and love into many a soul—he kindled a frozen hearth into flame. His young hands, destined to be so often raised in potent prayer to heaven for the distressed, stayed the devastating flood, raised the stricken cattle, and, when times were bad, paid his nurse's rent with curds and butter miraculously drawn from the drifted snow which miracle was wrought, it would seem, for the poor woman's sake alone, for when the payment had been made, the curds and butter melted back again into the snow from which they came. But far more clearly than even the gift of miracles was the boy's

Moreover, one of St. Patrick's holiest and most trusted disciples was "Sen," that is Senior, Patrick, and he was, like his master, singularly gifted with the power of miracles. Some confusion has naturally arisen between three Patricks whose missions lay so close to one another. But the hearts of the Irish have never swerved, nor given a divided allegiance to him who alone can claim the title of Apostle of Ireland. The heart of a Catholic people is never much at fault, though the heads of even the pious and learned may, at times, get very much astray.

* St. Evin was probably a contemporary of St. Patrick. The place of Evin's minster, or monastery, is familiar to us under its modern name of Monasterevan.

sanctity foretold by his astonishing humility. So utterly did he despise himself in those young days, so far did he deem himself from God, and from all true religious obedience and observance, that in his *Confession*, written by him a hundred years after, he still holds the same opinion of himself, unchanged, and renews against himself the abasement and reproaches of his youth. When we remember his sanctity and gifts, we can hardly understand—unless, indeed, we recall the language of St Paul against himself—such passages as these: "I knew not the true God, and I was brought captive to Ireland with many thousand men as we deserved; for we had forsaken God, and had not kept His commandments, and were disobedient to the priests, who admonished us for our salvation . . . and the Lord showed me my unbelief . . . and had pity on my youth and ignorance." Such humility in Patrick is more to our edification than even his wonder-working. It is of such as he there showed himself to be that the Scripture says: "He hath done wonderful things in his life." And *such* wonder-working all may strive to imitate.

Patrick was sixteen years of age when, in the year 388, he was carried into captivity. Perhaps it was, as we have seen, on the coast of Cumberland that the pirates took him from his father's home: or, possibly on the coast of Brittany. They sailed "around Erin, northwards, until they landed in the north." The lad was sold to Milcho, the chief of North Dalraida. The words of the *Confession* give simply and graphically a picture of the young captive's life: "After I had come to Ireland, I was daily tending sheep, and many times in the day I prayed, and more and more the love of God, and His faith and fear, grew in me, and my spirit was stirred; so that in a single day I have said as many as a hundred prayers, and in the night nearly the same; so that I remained in the woods and upon the mountains, and before the dawn I was called to pray by the snow, the ice, and the rain, and I did not suffer from them, nor was there any sloth in me

as I see now, because then the spirit was burning within me."

Such generous prayer and penance had its own reward from Him who never suffers Himself to be outdone in generosity. God sent His angel, Victor, down to the lonely shepherd on Mount Slemish, to give him the strength and comfort that he could no longer draw from priest or sacrament; and to show him in vision, from that northern mountain-side, the future glories of Erin. May we not hope that St. Patrick has been often moved by the memories of those days to give like aid to his lonely children in their exile, where the cruellest part of their cruel lot has been their banishment from the helps and comfort of the religion of their far-off home?

For six years the captive suffered and prayed, and at last his day of emancipation came. A voice from Heaven told him to go to that beloved *patria* which he so longed to see. "'Behold, the ship is ready.' And the place was not near, but perhaps about two hundred miles away, and I had never been there, nor did I know any one who lived there." So writes the Saint in his *Confession*. He goes on to relate how, having found the ship, and being refused a passage, he had recourse to his never-failing prayer: the shipmaster relented, sent for him, and carried him to Gaul. His companions soon reaped the benefit of their kindness. Their provisions failed, but Patrick's prayer brought abundance again, while, with the Word of God, he fed their hungry souls. After a terrible assault from the Evil One, who strove to crush him as he slept, and after a second brief captivity of two months—a not uncommon experience of travellers by sea and land in those days—he reached his journey's end. He had left Erin a fugitive to return a conqueror. The long eight-and-thirty years now before him were to be spent in preparing in the homes of penance, prayer and learning, for that mission of conquest.

St. Martin was then Bishop of Tours. The aged

man, who had been consecrated bishop the very year before Patrick's birth, welcomed his kinsman to his monastic home at Marmoutier, by the Loire. There, in a rock bound spot, hard by that rapid river, the Bishop had planted his monastery. No high-soaring towers or pointed gables in those days, but only the huts and caves of the monks of the East. And well must the new-freed captive from Erin have loved that quiet home of peaceful austerity, and deep must he have drunk of that monastic spirit which was afterwards to be poured forth in fullest abundance upon the island in the west. Here the Saint vowed a life-long abstinence from flesh-meat; and if his pious Irish children are even to this day singular in their devotion to this form of penance, they can defend their conduct against modern effeminacy by a reference to their Apostle's vigour during his hundred and twenty years. But Marmoutier was soon bereft of its saintly founder. The aged Bishop died, illustrious by a life of sanctity and miracle, and leaving a disciple who was to carry back to the Irish people the devotion to St. Martin, the savour of St. Martin's virtue, and a love for St. Martin's day.

It was, probably, in the hermitage of Marmoutier that Patrick saw in vision the angel Victor, his companion on the heights of Slemish, who came to him with God's message and mission. "And I read the commencement of the epistle containing 'the voice of the Irish.' And as I read aloud the beginning of the letter, I thought I heard in my mind the voice of those who were near the wood of Foclut, which is near the western sea. And they cried out: 'We entreat thee, holy youth, to come and walk still amongst us.' And my heart was greatly touched, so that I could not read any more." Thus doubly called, by God and man, our Saint set himself to his long thirty years' preparation for the apostolate.

St. Germanus, Bishop of Auxerre, was Patrick's guide, teacher, and friend after the death of St. Martin. It

was he who perhaps, of all men living, had the greatest share in forming the religious character of our Saint. There is, in the accounts that reach us of the saintly Bishop of Auxerre, a masculine courage and a sweet but firm ruling power, which seem to have been inherited by his disciple. The records of Patrick's life as student, monk, and priest, are scanty. Probus tells us how he spent the years with St. Germanus "in patience, obedience, charity, and chastity, in sanctity of heart and soul." From Auxerre he went to the famous Monastery of Lerins, near the present town of Cannes, on the Mediterranean Sea. Some thirty years before, that island had no trace of man upon it save the ruins of a pagan temple, round whose mouldering walls the vipers swarmed in such multitudes as to render human habitation impossible. One day a solitary anchoret, Honoratus by name, landed on its shore. At his prayer, and before his industry, the poisonous reptiles fled. Hermits soon crossed over to join the lonely islander: gradually the fame of Lerins spread: and at the date when Patrick seeks its shore, the island of serpents has come to be called the nursery of saints and scholars. Strange biding-place for him who on that balmy southren isle was to nourish in his heart the sanctity and learning that was to purge the reptiles from distant Erin, and to make her, away there in the wild Atlantic, another and a grander island of saints and scholars. It is touching to read, in the monastic records of those days, the expressions of passionate attachment towards that "happy island" of Lerins. St. Cæsarius died blessing it. Hearts detached from all else on earth clung fondly to the memories of what seemed to them an earthly Paradise. And there are few spots on earth more sacred to a lover of St. Patrick, since perhaps there was no other, save Erin, dearer to his heart.

From Lerins we learn that our Saint visited Rome, and pursued for some time his studies in the great College of the Lateran. And so the years wear on. Patrick

is still young in heart, still preparing for his life-work, though he is approaching his sixtieth year. St. Germanus, his aged friend and guide, sent by the Pope to Britain to attack in its stronghold there the heresy of Pelagius, calls Patrick to assist him. There is little more than the mere fact recorded. But surely it is a most interesting one—that the island which was to receive so much of its earliest that of its latest Catholicity from Ireland, should have been the field of the first missionary labours of the Irish Apostle. And perhaps there is a blessing too in the thought of Patrick's feet having hallowed a land from which so much sorrow has come to his children. He has shown in his life how sanctity may ripen in years of servitude, and how a saint may repay a hard master by bringing, in return for slavery and oppression, the light and freedom of truth.

It was probably from his work with St. Germanus in Britain, that Patrick was sent to Rome. Palladius, Archdeacon of Rome, had been commissioned by Pope Celestine to preach the Gospel to the Irish. Where could he find a better helper than Patrick? So thought St. Germanus and he sent our Saint with a priest, Segetius, to the Pope, recommending him as "a strong husbandman, well fitted for cultivating the harvest of the Lord." "O Lord Jesus," prayed the holy missioner, "lead me, I beseech Thee, to the seat of the Holy Roman Church, that receiving authority there to preach with confidence Thy sacred truths, the Irish nation may, through my ministry, be gathered to the fold of Christ." And now the hope of long years is about to be realized. The call of the Irish children is to be at last answered. Patrick receives from the Pope, the fountain-head of all authority in the Church, the commission to preach the Word of God in Erin. Hurrying back towards what was his "Isle of Destiny," his Innisfail, he hears of the death of Palladius. He turns back, in consequence, to receive the episcopal consecration, which he now requires as the Apostle of Ireland. At Eboria, in Northern Italy, the

modern Ivrea, by the command, and it would seem in presence, of the Pope, and at the hands of St. Maximus, Bishop of Turin, Patrick was consecrated. The Christian Emperor Theodosius is said to have assisted, as well as the Pope, at the ceremony which, could the secrets of the future have been revealed, would have filled both Church and Empire that day with gladness.*

It was the year 432. The Fathers of Ephesus had proclaimed against Nestorius the doctrine of the Incarnation, and the honours of the Virgin Mother of God; and St. Celestine, as successor of St. Peter, had just confirmed the decrees of the Council. Eastward to Cyril, Bishop of Alexandria, westward to Patrick, Bishop of Ireland, the holy Pope sent his blessing to those who were through the whole earth to champion the honours and spread the name of Jesus and Mary. With the joy and strength of that blessing on him, and in the spring-time of that auspicious year, our holy Patrick sailed for Erin. Some rays of Christian light had long years before pierced the pagan darkness of that island, but they had faded away. The mission of Palladius, short as it was, was long enough to be pronounced a failure. And now, when Patrick, after his thirty-years' absence, stepped again on Irish soil, it seemed as though he too would fail. He had gone ashore at the lovely spot where, flowing from the wooded Wicklow mountains, the river Dargle breaks the coast-line at Bray. The Leinster men of those parts would not hear him. They had driven away the first Patrick: the second should go too. So the Saint sailed out again, and landed a little to the south of the Boyne, in fertile Meath. Here a boy came on the Saint while he slept. Struck with love and veneration for the old man, he culled sweet flowers, and strewed them on the sleeper; nor would he afterwards

* The first Irish "Patrick," Palladius, being no more, our Saint received from the Pope his name as well as his mission: a name to be borne through many labours for sixty years, and through honour and invocation for all time.

depart, but clave to Patrick from that day. "He will be the heir of my kingdom," said the Saint; and the prophecy was fulfilled when, years after, Benignus, as the boy was called, succeeded his master as Bishop of Armagh. Again sailing northwards, Patrick, together with his followers—some, probably, the fellow-workers or disciples of Palladius—landed at Strangford Lough, in Down. There he miraculously stayed the arm of the fierce Dichu, who would have slain him; and as miraculously softened his heart, and opened his mind to the love and light of Christianity. Dichu was the first of Patrick's converts, the first to succumb to that power of miracle which was, by the Providence of God, to prepare the way in Ireland for the Gospel of Peace. From Down our Saint again sailed north. The hills and vales of Antrim, the scene of his sufferings and prayers, where, close on half a century before, he had folded his flock upon the heights of Slemish—these must he see. He must save, too, if they will be saved, those whom he knew in those far-off days. Tradition tells us that the aged Milcho, consumed with avarice and remorse, perished miserably by his own hands before the Saint could reach him. His children however became Christians, and died in the odour of sanctity. The historian naturally lingers over these dim records—the first glimmerings of the dawn which was soon to break with such dazzling radiance over the whole island.

Easter, 433, found Patrick already assured of success in his mission. King Laeghaire, Ardrigh (chief-king) of Erin, was about to hold his solemn festival at Tara. Princes and priests of Erin were gathered round him. The sacred fire that he would light should be the first in all the land to pierce the gloom. But Patrick, not knowing and not caring, as St. Evin says, lit high upon the hill of Slane, over against the hill Tara, the Easter fire; for it was Holy Saturday. The angry king saw it and stormed against the offender. But the Druids said:

"If that fire is not put out before morning, it never will be put out." Summoned to the royal presence to answer for his act, Patrick advanced with his little Christian band, chanting, as he had learnt to chant in Lerins and in Rome, the litanies of Easter. The king received him with coldness—for had he not broken the laws of Erin? One bard, with instinctive reverence, rose at his approach, and received, in reward, the gift of faith.

To the assembled court, as they sat "with the rims of their shields against their chins," Patrick declared his mission. The Druids saw that the hour was come when they must conquer, or for ever disappear. The powers of evil were at hand to help them. And then and there, in the sight of King and court and people, Patrick, in the might of God, wrought such terrific miracles as Druid never dreamed of. The tempest in the heaven was not as awful as the devilish rage of those pagan breasts. The heaving earth was strewn with the corpses of men who had been fallen on by their fellows and slain, no one knew why. The King's treacherous vengeance was evaded by the miraculous escape of the Saint and his followers. Next day the Saint returned boldly, though he knew they had a mind to kill him. With the sign of the Cross he drove the poison from the cup prepared for his destruction. When, by the powers of darkness, the Druids wrought malignant miracles in the plain before Tara, Patrick undid their evil and far surpassed their wonders. If they were allowed by God to bring on snow and darkness, Patrick alone had power to remove these. In more terrible proof still, the boy Benignus, clothed in the Druid's robe, was to be placed on dry faggots, and the Druid, in Patrick's cloak, on wet, green faggots; then fire was to be set to both. The trial was accepted. The flames on the one hand touched not the dry wood nor the Christian boy; only the robe he wore was consumed; while on the other, the green wood and the miserable magician were reduced to ashes, amid which lay, un-

scorched, the cloak of Patrick. Even this miracle was powerless to move King Laeghaire's heart. It was only when the earth opened and engulfed many of his followers that he seems to have relented. He granted Patrick the freedom he craved to preach the Gospel unmolested, though he himself remained, as the Saint had called him, "a son of death." Tradition has it that it was on this occasion that Patrick, in his sermon on the Blessed Trinity, plucked the green shamrock from the sward of Tara, making this triple leaf at once an illustration of his sacred subject, and an emblem of Christian Erin. It was at Tara, also, that we first hear of his famous prayer, called his "Lorica" or "Breastplate." Amid the perils of that awful day some such defence was surely wanting. And what could be more suited for all who are under stress of temptation than invocations such as these?

"Christ be with me, Christ before me,
Christ be after me, Christ within me,
Christ beneath me, Christ above me,
Christ at my right hand, Christ at my left,
Christ in the fort, Christ in the chariot,
Christ in the ship;
Christ in the heart of every man who thinks of me,
Christ in the mouth of every man who speaks to me,
Christ in every eye that sees me,
Christ in every ear that hears me."

Such a trust was never yet confounded; and we read in the Acts of the Bollandists that after this "Patrick with his disciples went through the whole land baptizing all that believed in the name of the Blessed Trinity; and God was his helper, and confirmed the word by the signs which followed."

It seems to have been very soon after the Saint's first great victory at Tara that he passed from Meath into Cavan, to the "Plain of Adorations," where whatever of idolatry flourished in Erin had its centre. The huge

Crom Cruach of Milesian days was still standing there, with twelve smaller idols. Patrick with his staff overturned them all, and raised on the spot a church to the living God. Indeed, the Irish seem not to have had much taste for the worship of figures of wood and stone. Their favourite god was the sun, and their religion was characterized by the freedom and picturesque beauty of rite always found in that form of worship. Of the staff before which Crom Cruach fell, there is a world of legend, but little of authentic history. It was called the "staff of Jesus," and was said to have been made or carried by our Lord, and given in a vision to Patrick, while he prayed on his "happy isle" in the Mediterranean. It is described by St. Bernard as one of the great relics of the Church of Armagh, where it was preserved in a richly jewelled case of gold. Its sanctity and its value tempted the fanaticism and cupidity of the Reformers, one of whose bishops burned the staff and kept the gold and jewels. It mattered little to him that it had been treasured by the Irish Church for more than a thousand years.

Connaught was next visited. Churches and monasteries were now beginning to mark the Apostle's path. At Elphin, Assicus, deft worker in brass, as well as saint and bishop, was left to rule the church. It was also westward of the Shannon at Cruachan, in Roscommon, that Patrick converted the two Princesses, Ethne and Feidelm, daughters of King Laeghaire.* Won by the Saint's eloquence, the maidens ask for Baptism and Holy Communion. Their request is granted, and in the joy of their first morning of Christianity they pass away to the joys of Heaven. But where Croagh Patrick towers over the western wave the interest of our Saint's Connaught mission centres. A very miracle of penance at all times, Patrick is about to rival the fasts of Moses and

* This story, touching even in the rough Tripartite Life, is nowhere more beautifully told than in Mr. Aubrey de Vere's pure verse.

Elias. It is Shrovetide when he goes up to his lonely mountain of prayer. It will be Easter-tide when he comes down. He goes up there, that in that high solitude, with the desert of ocean on one side and the scarcely less deserted land-track on the other, he may fast and pray for Erin. It is the culmination of his life-struggle; his crowning victory over the foul spirits that were striving with him for the land he loved. His arms for the fight are prayer and penance, the "strong cry and tears" with which his Master, in His dark hour of dereliction, conquered for all mankind. To understand that awful wrestling—now with the Evil One, like Anthony, now with the Almighty, like Jacob—we must remember how great was the prize, and how wonderful the Saint's demands. The island where demons seemed to have their fullest liberty, like the envenomed reptiles which in strange multitudes found there a northern home, was to become the island of sanctity and of learning. The people that sat in darkness were to shine brightest of all on earth, and to carry the light, not only to the eastward continent, but, in long centuries to come, to the unknown lands that lay beyond the western wave. It was to be a victory won for hundreds of millions of souls; and we need not wonder that the battle raged fierce and long. Patrick's cowl was drenched with tears. God's angel made him offer of souls innumerable as the wavelets on the ocean below; he would have more—the sands of the shore should be added. The angel bade him go—he had been promised enough. Enough? No, not though the promises of salvation for his own, upon the judgement day, were multiplied sevenfold for every hair upon his habit. That mount he would not quit, nor stay his fast or prayer, until God should promise to give into his hands upon that last day the fate of the men of Erin. It was a mysterious request, seeming above God's power to grant. But, we are told, the angel brought at eventide the answer that this too was granted to the intrepid man of prayer. His joy was full.

"That thou soughtest
Shall lack not consummation. Many a race,
Shrivelling in sunshine of its prosperous years,
Shall cease from faith, and, shamed though shameless, sink
Back to its native clay: but over thine
God shall the shadow of His Hand extend,
And through the night of centuries teach to her
In woe that song which, when the nations wake,
Shall sound their glad deliverance."*

His struggle over, Patrick, at the angel's word, knelt and blessed the land for which he had prayed. Every poisonous presence fled before that potent benediction, and his hermit's bell, as he descended from the mount that Easter evening, proclaimed the new birth of a Catholic Ireland. His was the victory of confident, persevering prayer; and that great lesson, far more than the miracles that accompanied it, has through the ages fixed the eyes of Christians on Croagh Patrick and on him who there strove against Hell and Heaven with the only sword and the only breastplate that could in such a strife prevail.

Patrick's labours in Connaught extended over seven years. We read of thousands whom he baptized, of churches without number which he built, and of miracles which he wrought wherever he went. More edifying for us even than those proofs of God's favour to our Saint, were his increasing acts of love and devotion to God and souls. His use of the sign of the Cross was itself a marvel, as was the reverence he paid to those crosses which already began to be erected through the land. "It was a custom with Patrick to place the Cross of Christ over himself one hundred times each day and night; and he would go aside from his path, even though the cross were one hundred paces away, provided that he saw it, or knew it to be in his vicinity; whether he was in a chariot or on a horse, he would proceed to each cross." So writes St. Evin. The same holy chronicler tells us

* De Vere, *Legends of St. Patrick.*

how "thrice Patrick went across the Shannon into the land of Connacht. Fifty bells, and fifty altar chalices, and fifty altar cloths, he left in the land of Connacht, each of them in his church. Seven years he was preaching to the men of Connacht; and he left them a blessing, and bade them farewell." After further missionary work in Ulster, the aged but indefatigable Apostle passed into Leinster. There, as we read, "churches in thirties and forties" were given to him—a statement no one need deem exaggerated who knows how small and easily built were even the largest Irish churches in those days. From Ossory in Leinster we find him journeying to Cashel,* the royal citadel of Munster. The idols on that famous rock fell prone at the approach of the man of God; so that Aengus, the Prince, went down with reverence to welcome him. He preached to him and his people at Cashel, and Aengus, and "the men of Munster" were baptized. During the ceremony the Saint inadvertently pierced with his crozier's point the Prince's foot. Aengus made no sign; and when Patrick asked him in wonder why he had not cried out, the noble sufferer only said, "I thought it was the rule of faith."

> "I thought, thus called to follow Him whose feet
> Were pierced with nails, haply the blissful rite
> Some little pain included."

St. Evin tells us that Patrick blessed the Fort upon the rock "and the men of Munster besides, and left a blessing and prosperity upon them." After this we hear of Ailbe, first Bishop of Emly and saintly founder of its famous schools. At Patrick's bidding he raised to life the boy Ailill. The devotion of the people of Emly to St. Ailbe is unchanged to this day, although time and sorrow have effaced almost every trace of the former

* To the Dean of Cashel, the Very Rev. T. H. Kinane, the children of St. Patrick owe the most popular and devotional of the many Lives of their Apostle.

glories of his see. From the districts about Emly Patrick passed to Limerick. Every local tradition concerning him tells of the wonders he wrought there; and close on twelve hundred years after, when evil days had come on the fair city by the Shannon, it was by St. Patrick's well, and from the ruins of St. Patrick's church, that the baffled enemy stormed at the men of Munster.

The Apostle's fame had by this time gone before him into every part of the island. We are told by St. Evin of the fleet of boats that brought the inhabitants of Thomond up the reaches of the Shannon, that they might be baptized by the Saint and receive his blessing. Into Clare and Kerry he did not pass; but he foretold the mission and sanctity of those who were, generations after, to be the Patricks of those parts: Senan, who in his Isle of Inniscattery was to give his name to the noble river that there flows into the Atlantic; and Brendon, the Columbus of his time, whose shadowy glories still hang round the lonely coasts of Kerry. Northwards Patrick's face was now set. In his years of labour in Munster he had "founded cells and churches, and had ordained persons of every grade, and healed all sick persons, and raised the dead." He bade the Munster men farewell, "and left his blessing with them." St. Evin goes on to tell how they could not part with their beloved Apostle, but followed in such numbers that the hills seemed alive with their loving multitudes. Again they knelt for that dearly-prized blessing, before they turned homewards. And from those homes of Munster the loving loyalty of that day has never since departed.

Dearly loved as Patrick was by his children, there is every evidence in his history that he was terrible towards their enemies. The destruction which came swiftly and with awful portents on those who obstinately thwarted his work for souls, reminds one of the terrors of the Old Testament; and we have seen that our Saint has been

likened to the Prophets of Judea. But even without the records we possess of the avenging miracles of Patrick, we have a letter from his hand showing us the spirit in which he met the raveners of his flock. His Epistle to Coroticus may be, to some, unpleasant reading; but it should be remembered that with love of justice the Scripture joins the hatred of injustice; and that it was only when gentle words had proved useless that the Saint, in his ardent charity for his own, adopted the language of denunciation. The "tyrant," as he styles Coroticus, or Caradoc, had fallen on some newly baptized converts, and had slain some and sold others into slavery. He had laughed at Patrick's gentle entreaty to free the Christian captives, And so the Saint pours out on him and his abettors the torrent of his wrath. "Fellow-citizens of the devil, ... patricides, fratricides, and ravening wolves, who devour the people of the Lord as if they were bread." With these the holy and humble ones of God are neither to eat, nor drink, nor receive their alms, until they do penance with many tears and liberate the servants of God. And then his love for his oppressed ones seems to overcome him, and he cries out to God. "Lo, Thy sheep are torn around me, and plundered by those robbers, aided by the soldiers of Coroticus . . . . Ravening wolves have scattered the flock of the Lord, which with the greatest rapidity was increasing most prosperously in Ireland. I cannot count all the sons of the Irish and the daughters of the kings who are monks and virgins of Christ: . . . O my beloved ones! I grieve, I grieve for you." At the end of the Epistle there is a word of mercy for those who will accept the warning and repent, "that they may deserve of God to live and thrive here and hereafter. The praise to the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

The Apostle's burning zeal, not only for the eternal but also for the temporal interests of his children, stands

sufficiently proved by the terrific words above cited. From the slavery of the body, as well as from that of the soul, he would guard his dear ones; and it is worthy of remark that, in the passage just given from his letter to Coroticus, the ostracism to which he condemns the tyrants is to cease only when they repent, "and liberate the servants of God." But a proof as striking, and certainly more lasting, of his devotion to the temporal welfare of his Irish flock is to be found in the Senchus Mor, or great law-code of Erin. Patrick saw that it would be impossible that a people, whose civil law was corrupt or unjust, could observe a religious law of exalted purity and equity. He saw too that the surest way to ensure obedience to the laws of man was to make those laws conformable to the laws of God; and that the maintenance of both codes as an abiding power in the land depended on welding them, as far as might be, into one, the code of the Christian citizen. Such was Patrick's work, his apostolic and truly patriotic work, in the Senchus Mor. It was in the early part of his ministry, when his religious teaching had won the hearts of the wise men of Erin, that he first ventured to interfere in the political life of the country. His desire to confer with the civil rulers was anticipated by them. In a conference, on the thought of which Christian statesmen might profitably dwell, the bishop, the chief, and the sage, met to revise the ancient law-code of Erin. Much of that code Patrick found to be wise and just, and seeing that it was hallowed by the usage of centuries, he gladly approved and blessed it. That part of the code, which paganism had corrupted, he condemned and struck away, substituting for it the high morality of Christianity. The Senchus Mor, thenceforth the law-code of Christian Ireland, had thus those elements of divine justice and human liberty which alone secure for legislation permanence and popularity. For over a thousand years the work of the holy law-giver remained; and his children loved "Patrick's law," as the Brehon code came to be

called, for the sake of the Saint who blessed it, and for the love of the Faith and the Fatherland of whose rights and liberties it was so long the charter.

What time our Apostle founded the church of Armagh is a matter of uncertainty. The site was, as we read in the ancient Book of Armagh, miraculously pointed out by God. Conquered by the patience of the Saint, Daire, the chief of that territory, gave the land demanded. By what we may well regard as a special providence of God, the site then chosen is the very one on which now stands the new Cathedral: the gifts of God are without repentance. Patrick would have chosen to be laid to rest there, where he had fixed his see. He loved the spot. There he had with a century of years upon him, settled down to prepare for his last great journey. There the lepers came to him, sure now to find him and to be cleansed. And there it seemed to him that he would like to make what, in his faith, he called "the place of his resurrection." But now as in his earliest days, he would go where God should send him. It was His will that not in Armagh, but in Saul, by the shore of Strangford Lough where he had landed sixty years before, the old man should die. His successor was already in the primatial see. The Confession of that wonderful life—wonderful in its simplicity as in its heaven sent power—had been committed to loving hands. Visions of the future, clear to the aged seer, but dim and contradictory to those to whom he related them, foretold at once his approaching death, and the vicissitudes of the Irish Church. Brigid, the "Pearl of Erin," who had made Patrick's shroud, should go for it now, for the time was short. Full of years, like the prophets of old in this as in much more; with the prayers and blessings of a people whom he had so often prayed for and blessed; in a land which he had found in darkness, and which he left to be the brightest jewel of the Church, the old man lay down to die. Borne on the

cold March wind the watchers heard sounds of angelic voices—the first notes of that chorus of praise which should last in Erin as long as the waves should break on the shore of Strangford Lough. It was on the 17th of March, 493:—day to stand beyond all saints' days in Erin's calendar; yes, and in thousands of churches and in millions of hearts, and in lands as yet unknown. Victor, faithful angel once upon Mount Slemish, faithful to the end, summond Bishop Tassach: Patrick must have the Viaticum for his last journey, and the God-speed of the people.

That journey was easily made—for the saint's road from labour to rest is very short.

St. Evin shall tell us what manner of man this was whose body lies in Saul, and whose soul lives with God. "A just man indeed was this; with purity of nature like the patriarchs; a true pilgrim like Abraham; gentle and forgiving like Moses; a praiseworthy psalmist like David: an emulator of wisdom like Solomon; a chosen vessel for proclaiming truth like the Apostle Paul: a man full of grace and the knowledge of the Holy Ghost, like the beloved John; a fair flower-garden to children of grace; a fruitful vine-branch; a flashing fire, with force and warmth of heat to the sons of life, for instituting and illustrating charity; a lion in strength and power, a dove in gentleness and humility; a serpent in wisdom and cunning to do good; gentle, humble, merciful to the sons of life—dark, ungentle towards the sons of death; a servant of labour and service of Christ; a king in dignity and power for binding and loosening, for liberating and convicting, for killing and giving life . . . Though great his honour here, greater honour will be his in the day when judgement will be given on the fruits of his work."

Here, standing out clearly recognizable amid so much that time has dimmed, is the personality to which the eyes and hearts of the Irish race have ever fondly turned. About dates and places and the authenticity of this

miracle and that, there might be question; but there can be no question about the person whom we see and love. He is strong and tender: strong, terribly strong, against wrong-doers, and above all, as a father is, against those who would his children wrong. He is tender too: tender to the dwellers in that land which he first trod as an Apostle—the land of Britain; but above all tender to his own who call him father, who cherish his traditions and cling lovingly to the land which he made to be an Island of Saints, and which, through much sorrow, he has kept faithful until now. The almost fierce devotion of his children to him seems to share that twofold character of strength and tenderness which made St. Evin call him a lion and a dove; "gentle, humble, merciful to the sons of life: dark, ungentle towards the sons of death." May that love remain, strong and tender, until the day on which, according to the promise of the Mount, Patrick shall be told to count his flock upon the right hand of the Judge.

> "Thus therefore saith the Lord, 'So long as sea
> Girdeth this isle, so long thy name shall hang
> In splendour o'er it like the stars of God.'"

The Continuity of the English Church.

BY THE VERY REV. CANON CROFT.

The following pages were suggested by a lecture delivered in 1886 by the Dean of Lincoln to the "Church of England's Working Men's Society," the purport of which, judging by the report in the public papers, was to show the continuity of the Church of England as by law established, with the Church of England as it existed prior to the so-called Reformation. The object for which they were written is to supply those who may have to meet this extraordinary theory with a ready and simple answer, and to examine some of the arguments with which its advocates seek to support it. The theory is not absolutely new, but has been brought into prominence by the recent scare produced by the threatened agitation for disestablishment. Put forth at first with some diffidence, it has of late come to be proclaimed with a courage and boldness begotten, it would seem, of frequent repetition.

As nothing tends to solve controversies so effectually as a clear perception of terms, we may premise that by continuity is meant an unbroken connexion; and when applied to an institution like the Church, it implies that no such radical change has been introduced into it,

during any period of its existence, as to destroy its identity, just as we may rightly say of the body of a full-grown man that by virtue of its continuity and despite certain modifications, it is the self-same as in childhood. And such is evidently the position taken up by the advocates of the theory under discussion, for they claim that the English Church of to-day is the old Church of the English people, and therefore the point really at issue is the identity of the ancient with the modern Church of England.

To avoid cavil, and the confusion consequent upon the raising of false issues, it may be as well to note that the subject-matter with which we are at present concerned is not the Church in its universal character, but as localized in this country; or, in other words, that ecclesiastical organization with its government or hierarchy, creed and ritual, which is expessed by the term Church of England. These are the three essential constituents or conditions of a Church; take them away, and the very idea of a Church vanishes with them; change them, and you make it to be what it was not before, and therefore you destroy both its continuity and identity. The simple answer then to the theory which has been broached is that, at the period called the Reformation, the government, creed and ritual of the English Church underwent a radical change, and consequently by no stretch of the imagination can the present and ancient Church of this nation be said to be the same. This is what has to be proved: we will therefore take each of these points in order.

If there is one fact which English history establishes beyond question, it is that for nine hundred years, that is to say from the introduction of Christianity by St. Augustine down to 1534, the Bishop of Rome was recognized as the Supreme head of the Church of England, and that he invariably acted as such. The evidence of this stares us in the face on every page, and for this reason it is unnecessary to accumulate particular instances in support of it: the proof may be safely left to rest on a few general statements which defy contradiction

First then, from Justus, who was ordained by St. Augustine and was appointed to the see of Canterbury as Head of the English Church by Pope Boniface V., down to Cranmer, the obsequious tool of Henry VIII., every Archbishop of Canterbury recognized the Bishop of Rome as the Head of the Church on earth, and the source of the jurisdiction which he, as Archbishop, exercised. This is proved by the fact that he could not exercise his office as Metropolitan either in consecrating the Bishops of his province, assembling them in synod, or by the occupation of the archiepiscopal throne, until he had received the Papal confirmation, which was conveyed to him with the pallium, at once the badge of his authority and the pledge of his obedience to the Roman Pontiff.*

Secondly, it was by Papal authority alone that the jurisdiction of the archiepiscopal sees was established, extended or restricted.†

Thirdly, appeals in ecclesiastical causes to the judgment of the Pontiff were continually made by the Bishops, kings, and members of the Religious Orders, and his decision was acknowledged as final.

Fourthly, legates were despatched by the Pope into England for the purpose of settling disputes and for the correction of abuses, and though occasionally this practice was protested against by some of our kings, their jurisdiction was never challenged.

Fifthly, the Pope claimed and exercised the right to inflict the penalty of excommunication upon the highest authorities in the land, whether civil or ecclesiastical, a right recognized and submitted to by the kings of this country.

Here it may be well to note that the point at issue is not whether this supreme jurisdiction rightfully belonged to the Pope or was only an unwarrantable assumption on his part; but whether it existed as part of the constitution of the English Church prior to the Reformation, and was acknowledged and submitted to by both the

* Lingard, *Anglo-Saxon Church*, vol. i. See also *The Pallium*, by the Rev. H. Thurston, S.J., Catholic Truth Society: 2d.

† Lingard.

civil and ecclesiastical authorities. If the above statements are insufficient to prove that it was so, then the possibility of proving that the Royal Supremacy either exists or ever has existed in this realm may be safely challenged.

Previous, then, to the separation of this country from the unity of Christendom, the ruling authority of the Church of England was vested in a hierarchy, composed of Archbishops and Bishops deriving their jurisdiction or authority from the Bishop of Rome, and rendering to him canonical obedience as to their supreme Head. But in the year 1534 there came a great and fundamental change. Henry VIII., as all the world knows—after long and tedious negotiations, and after having exhausted every resource to induce Pope Clement VII. to annul his marriage with his Queen, Catharine of Arragon, and thus enable him to marry his paramour Anne Boleyn—resolved to appropriate to himself in ecclesiastical matters that supremacy which hitherto he, along with the rest of Christendom, had acknowledged as residing in the Pope. For this purpose he obtained from an obsequious Parliament an Act declaring "that the King, his heirs, and successors should be taken and reputed the only supreme head on earth of the Church of England, with full power to visit, reform, and correct all such errors, heresies, abuses, contempts, and enormities, which by any manner of spiritual authority ought to be reformed or corrected." By this Act it is evident a change was wrought in the government of the Church of England—for if it changed nothing what object could there be for passing it?—a change hitherto unheard of in Christian Europe, not of any minor detail, but an essential and fundamental change, which made it to be what it was not before, and sufficed of itself to destroy, if persisted in, the continuity of the Church. The ecclesiastical was exchanged for a lay supremacy which differed not in *degree* but in *kind;* for the spiritual jurisdiction in its whole extent as hitherto exercised by the Pope was annexed to the crown Thus Parliament essayed to do what no power on earth, civil or ecclesiastical, could make it competent to do; for

by the universal consent of Christendom spiritual jurisdiction is of positive Divine right, derived to the Church from the special and direct grant of Christ, and therefore inalienable from her by any human authority. It is true that from fear, and no doubt in many cases from indifference it had been acquiesced in by the nation at large:* but this acquiescence could not alter the fact that the government of the Church was no longer what it had been, which is the point on which I am at present insisting. The Church is not like a nation, whose continuity and identity are independent of its form of government. It is an institution, or organised society, and, like every other institution, the permanence of its original organization is an essential condition of its identity. It may retain the same name, but with an altered constitution it ceases to be the same thing. This Act, though repealed in the reign of Mary, who restored the Papal Supremacy in England, was again in its essence re-enacted under her sister Elizabeth, and now stamps the character of the persent Erastian Establishment.

To anticipate objection it may be useful to notice here the famous dispute between Theodore Archbishop of Canterbury and St. Wilfrid of York, because, concerned as it was about a matter of purely spiritual jurisdiction, it is sometimes brougth forward as evidence that the early English Church did not acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope. It is not necessary to go into the details of the case; a full account of it is given in Lingard's *Anglo-Saxon Church*, vol. i. c. 3. Suffice it to say that Wilfrid had been chosen Bishop of Northumbria, a diocese comprising the kingdom of Deira and Bernicia. Theodore, who had been appointed Archbishop of Canterbury by Pope Vitalian, being rightly desirous of breaking up the extensive

* Lingard, *History of England*. vol. vi. ch. iii. The greater number of the clergy submitted from fear: many however refused, and suffered the penalties of high treason. Thus the acknowledgment of the King, instead of the Pope, as Head of the Church, was not freely given; it was *wrung* from the clergy in fear of their lives. See *How Henry VIII. robbed England of her Ancient Faith.* Catholic Truth Society: ½d.

dioceses of the Anglo-Saxon Bishops, seems to have acted, in the case of Wilfrid's diocese, in an arbitrary manner, dividing it into three parts, for each of which he consecrated a Bishop, thus ejecting Wilfrid from his bishopric. Against this action of the Archbishop Wilfrid appealed to Rome. Pope Agatho summoned a Council to consider the case. It was ordered that Wilfrid should be restored to the diocese of which he had been deprived, and a copy of this decision was given to him, with which he returned home. King Egfrid, with whom the Archbishop sided, on the plea, either fictitious or believed in good faith, that the document had been corruptly obtained, or was a forgery, absolutely refused to carry out the Pope's order, and Wilfrid was placed in confinement. Such is the pith of the case which to the minds of some suffices to counterbalance the five pieces of evidence of the Pope having always been recognized as the Supreme Head of the Church of England, which are given above!*

What, then, is the value of the incident as a proof of the independence of the English Church? Absolutely nothing. There is not a shadow of evidence throughout the whole transaction that either King or Archbishop denied the Pope's jurisdiction. Did they contest Wilfrid's right to appeal? On the contrary, they sent their own representatives to meet it, thereby acknowledging the jurisdiction of the Court. Did they ground their refusal to carry out the Papal decision on the plea that the Pope assumed an authority which was not recognized in England? No. But why not? Why go in search of another reason, when one so pertinent, as we are asked to believe, was at hand? Surely the case speaks for itself. But yet the Pope's mandate was disobeyed. Granted. Is then every act of disobedience on the part of a subject, proof that he denies the jurisdiction of his superior? Is a son's disobedience evidence that he calls in question the paternal right to command? But in the present instance, Theodore himself utterly shattered the whole fabric of the English Church's independence of Papal

* See pages 2 and 3.

ecclesiastical government, sought to be raised on this incident. Before his death, actuated by remorse for his past injustice, he sent for Wilfrid and the Bishop of London, solicited the forgiveness of the man he had injured, and in his letter to King Ethelred, assigns the authority of the Pontiff as the cause of his reconciliation.* The decision of Pope John, given on Wilfrid's second appeal against King Aldfrid and Archbishop Brithwold, was carried out, and he received Hexham and Ripon, which was all he asked for.

If this essential change of government then were all that could be alleged against it, this would suffice of itself to invalidate the theory that the ancient and present Church of England are one. But severance from the centre of unity invariably entails innovation in doctrine, for heresy ever follows close upon the heels of schism, as is proved in this case, for the connection of the present with the ancient Church was severed, not only by change in the supreme authority, but also by change of faith.

It should be here premised that the faith of any particular Church is to be gathered from its authoritative statements in conjunction with the general practice and tone of belief which have ever prevailed throughout it, and not from the unauthorized interpretation or belief of individuals or even of any party which may at any period have existed in it. This remark, so obvious one would think in itself, requires to be insisted upon, because it is frequently alleged, as proof of the English Church never having changed its faith, that a succession of great and good men, regretting the ambiguity of the Church's present formularies, have been pleased to interpret them in a sense not at variance with Catholic teaching: and also because it has now become the fashion with the High Church or Ritualistic party to scout what they call Protestantism, and to pose as the true representatives of the real belief of the English Church. To show, therefore, that the ancient faith of England has undergone a

* *Epist. Theod.* apud Wilk. Eddius, c. 42, p. 74. Lingard, *Anglo-Saxon Church*, vol. 1. note H.

fundamental change, it will be necessary to contrast the formularies and practice of the present Anglican Establishment with those of the Church in Catholic times. This contrast, however, for brevity's sake, shall be limited to the following points: 1, Scripture and Tradition as the Rule of Faith; 2, the Canon of Scripture as contained in the vulgate; 3, the Seven Sacraments; 4, the substantial presence of the Body and Blood of Christ in the Eucharist; 5, the Sacrifice of the Mass. No one will venture to deny that the decrees of the Council of Trent touching these points fairly represent the faith of the English Church prior to the Reformation, for at every period of its existence they formed part of its belief, as they did of the belief of the rest of Christendom. On the other hand, the Thirty-nine Articles must be recognized as the authorized standard of her belief since that period. The Decrees then and the Articles will afford material for this.

Before, however, instituting this comparison, it may be well to examine the authoritative value of these formularies, for there is a disposition on the part of the more advanced party in the Church to ignore, or at least treat lightly, these Articles. This need occasion no surprise, seeing how thoroughly un-Catholic is their spirit, and what difficulties they present in the way of the theory which we are considering. It is unquestionable, then, that these Articles are the one authorized declaration or Confession of Faith put forth by the Reformed Church of England. They were drawn up to serve this purpose, they received the assent of both Houses of Convocation, of the Upper House on the 29th of January, of the Lower on February 5, 1563, and every clergyman, previous to ordination, is at the present day required to give an internal assent to them. Moreover, there can be no question that, like the Statute Law in the civil courts, they form the basis of judgment in those courts in which ecclesiastical causes are decided. Such, too, is the authoritative position attributed to them by the Bishops and other dignitaries of the Establishment. Dr. Marsh, late Bishop of Peterborough, thus writes: "The first and principal appeal must be made to the Articles, for in the

Articles of our religion we may of course expect a declaration of the foundation on which the doctrines of our Church are founded."* Or, as Dr. Short, Bishop of St. Asaph, puts it, "They were intended to convey the authoritative opinion of the Church of England."† Indeed, it would be as reasonable for a Catholic to disregard the decrees of the Council of Trent, or for a Lutheran to repudiate the Confession of Augsburg, as for a member of the Established Church to reject the Thirty-Nine Articles. To proceed then.

Before the Reformation, the Church of England, in union with the rest of Christendom, founded its doctrines upon two equal, independent authorities, Scripture and Tradition In its Fourth Session, held April 8, 1546, the Council of Trent, after speaking of the Gospel as first promulgated by the Son of God by His own mouth, and then commanded to be preached by His Apostles to every creature, as the fountain of all both saving truth and moral discipline, continues thus: "*Seeing clearly that this truth and discipline are contained in the written books, and the unwritten traditions, which, received by the Apostles from the mouth of Christ Himself, or from the Apostles themselves, the Holy Ghost dictating, have come down even to us, transmitted as it were from hand to hand; [the Synod] following the example of the orthodox Fathers, receives and venerates with an equal affection of piety and reverence, all the books both of the Old and of the New Testament—seeing that God is the Author of both—as also the said traditions, as well those appertaining to faith as to morals, as having been dictated either by Christ's own word of mouth or by the Holy Ghost, and preserved in the Catholic Church by a continuous succession.*"

Here it is asserted that the saving truth of the Gospel is contained in the traditions of the Church as well as in the Holy Scriptures. The sixth of the Thirty-Nine Articles, on the contrary, declares that "*Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation: so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to*

* *Comparative View of the Churches of England and Rome*, c. iii.

† *History of the Church of England*, c. x. Appendix C.

be required of any man, that it should be believed as an article of the Faith, or be thought requisite or necessary to salvation."

The same decree of the Council continues: "*But if any one receive not as sacred and canonical the said books with all their parts, as they have been used to be read in the Catholic Church, and as they are contained in the old Latin Vulgate edition: and knowingly and deliberately contemn these traditions; let him be anathema.*" Now, amongst these books are found some about which there existed in the early times of the Church some doubt, for example, the Book of Tobias, the First and Second Books of Machabees, and other portions of the Scripture.

What says the Sixth Article above quoted? "*In the name of the Holy Scripture we do understand those Canonical Books of the Old and New Testament, of whose authority was never any doubt in the Church. . . . The other books the Church doth read for example and instruction of manners; but yet doth it not apply them to establish any doctrine.*"*

The process by which the divergence here patent between the Council and this Article is made to disappear must surely be a curiosity of reasoning art, and no one not straitened by the exigencies of a theory would attempt it. The Council declares that the saving truth of the Gospel is contained in Tradition as well as in Scripture; the Article asserts that it is contained in the Scriptures alone; the Council decrees that those books in the Latin Vulgate about which there may have been sometimes doubt in the Church, are equally with the others inspired Scripture, the Article simply rejects them as such. In what a dilemma then is he placed at the very outset, who maintains the continuity and identity of the ancient with the modern Church of England! He must either maintain that the question concerning the very fountains of Gospel truth is not an essential one, or he is compelled to admit that this Church at one period of her existence condemns as deadly error, what at a former period she believed and taught to be God's very truth.

* The Council of Hippo and the Third Council of Carthage, A.D. 390, give the canon of Scripture as it is given by the Council of Trent, so does Pope Innocent I. in his letter to Exsuperius, A.D. 405 (?); and it was also given in the Council of Florence, 1442, which represented the East as well as the West.

But this divergence becomes much more pronounced when the contrast between the teaching of the Council and that of the Articles in relation of the Sacraments, is drawn out. In its Seventh Session held on March 3, 1557, the Council promulgated the following decree: "*If any one saith that the Sacraments of the New Law were not all instituted by Jesus Christ our Lord, or that they are more or less than seven to wit: Baptism, Confirmation, the Eucharist, Penance, Extreme Unction, Order and Matrimony, or that even any one of these seven is not truly and properly a Sacrament, let him be anathema.*" Such was the belief and teaching of the Church of England on this subject, while yet in communion with Rome: of this, the Treatise on the Sacraments by Watson, the last Catholic Bishop of Lincoln, is proof enough. What has been the authoritative teaching of this Church since the severance of this communion? Art. 25th says: "*There are two Sacraments ordained of Christ our Lord in the Gospel, that is to say, Baptism and the Supper of the Lord. Those five commonly called Sacraments, that is to say, Confirmation, Penance, Orders, Matrimony, and Extreme Unction, are not to be counted for Sacraments of the Gospel, being such as have grown partly from a corrupt following of the Apostles, partly are states of life allowed in the Scriptures; but yet have not like nature of Sacraments with Baptism and the Lord's Supper, for that they have not any visible sign or ceremony ordained of God.*" Again, it may be asked, how characterize a process of reasoning, which should profess to show that no necessary antagonism exists between these two statements? If, as the Article declares, Confirmation, Penance, Orders, Matrimony, and Extreme Unction, are a mere "corrupt following of the Apostles," or "states of life allowed in the Scripture," it is evident they cannot impart grace; and how reconcile this teaching with the belief as laid down by the Council, that each is "truly and properly a sacrament," and consequently instituted by Christ for the very purpose of conferring grace? Nor let it be said that this difference touches only a minor matter: it is of vital importance, for the question concerns the very means of imparting grace provided by

Christ in His Church. And what has been the teaching during the last three hundred years—the living commentary I may call it—supplied by this Church of the Reformation upon this Article? Has it produced a general belief that there are seven and not two Sacraments, has it perpetuated amongst the vast mass of its members the ancient belief in the power of the minister to forgive sin, and in the obligation of Confession as a necessary part of the Sacrament of Penance? Has the anointing of the sick with oil, as practised in the ancient Church of England in the administration of the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, been maintained? Surely all the world knows that the very opposite of this is the fact; and that the prevailing practice for three centuries has been the exact contrary of the practice in Catholic times, and in perfect conformity with and the exact reflection of the obvious meaning of this Article.

Within recent years, it is true, a certain section within the Establishment has striven to introduce this doctrine of seven Sacraments. Certain clergy, in spite of the disapproval of their Bishops have taught the necessity of Confession and have induced some to practise it, and even the Anointing of the Sick is not unheard of but who will say that even now this belief and this practice has leavened to any appreciable extent the great Protestant mass? And even if it had, could it obliterate the history or change the complexion of the past?

But the opposition in regard to the number of the Sacraments, is not less marked on the question as to the nature of the Holy Eucharist. For what was this Sacrament to the children of England's ancient Church? The very object and centre of their worship, the life and soul of their whole religious system, and the storehouse of all graces. It imparted a sanctity to the material fabric of their Churches, it invested with a sacred character their Priesthood, it made of their altars a very Holy of Holies, where they sought by night and by day the ever-living and abiding Presence of their God, to offer Him tribute of adoration, prayer and praise.*

* See *Church Endowments—Whose are they?* Catholic Truth Society: ½d.

And why? because it was their belief that in the Eucharist there was the real and substantial Presence of Christ, His Body and Blood, His Soul and His Divinity, a belief endorsed by the Council of Trent in these words: "*Because that Christ our Redeemer declared that which He offered under the species of bread to be truly His own body, therefore has it ever been a firm belief in the Church of God, and this Holy Synod doth now declare it anew, that by the consecration of the bread and of the wine, a conversion is made of the whole substance of the bread into the substance of the Body of Christ our Lord, and of the whole substance of the wine into the substance of His Blood; which conversion is by the whole Catholic Church suitably and properly called Transubstantiation.*"* Now what have the Articles of the present Church of England to say to this belief? "*Transubstantiation (or the change of the substance of Bread and Wine) in the Supper of our Lord cannot be proved by Holy Writ; but is repugnant to the plain words of Scripture, overthroweth the nature of a Sacrament, and hath given occasion to many superstitions.*" The flat contradiction between these two decrees is so palpable, that no one as yet it would seem has attempted the impossible task of reconciling them, and we find the difference of faith expressed in words has been reflected in the difference of practice.

The belief of the Ancient English Church in the real and abiding Presence of Christ in the Eucharist, which Transubstantiation implies, found expression in the rendering to this Holy Sacrament that adoration which is due to God alone and in the practice of reserving It in the *sacrarium* (a sacred place or vessel) for the adoration of the people, and for the greater facility of conveying it to the sick, as ordered by the Councils of Nicæa, A.D. 315, of Rheims, and of Lateran held under Pope Innocent III. Where however are we to look for a vestige of this custom as having at any time existed in the Anglican Communion? Her churches throughout the length and breadth of the land, even to-day, return an answer which cannot be gainsaid.

* Sess. xiii. c. 4.

But, besides Transubstantiation, there is another fundamental doctrine relating to the Eucharist which was universally believed in England as in the rest of Christendom, previous to the Reformation, viz., that it is not only a Sacrament, but also a sacrifice, commonly known as the sacrifice of the Mass. That is to say, the Body and Blood of Christ being made really and substantially present on the altar by virtue of the words of consecration, is offered by the hands of the Priest as a Victim of infinite value, not indeed for the redemption of men, but as a means of applying to their souls the fruits of the Sacrifice upon the Cross. The point at issue at present is not the truth of this doctrine, but the fact of its having been the belief in the ancient Church of England, a fact which has never yet been questioned, and certainly is not likely to be by those who in the present day would fain associate again with their Communion Service the idea of sacrifice, by calling it the Mass, and accompanying it with a ceremonial largely borrowed from the service of the Catholic Church. On this subject the Council of Trent, Sess. xxii c. 19, thus decrees: "*If any one saith that in the Mass a true and proper sacrifice is not offered to God; or that to be offered is nothing else but that Christ is given us to eat, let him be anathema.*"

Turning to the Articles, the 31st reads thus: "*The offering of Christ once made is that perfect redemption, propitiation, and satisfaction for all the sins of the whole world, both original and actual, and there is none other satisfaction for sin, but that alone. Therefore the sacrifices of Masses, in which it is commonly said that the Priest did offer Christ for the quick and the dead, to have remission of pain or guilt, were blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits.*" No words can add emphasis to the manifest opposition between these two decrees, and it might have been supposed that the confronting of the ancient belief with the modern formularies would suffice to show that the continuity of the English Church had been broken in matters of faith.

To this it is answered that the Articles are ambiguous, that they will admit of an interpretation not necessarily in conflict with Catholic teaching, and therefore that

they cannot be alleged in proof of a change of faith in the English Church. This answer, however, clearly raises a false issue, for the question is not what they *may* mean, but what they were *meant* to mean. To prove the continuity and identity of the English Church, it does not suffice to show that it is possible to interpret her Articles in a sense conformable with the ancient Faith; it is also necessary to show that they were *intended* to be in conformity with it, and that they were so accepted by the Church which received and subscribed to them. But the very opposite of this is the fact. That the framers of these Articles intended to introduce a change of belief is clear from the efforts made to impose them upon the consciences of all under the severest penalties. It was proposed in Convocation that any one who should be lawfully convicted before any Ordinary of denying them should forfeit 100 marks for the first offence, 400 for the second, and all his goods and chattels with perpetual imprisonment for the third.* And if this design was defeated by the Council, it was only because the Catholics could be brought to the scaffold at any moment by the Act of Supremacy, and it was considered inexpedient to exasperate the disciples of the Geneva divines, whom it was sought to conciliate by indulgence.† In what sense these formularies came to be accepted throughout the Church can best be known by contrasting more at length the modern with the ancient practice, for nothing so clearly stamps the character of a Church's belief as the outward expression given to it in its ritual.

The five Sacraments acknowledged as such in the ancient Church of England, but which the Articles designate as a "corrupt following of the Apostles," need not detain us long. Of these, Extreme Unction has disappeared altogether; Penance for the most part has only been known to be reviled; Confirmation and Matrimony have been looked upon respectively, the former as a profession of faith, a ratifying of the pledge made on their behalf by their sponsors, the latter as a public registering, in the face of the Church, of a contract—

* Strype, 282. † Lingard, *History of England.*

with neither has the sacramental idea ever been associated; Orders has been divested of every ceremonial which could indicate the office conferred, so beautifully expressed in the ancient ordinal by the anointing the hands of the candidates with the consecrated chrism, the delivery of the chalice and paten, emblems of the Sacrifice which the Order they were receiving empowered them to offer, and the celebration conjointly with the consecrating prelate of the Sacrifice of the Mass.* These changes, it will be seen, are in perfect keeping with the obvious teaching of the Articles, and are confirmatory of the change of belief introduced by them; but with regard to the Eucharist, the attitude adopted by the Anglican Establishment towards it, as evinced by her practice, places beyond doubt the difference of her belief from that of the ancient Church, and fixes the sense in which on this point her Articles have ever been accepted by her. Let us, then, contrast the practice before and after the Reformation.

The belief of the ancient Church in Transubstantiation, and consequently in a real and abiding Presence of Christ in the Eucharist—which is clearly shown by the simple fact of her being in communion with the rest of Christendom which professed this belief, and may be gathered from the teaching of her most renowned Doctors, the Venerable Bede, Lanfranc, St. Anselm, St. Hugh of Lincoln, and others—is placed beyond question by the universal custom of reserving the Eucharist in the churches for the adoration of the people, and for the greater facility of administering by day and by night Holy Communion to the sick. That such was the practice for 900 years, both in Anglo-Saxon and Norman times, no one will venture to question. Now let us turn to the times subsequent to 1559. Can a vestige of this practice be discovered as existing during the last 300 years in the present Anglican Church? Where are the altars fitted with their tabernacles for Its reception? Where may we look for those cups or chalices, made of the most precious metals, which our ancient writers

* See *Are they Priests?* Catholic Truth Society: ½d.

speak of as suspended before the altars, whither gathered the people to offer adoration to the Divine Presence which they enclosed? Why the rubric in the Book of Common Prayer, enjoining the Communion Service to be performed in the houses of those who in illness may be desirous of receiving the Sacrament, so different from the ancient practice, universal throughout Christendom, of carrying It to the sick?* Surely this difference of ritual and treatment points unmistakeably to a difference of faith regarding the Eucharist, and fixes beyond question the sense the Established Church has ever attached to her twenty-eighth Article which implicitly denies the doctrine of the Real Presence.

But this difference becomes more pronounced still, when we compare the ancient and modern ritual of the Liturgy observed in the English Church. From the beginning the whole Christian world recognized in the Eucharist, not only a Sacrament, but also a Sacrifice, in which the Body and Blood of Christ was offered as a victim for the living and the dead; hence the great central act of worship was the Mass. This too was the belief of the ancient Church of England, and accordingly the most prominent object in every church was the Altar with its receptacle for the relics of the Martyrs, perpetuating the memory of the primitive practice of offering the Sacrifice over the tombs of the Martyrs; surmounted by the Crucifix, ever silently recalling to the minds of the worshippers the nature of the Sacrifice, and surrounded by its lighted lamps or candelabra, as emblems of joy, and types of Him, the true Light Who enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world. Day by day was seen the priest arrayed in his sacrificial vestments standing at the altar to perform this solemn act, and, by the very vow of celibacy which bound him,

* Why the "Black Rubric" at the end of the Communion Service, which declares that by receiving Communion kneeling "*no adoration is intended or ought to be done, either unto the sacramental Bread and Wine there bodily received, or unto any corporal presence of Christ's natural Flesh and Blood. For. . . the natural Body and Blood of our Saviour Christ are in Heaven, and not here?*" It is true that this rubric was inserted after the Prayer-Book was compiled, but there it is.

inculcating the sacredness and sanctity of the work for which he had been set apart. The prayers, too, of the Liturgy, and the ceremonial which accompanied them, served to keep alive in the minds of those who assisted at this sacred service, its sacrificial character.

But, alas! a day came when all this was changed. In 1559, when the Book of Common Prayer was imposed on all ministers to be used in the churches throughout the land, the Mass was legally abolished, and it was made penal to celebrate or assist at it. The formularies of the new religion which Parliament had created, condemned it; and a change came over the face of the churches, which more powerfully than words could do, showed in what sense this condemnation was meant. To withdraw every memorial of the old belief from the eyes and minds of the people, the altars were removed, desecrated and broken to pieces, and to this day some of the consecrated slabs may be seen forming pavement in the cathedrals and churches. The very name was changed, and their substitutes on which was celebrated, not the Mass, but the Lord's Supper, received the appropriate name of *tables*; the gown and the surplice took the place of the alb and the vestments; the lamps and the candelabra were removed; and the Crucifix, which, as an emblem of redemption at least might have been spared, was cast forth, to give place to the badge of servitude to the State.

And now let me ask, at what period during the last three hundred years has that which was then accomplished ever been undone? When during these centuries has it been repudiated? When in its corporate capacity has this modern English Church ever sought to shake off the responsibility of these acts which attended its creation, by seeking to reserve them? Have we a vestige of any single authoritative act, from which to argue a desire to restore the ancient belief and practice? Has not the spirit of this Anglican Church, of both clergy and laity, with solitary exceptions, perhaps, here and there, ever been intensely Protestant, and bitterly opposed to those who have clung to the faith of their fathers?

But possibly it will be answered, that however much the Articles and the practice which has illustrated them may seem to disprove the existence, in the Anglican Church, of a belief in the Eucharist as a Sacrifice, the Book of Common Prayer at any rate does not condemn it—indeed is susceptible of an interpretation compatible with it. Here again, however, the remark already made must be repeated: the question at issue is not what it may be interpreted to mean, but what practically it has been understood and accepted to mean, by those who have used it. The letter killeth, it is the spirit that quickeneth. It is not the letter, but the authoritative interpretation of it, which gives life to the law, and the same rule must apply to the Prayer-Book. If by reason of its ambiguity it will admit of two opposite interpretations, that must be considered its true meaning, which general belief and practice has attached to it, and the faith of the Church which uses it, must be judged by this general belief and practice. Passing by, however, the strangeness of the theory which supposes that the doctrinal decrees and authorized Prayer-Book of one and the same Church may be mutually antagonistic, it may be asked how many during these last three centuries of those who have sat upon the episcopal bench, how many of those hundreds of thousands of ministers of the Anglican Church, those teachers in Israel at whose mouth the people were to seek the law, have, when performing the Communion Service as given in the Book of Common Prayer, imagined that they were saying Mass? Surely the very question must provoke a smile: but let us examine this Communion Service, and see what countenance it will lend to this theory which some in their anxiety to associate themselves with the ancient Church, have ventured to start.

The Roman Liturgy used in this country for nine hundred years—which was brought by St. Augustine or sent to him by Pope Gregory I., and which was essentially identical with that now in use in the Catholic Church, by the oblation of the elements and the accompanying prayer, by the frequent mention throughout of the Victim and of the Sacrifice,—indicates beyond the

possibility of question the nature of the service in which it is used, fixes its sacrificial character, and is the practical illustration of Catholic teaching. But how different is the case with the Communion Service, which supplanted this Liturgy in 1559! The oblation of the elements is omitted, the elevation of the Host and Chalice,* and the frequent acts of adoration are suppressed, not once is mention of a victim made, all the prayers containing reference to the sacrifice are altered or eliminated, and if the word sacrifice is used at all, care is taken to let it be understood, that by it is meant a sacrifice of prayer and praise. Why these significant changes, if there were no intention of discountenancing the belief which had hitherto prevailed regarding the sacrificial character of the Mass, and how is it possible to doubt that the Communion Service is, as it was intended to be, the embodiment and practical application of the teaching of the Articles on the subject of the Eucharist? No wonder that, with such a form of service, the very idea of sacrifice has died out among the masses of the population.

The line of argument scarcely more than touched upon in the foregoing pages might be developed at much greater length. No reference has been made to other points of difference, such as Purgatory, the intercession of the Saints, the honour shown to the images of Christ, His blessed Mother, and the Saints; nor have many ceremonial usages been mentioned which pervailed in the ancient Church, such as the use of holy water, the blessing of the candles on Candlemas Day, the blessing and distribution of ashes on Ash Wednesday, the practice of blessing the vestments, the solemn consecration of the altars, the holy oils, and the sacred vessels. All these have ceased throughout the land for three hundred years, and their discontinuance is corroborative

* The elevation of the Host and Chalice for adoration was introduced in the twelfth century as a protest against the heresy of Berengarius, who denied the real presence of our Lord's Body and Blood in the Eucharist. The elevation is therefore a declaration of the real presence, as the Black Rubric is a declaration of a real absence.

evidence that the continuity of the modern with the ancient Church is merely a figment of the imagination. In the face of their utter divergence and of the essential change in government, creed and ritual, the assumption that the present Establishment is the old English Church is simply preposterous.

By way of getting over the difficulty arising from the divergence between the Articles as representing the doctrines of the Church of England from the time of the Reformation, and the degrees of the Council of Trent as representing the doctrines of the Catholic Church (and also of the Church of England) before the Reformation, it has been asserted by some that the decrees of the Council of Trent are a new creed, whereas the English Church has kept to the ancient creeds as before, This the *Church Times* (May 27, 1866) speaks of as a "crucial fact." But this "crucial fact" is entirely imaginary. (1.) The Council opens as does the Creed of Pius IV., with setting forth and professing its belief in the Nicene Creed, which is certainly not wholly new. (2.) In no one point do its decrees clash with the ancient creeds, so that neither in the sense of opposition did the Council put out a wholly new creed. (3.) The Council merely gave its sanction to doctrines already prevailing and believed throughout the Church, it did not invent doctrines unknown before, so that on this score its creed is not wholly new; but it did add certain definitions of doctrine not found in the ancient creeds. This I grant the Anglican Church has never done, for it has never, as far as I know, formulated a creed; the Thirty-Nine Articles, however, are its profession of faith, and they tell us of original sin, the authority of the Church, the authority of Councils, of the Sacrament of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, and the reviewer assures us that the Real Presence is certainly one of the articles of its belief. Now where are any of these found in the ancient creeds? It seems, then, the Anglican Church may make additions to them, and yet be said to have "kept to the ancient creeds as before;" but if Rome does so, the "crucial fact" is established that "she has put out a wholly new creed."

It is sometimes, moreover, asserted, in proof of the continuity of the Anglican Church, that the changes in religion introduced under Elizabeth were accepted by the general body of the clergy, and readily acquiesced in by the bulk of the people. But even were this so, would it suffice to establish this continuity? As well say that the continuity of the Liberal party would still be maintained even if it unanimously adopted Conservative principles. To assert the continuity and identity of the English Church is absurd for the simple reason that at the period of the Reformation, a radical change was introduced into its Government, Creed, and Ritual. It is a matter of utter indifference, how this change was introduced, or what persons brought it about. The continuity of the Church would be none the less broken and its identity none the less effectually destroyed by such a change, though all the Bishops and dignitaries and every single individual, both lay and clerical, in the kingdom had co-operated in the alteration. But the fact is that never was there enunciated a more astonishing historical falsehood than is contained in this assertion.

In the first place, as soon as the leaning of Elizabeth to the reformed doctrines became evident, the Bishops, assembled in London, and, after consultation, unanimously resolved that they could not in conscience officiate at her coronation. Subsequently the Bishop of Carlisle consented to do so, but only on the condition that she would take the accustomed oath, receive the Sacrament under one kind, and conform to all the rites of the Catholic Pontifical.

Secondly, when in 1559 Parliament enacted that the Book of Common Prayer, with certain additions and emendations, should alone be used by the ministers in all churches, under the penalties of forfeiture, deprivation, and death, and that the spiritual authority of every foreign prelate within the realm should be utterly abolished, &c., these bills met with the most vigorous opposition from the clergy, and Convocation presented to the House of Lords a declaration, in which it professed its belief in the Real Presence, Transubstantiation, the Sacrifice of the Mass, and the Supremacy

of the Pope; with a protestation that to decide on doctrine, sacraments, and discipline belonged not to any lay assembly, but to the lawful Pastors of the Church;* and this declaration was subscribed to by both Universities.

Thirdly, when the Bill in favour of the Book of Common Prayer had by the narrow majority of three been passed, and the oath of supremacy was tendered to the Bishops, they all, with the exception of Kitchen of Llandaff, refused it, and in consequence were deprived of their bishoprics and committed to custody. The example of the Bishops was followed by large numbers of dignitaries and beneficed clergy; and even of those who conformed for a time, in hopes of a change similar to that which took place under Mary, many eventually resigned their benefices and retired beyond the sea.† Nothing can give a better idea of the large number of the clergy who refused to conform to the new religion than the words of Collier, the Protestant historian who writes: "Upon the Catholic clergy throwing up their preferment, the necessities of the Church required the admitting some mechanics into Orders."‡ And to the same effect Antony à Wood, the historian of Oxford University, writes: "It must be known that in the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth, the University of Oxford was so empty after the Catholics had left it, on the *alteration of religion*, that there was very seldom a sermon preached in the University Church called St. Mary."§ If very many of the lower clergy conformed, it must be remembered that the alternative was starvation, and the danger of death as for high treason.

In conclusion, I will advert to one other argument which has been brought forward. We have the Apostolic Succession, it is said; our bishops are true bishops, and our clergy are true priests; the former sit in the ancient sees, and the latter administer in the ancient churches, and both are supported by the ancient endowments, while we profess adhesion to the ancient creeds: what other proof is needed of the continuity of

* Wilkins, *Concilia*, iv. 179. † Dodd, *Eccles. History.*

‡ Collier, ii. 465. § Wood, *Athen. Oxon.* i. 161, 429.

the English Church? Even were the facts so, as it has been most aptly remarked, "to occupy a man's house does not make you a member of that man's family." Passing by, however, the assertion of the validity of your Orders, of which the best that can be said and the most that can be proved in their favour is that they are doubtful, the simple yet crushing answer is, the whole world rejects your claim. The Latin Church disowns and condemns you, the Greek Church repels your advances; and the ground upon which they do this is not the invalidity of your Orders, but your divergence from the Faith. Whilst the English Church was united to the Centre of Unity, not only Rome but all Christendom acknowledged her as part of the great Catholic Church; since her separation she has been looked upon and treated as an isolated and heretical sect. She may proclaim the validity of her Orders, she may parade the names of the ancient sees, her ministers may officiate in her ancient temples, but nevertheless the common sense of the world is against her, the mark of the Protestant heresy clings to her, and the whole Christian world recognizes it. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum.*

PLAIN TRUTHS IN ANSWER TO TRANSPARENT FALSEHOODS.

THE Church of England was never anything else but Roman Catholic to the time of the Reformation. The British Church was represented by three of its Bishops, at the great Council held at Arles in A. D. 314; at which they submitted all their decrees to Pope Silvester, and begged him to send letters to all bishops according to custom so that all should keep Easter on one and the same day.

The British Church was also represented, as we learn from St. Athanasius, at the Council of Sardica, in A.D 347. At this Council, which St. Athanasius calls "a great Council," it was decreed that any bishop who was accused of a crime had the right to appeal to the Pope, whose place it was to appoint judges to try the case. The Council also wrote a letter to the Pope, in which we find the following passage: "It will seem to be best and by far the most fitting, if the priests of the Lord from each Province refer *to the Head*—that is, to the See of the Apostle Peter." This proves that the bishops of the Council, and among them the British bishops, held the See of the Apostle Peter, that is, the Bishop of Rome, to be the Head of the Church,

The Venerable Bede says (*Hist.* book i. ch. 4.): "Whilst Eleutherius, a holy man, presided over the Roman Church, Lucius, king of the Britons, sent a letter to him, entreating that by his command he might be made a Christian. He soon obtained his pious request, and the Britons preserved the faith which they had

received, uncorrupted and entire, in peace and tranquillity, until the time of the Emperor Diocletian." The writer says (book i. ch. 13): "In the eighth year of his (the Emperor Theodosius') reign, Palladius was sent by Celestinus, the Roman Pontiff, to the Scots" (of Northumberland and the neighbouring counties) "that believed in Christ, to be their first bishop." This happened about A. D. 430.

St. Gregory the Great wrote to St. Augustine: "But as for all the bishops of Britain, we commit them to your care, that the unlearned may be taught, the weak strengthened by persuasion, and the perverse corrected by authority" (Bede, i. 27).

Note, that as the British would not have anything to do with the English, and would not even preach to them, the English Church cannot claim to derive anything whatever, not even the faith, through the British Church.

If nothing else remained, the History of Bede, the father of English History, would suffice to show how entirely Britain as well as the English nation owes its Christianity to Rome and the Popes. Every single Archbishop of Canterbury received the "Pallium" from the Pope; and not one, from Augustine to Cardinal Pole, ventured to exercise his authority as Primate until this symbol of authority had been sent from Rome.

It is to the Popes that we owe the two archbishoprics of Canterbury and York. Pope Gregory directed St. Augustine to make Canterbury his see, and placed all the bishops under him; but when there were sufficient converts he was to make York an archbishopric.

In A.D. 680, Pope Agatho decreed that there should be twelve English bishops, with the Archbishop of Canterbury at their head. In A.D, 735, Pope Gregory III. placed all the sees north of the Humber under the Archbishops of York. Pope Adrian, A. D. 787, made

Lichfield into an archbishopric; but a few years later Pope Leo III. placed it again under the see of Canterbury. In A.D. 1072, a contest arose whether the Archbishop of Canterbury, or of York, was Primate of England. By command of the Pope, Alexander II., a synod was held at Winton, and the question was decided in favour of Canterbury, through "the letters and grants of your (the Pope's) predecessors."

In 625, "The nation of the Northumbrians that live on the north side of the river Humber, with their King Edwin, received the faith through the preaching of Paulinus, one of St. Augustine's companions" (Bede, ii. 9.): Paulinus received the Pallium from Pope Honorius in 634. The same Pope sent Birinus, in 635, to convert the West Saxons, about the same time that Aidan the Irish monk of Iona was bringing the Picts of the north to the Faith. Aidan's work was carried on by Finan, an Irish monk,* whose Cathedral Church of Lindisfarne was afterwards dedicated to St. Peter the Apostle by Theodore, the Greek monk who was sent by Pope Vitalian to be "Archbishop of the English Churches." He was consecrated by the Pope in 668. Theodore visited "all the island, wherever the tribes of the Angles inhabited." He also deposed St. Wilfrid of York from his see; but St. Wilfrid appealed to Pope Agatho, and was restored by his order.

* St. Aidan and St. Finan duly acknowledged the Pope as the Head of the Church. The religious system of the monks of Iona was derived from St. Patrick, who himself received his mission from Pope Celestine, and directed his converts: "As you are children derived from St. Patrick, who himself received his mission from Christ, so be also children of Rome;" and one of the Canons of St. Patrick decrees that questions of difficulty "should be sent to the Chair of the Apostle Peter." Moreover in the dispute which took place between St. Wilfrid and King Oswi on the one hand, and Colman, the successor of Aidan and Finan, on the other, the question was settled by an appeal to the well-known words: *Thou art Peter*, &c. It is clear from this that the Scots and Irish did not question that St. Peter and each of his successors, was Head of the Church.

Theodore was the first Archbishop whom all the English Church obeyed. At a Synod held by him in 680 was present a certain Abbot John, who was to teach the English monks "the method of singing throughout the year, as it was practised at St. Peter's at Rome . . . committing to writing all that was requisite throughout the whole course of the year for the celebration of festivals" (Bede, iv. 18). In 688 Ceadwalla, king of the West Saxons, resigned his throne, in order to go to Rome and be baptised by Pope Sergius, and his successor, the celebrated King Ina, followed his example in 726, and was in Rome when St. Boniface, the Apostle of Germany, came to report to Pope Gregory II. his spiritual harvest as representative of the Holy See in France and Germany. The constant intercommunication between England and Rome during the 200 years after St. Augustine's death (there was in Rome a hospice on purpose to receive English pilgrims and supported by English pilgrims; eight Anglo-Saxon kings made a pilgrimage to Rome) completely disposes of the impudent falsehood "that there was little remaining to show that a Roman Christian had ever visited or taught in England." The truth is, that the jealousy of, and rebellion against the Pope was entirely of later date, and quite out of keeping with the spirit of the early English Church.

The Roman Catholics of to-day are therefore the descendants and successors of those who did not accept the changes made at the Reformation: although this has been unscrupulously denied by those whose claim to their present position depends on this denial.

WAS THE BRITISH CHURCH ROMAN CATHOLIC?*

TO answer this question we may ask two others. 1. Did the British Church hold the faith and teaching of the Church of Rome? 2 Was it *independent* of the Bishop of Rome? or did it allow a superior authority to the Pope?

I. The faith and teaching of the British Church was the same as that of the Church of Rome. St. Jerome says in one of his letters:† "The Church of the city of Rome is not different from that of the whole world. Gaul (France), *and Britain*, and Africa, and all foreign nations adore one Christ and follow one rule of faith." St. Chrysostom says:‡ "Even the British Isles have felt the power of the Word, for there, too, churches and altars have been erected; there, too, men may be heard discussing points in Scripture in different languages, but not with different belief." When St. Augustine came into England in A.D. 596, and had a conference with the British bishops, he only asked of them that they should keep Easter at the proper time, that they should administer baptism "according to the method of the holy Roman Apostolic Church, and jointly with us preach the Word of God to the English nation." So it is clear that in all other things, at all events in their faith, they already agreed with him. Dr. Goodwin, Anglican Bishop of Carlisle, says in his *Church of England, past and present:* "There is no evidence of any substantial difference between it (the British Church) and the Church which Augustine established." But it cannot be denied that St. Augustine was a Roman Catholic, and that he established, or founded, in England the Roman Catholic Church, with the Mass, the invocation of saints, the honouring of relics, confession, and all the other points of the Roman Catholic belief and practice. Therefore, from this agreement of the British Church with that of St. Augustine, we may safely conclude that the faith and teaching of the British Church was the same as that of the Roman Catholic Church.

* This paper deals only with that part of Britain which is now called England. † Epistle 101. ‡ *Contra Judæos.*

But, further, Gildas, their own historian, tells us that they had bishops and priests, whose hands were anointed and blessed at their ordination, as is done in Roman Catholic ordinations; that the priests offered "the most Holy Sacrifice of Christ"—that is, the Roman Catholic Mass; that they had churches in honour of the martyrs, and monasteries of monks who took vows of obedience, poverty, and chastity. A penitential canon of Gildas shows that they practised confession of sins; and the Venerable Bede gives instances of the honour paid by them to relics.

This, then, is the answer to the first question. The faith and teaching of the British Church was, as far as we know it, the same as that of the Church of Rome—Roman Catholic; but the Britons differed from the Church of Rome in some matters of discipline—the manner of baptizing and the time of keeping Easter.

II. The British Church was not independent of the Church of Rome, but it recognized a supremacy, or a superior authority, in the Pope. This is clear from the missions sent into Britain by the Popes, and from the fact that the British bishops took part in councils which recognized the supremacy of the Pope.

1. Roman Missions. The Venerable Bede, in the book of his *History* (chap. iv.) tells us that "whilst first Eleutherius, a holy man, presided over the Roman Church, Lucius, king of the Britons, sent a letter to him, *entreating that by his command he might be made a Christian.* He soon obtained his pious request, and the Britons preserved the faith which they had received, uncorrupted and entire, in peace and tranquillity, until the time of the Emperor Diocletian."* This was at the end of the second century.

Some time later, A.D. 429, as we learn from St. Prosper (*Chronicles*), Pope Celestine sent, in place of himself (*vice sua*) two French bishops, Germanus and Lupus, "to refute the heretics and guide the Britons to the Catholic faith;" and St. Prosper also tells us† that Pope Celestine "kept the Roman island (Britain) Catholic, and made the foreign island (Ireland) Christian; the first by expelling

* Bede's account has an error of a few years in the date assigned. But the fact of the mission is nevertheless undeniable. See Lingard's *Hist. of Anglo-Saxon Church*, vol. i. ch. l.

† *Contra Cassianum*, c. 41.

certain native leaders of Pelagianism from their hiding-place in the ocean, the other by ordaining a bishop (Palladius) to establish Christianity among the Scots" (of Ireland and the north of Britain). The Venerable Bede also tells us of the mission of Palladius:* "In the eighth year of his (the Emperor Theodosius') reign, Palladius was sent by Celestinus, the Roman Pontiff, to the Scots that believed in Christ, to be their first bishop."

2. **Councils.** In A.D. 314, a Council was held at Arles, in France, which was attended by three British bishops, Eborius, Bishop of York, Restitutus, Bishop of London, and Adelfius, Bishop of some other see, probably Lincoln. This Council wrote a letter, signed by all the bishops, to Pope Sylvester, saluting him with "reverence due," regretting that he had not been able to assist in person at the Council (though he had been represented in it by four clerics) and absent himself from "that place (Rome) where the Apostles daily sit," for if he had been there the sentence against heresy "would certainly have been more severe." They then tell him all that they had done, "in order *that all might proceed from him*." They also say that they have informed him of what they have decreed "in order that all may know what they should observe in future."†

In A.D. 347, British bishops took part in the Council of Sardica. This Council decreed that bishops accused of any crime had the right to appeal to the Bishop of Rome, who was to appoint the judges and decide upon the case. The Council also wrote a synodical letter to the Pope, Julius, "who though absent in person had been present with them in spirit," giving an account of what they had done. "For," say the bishops, "it will be seen to be best and most proper if the bishops from each particular province *make reference* (or 'send information') *to their Head*, that is, the See of the Apostle Peter (Rome)." Nothing can be clearer from this than that the bishops of the Council of Sardica, and with them the British bishops, acknowledged the Pope to be the Head of the Church.

In addition to this we have the authority of their historian, Gildas, who tells us‡ that the British Church

* Bk. I. ch. xiii. † Labbe, vol. i. col. 1449—1451.
‡ Gildas pp. 111, 82. Ap. Lingard l.c. note C.

held St. Peter to be *the first of the Apostles and the keybearer of the Kingdom of Heaven.* And so we must conclude that **the British Church was not independent of the Bishop of Rome, but did acknowledge his supremacy.**

Two objections are made against this conclusion: (1) That the British did not keep Easter in the Roman way. (2) That they did not accept the authority of St. Augustine.

To the first objection I answer, with Dr. Giles,* the Protestant translator of Bede, that the Britons did not keep the *improved* Roman way of keeping Easter, but continued to keep the *old* way which they had learnt, not being aware of the improvement.

To the second objection I answer that the British bishops did not reject St. Augustine's *authority*, they rejected *him*. They had been told by a hermit whom they had consulted, "If at your approach he shall rise up to you, hear him submissively." St. Augustine, however, continued sitting when they were coming to him, and so when he asked them what has been mentioned on p. 1, they replied that they would "do none of those things, nor receive him as their Archbishop."

The British Church was, as we have seen, Roman Catholic. But suppose it had *not* been, could the present Church of England draw from this any plea for its opposition to the Pope's authority? Certainly not. The Church of England has derived nothing whatever from the British Church; not its orders, if it has any; not its faith. The British would not hold communion with the English, nor would they preach to them. The Church of England originated with the Roman monk, Augustine, first Archbishop of Canterbury, who was sent into England by Pope Gregory. He and his companions and successors were undoubtedly Roman Catholics, and the Church which they founded in England was Roman Catholic; and to this Roman Catholic Church every Englishman should belong, as for many centuries every Englishman did belong.

* In note to Bede's *Hist.* bk. ii. ch. 19.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH ALWAYS ROMAN CATHOLIC.

IN this paper, dear reader, I hope to show you that the Church of England before the Reformation always held the Pope to be the Head of the Church, and therefore always was, up to that time, Roman Catholic.

The great historian of the early English Church is the Venerable Bede, who died in the year 735. Speaking of Pope Gregory he says, that "we may and ought rightly to call him *our Apostle*, because, whereas he bore the Pontifical power all over the world, and was placed over the Churches already reduced to the faith of truth, *he made our nation, till then given up to idols, the Church of Christ.*" For it was this Pope Gregory who sent St. Augustine into England to convert the English. When St. Augustine was succeeding in his work of conversion, he was, by the Pope's command, consecrated "Bishop of the English" by the Bishop of Arles, in France. Then Pope Gregory sent him several letters instructing him what he was to do in England. In one letter he tells him to ordain a number of bishops who should be subject to him, and, when York and the places around should receive the faith, he was to ordain one to be Archbishop there. "But to you, my brother," the Pope writes, "shall, by the authority of our God and Lord Jesus Christ, be subject not only those bishops you shall ordain,

and those that shall be ordained by the Bishop of York, but also all the priests in Britain." In another letter he says: "With respect to the bishops of Britain, we commit them all to your brotherhood, that the unlearned may be taught . . . and the obstinate be corrected by your authority."* So all the bishops in England, whether English or British, were subject to St. Augustine, and this by the authority of the Pope.

But Anglicans say, the British Church never admitted the Pope to be Head of the Church, nor did the British bishops submit to St. Augustine's authority. To this I answer: First, that it is not true to say that the British Church did not acknowledge the Pope to be the Head of the Church; Gildas, a British historian says that the British held St. Peter to be "the first of the Apostles," and key-bearer of the Kingdom of Heaven, through whom other bishops received their power; we know also that British bishops were present at the Council of Sardica, A.D. 347, which declared, in the letter sent to Pope Julius, that the See of Peter, that is, the Bishopric of Rome, is *the Head* of all bishops. Secondly, even if this were true, it would not prove anything as regards the Church of England; for the British Church would have nothing whatever to do with the English, would not even help St. Augustine to convert them; therefore the Church of England cannot lay claim to any rights or privileges, not even to the Christian faith, through the British Church. Thirdly, though the British bishops would not have St. Augustine to be their Archbishop, it was not because they despised the authority of the Pope, but because, as

* Bede, bk. i. c. 27, 29; bk. ii. c. 1.

St. Augustine did not rise to greet them when they came to the place of meeting, they judged that he was not meek and lowly of heart, and so would not agree to anything he proposed.*

Those letters of Pope Gregory tell us also how England came to have Archbishops of Canterbury and York—they now hold a very different faith from that of St. Augustine and St. Paulinus, the first Archbishops—it was by the appointment of the Bishop of Rome. St. Augustine, too, was made by Pope Gregory Primate of England; and each successor of St. Augustine to the time of the Reformation, including Cranmer, who was afterwards the first Protestant Archbishop received afresh from the Pope of his time the authority which had been given to the first Archbishop of Canterbury. The sign of this authority was the *pall*, a kind of stole worn only by Archbishops, and every Archbishop of Canterbury and of York had to go to Rome, after he was ordained, to receive his pall (unless unable to do so, when he could send for it), and he could not use his power as Archbishop till he had received it. In Bede's *History*, and in the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, a work of which Dr. Giles, the Protestant critic, acknowledges the great authority, we are often told of an Archbishop going to Rome to receive his pall, or sending to Rome for it. Later on, at the personal request of King Canute when on a pilgrimage to Rome, leave was given that the English Archbishops might receive the pall without actually going to Rome for it. This receiving of the pall was a sign of their submission to the authority of the Pope.

* Bede, bk. ii. c. 2.

For the first hundred years after the coming of St. Augustine, the Bishops were Romans sent direct by the Pope.* In 565 King Oswy, who, as Bede says, "perfectly understood that the Roman was the Catholic and Apostolic Church,"† sent Wighardt to Rome to be ordained Bishop. Wighardt died in Rome, and Pope Vitalian "made diligent inquiry for some one to send to be Archbishop of the English Churches."‡ Theodore, whom he at last sent, was well received in England, and soon assembled a Council at Hertford (in which he called himself "the Bishop of the see of Canterbury appointed by the Apostolic See," that is Rome); then he went about the country, visiting the churches and reforming what he thought to be wrong. He even deposed some of the Bishops; but one of them, Wilfrid, Archbishop of York, appealed to Rome, and was "by that authority acquitted of everything;" and restored to his see, and Archbishop Theodore admitted this sentence. In 735 Pope Gregory III. placed all the Bishops north of the Humber under the authority of the Archbishop of York. In 787 the see of Lichfield was raised by Pope Adrian I. to an archbishopric, but in 803 Pope Leo III. again placed it under the Archbishop of Canterbury.§

All this is sufficient proof that the English Church to the time of the Norman Conquest, acknowledged

* *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, ad an. 699.

† Bk iii. c. 29. ‡ Bk. iv. c. 1.

§ The following is an extract from the oath required from every Bishop before his consecration: "I, . . . elect of . . . from this hour will be in future faithful and obedient to Blessed Peter and the Holy Apostolic Roman Church, and our lord, Lord . . Pope, and his successors lawfully succeeding." *Rymer xiii.* 256. (See *Church of Old England.* Catholic Truth Society, price 2d.)

the Pope to be the Head of the Christian Church. Further proof is found in the constant pilgrimages to Rome, where a hospital was founded and supported by English money for the shelter of English pilgrims; in the charters and privileges *asked for* by Kings and granted by Popes; and in the Rome-scot or Peter-pence, a tax paid to the Pope. The Venerable Bede says, that "all those who in any way separate themselves from the unity of his faith and communion (that is, of St. Peter and of his successor, the Pope), can neither be absolved from the bond of their sins, nor enter the gate of the Heavenly Kingdom."*

From the time of the Norman Conquest, the evidence showing that England acknowledged the Pope as Head of the Church is so clear as scarcely to require proof for any one who has read even but a little of history.

That the Pope was Head of the Church was the teaching of St. Anselm; of St. Thomas of Canterbury; of Cardinal Pullen, who taught at Oxford; of Bishop John of Salisbury; of St. Aelred, Abbot of Rievaulx; of Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln; of Roger Bacon; of Duns Scotus: of the great English theologian, Thomas Waldensis, and indeed of almost every writer on theology down to the time of Henry VIII.† There is but one exception, Wiclif, and that one exception proves the rule, as we shall see a little further on. Henry VIII. himself, in his book on the *Seven Sacraments*, which he wrote against Luther, in defence of the Roman Catholic Church, says: "It cannot be denied that *the whole*

* Hom. xvi. *in die SS. Petri et Pauli.*

† See Breen's *Anglican Jurisdiction.* Price 1s.

Church of the faithful recognizes the Holy Roman See as its mother and chief."* In return for having written this book, Henry received from Pope Julius II. the title "Defender of the Faith," which is still part of the title of the Sovereign of England, and is inscribed (F.D.) on every piece of English money.

But a few years later, in 1531, as the Pope would not allow him a divorce from his wife, Henry determined to throw off the authority of the Pope; and he called upon the clergy under threat of severe punishment, to acknowledge him as "head of the Church and clergy of England." This was at first resisted by the clergy, led by the saintly Bishop Fisher. After three days' discussion between the Bishops and the King's representatives the clergy gave way, bnt insisted on adding the clause *as far as the law of Christ will allow*, which clause, as Dr. Lingard says, was sufficient to invalidate the whole recognition. In 1534, Parliament, which was entirely under the control of the king, enacted that Bishops should *no longer* be presented to the Pope for approval, and that all licences, &c., *usually obtained from Rome*, were now to cease; and the very enacting of these laws show clearly what the authority of the Pope had been up to that time.† In the same year all the clergy were called upon to take the oath of succession, the formula

* P. 12, Edition 1522.

† Lingard, vol. vi. c. iii. Mr. Bright is an independent witness, and in his speech at Birmingham, November 17, 1885, he says: "You know that it was in the time of Henry VIII. when all the (Church) property then existing—a large portion of that which now belongs to the Church—was transferred *from the old Church of Rome* to the Church of Henry VIII., King of England."

of which contained a declaration that the Bishop of Rome had no more authority in England than any other foreign Bishop, and that the king was supreme head of the Church of England. Anyone refusing to take this oath was subject to perpetual imprisonment and forfeiture of all his goods. Another law ordered that the king and his heirs should be taken and reputed the only supreme heads on earth of the Church of England (the saving clause "as far as the law of Christ will allow" was omitted) and to wish or to will maliciously by word or work to deprive the king of his title was made high treason. It was under this act that Bishop Fisher, Sir Thomas More, and many others suffered death.*

Once more. On January 24, 1559, the clergy of the province of Canterbury presented to Queen Elizabeth a series of articles in defence of the Roman Catholic religion, of which the fourth states that to the successors of St. Peter (the Popes) "is given *the supreme power of feeding and ruling the Church of Christ.*" And on the 27th of February, when it was proposed by the Queen's Ministers to declare the Queen to be the head of the Church of England *all* the bishops opposed it; and all, except Kitchen (called by Strype "the scourge of his diocese"), were soon after deposed, and were replaced by Elizabeth's Protestant Bishops.

Many more proofs could be brought forward, but those already given are more than sufficient to show that the Church of England was from the time of St. Augustine, her Apostle, to that of the Reformation,

* See *King Henry VIII. and the Royal Supremacy.* (Catholic Truth Society, price ½d.)

always Roman Catholic, and that she always acknowledged the Pope as her Head.

Against all this Anglicans say that the Pope *usurped* his authority, and that England protested against it. But there is no proof whatever that the Pope usurped his authority. I have shown how that authority came into England, and how the English, both clergy and people, submitted to it. Moreover, when did England ever submit without resistance to usurped authority? Anglicans say that the English protested against the Pope; they did nothing of the kind. It is quite true that a few kings tried to prevent appeals to Rome, in order that they might bring the clergy and the wealth of the Church under their own power, but such acts of injustice were always resisted by fresh appeals to the Pope, nor can they be called protests. There was one, and one only, protest against the *spiritual* authority of the Pope. This was made by Wiclif; and Wiclif's article that "the Roman Church was not supreme amongst the Churches" was condemned in London A.D. 1411, by fourteen bishops and thirty doctors of theology

Reader, take the advice of Alcuin, * one of the greatest lights of the old Church of England, and, that you "be not found to be a schismatic or non-Catholic, *follow the most trustworthy authority of the Roman Church.*"

* *Ep.* 70.

HOW HENRY VIII. ROBBED ENGLAND OF HER ANCIENT FAITH

ANGLICANS tell us that the Church of England "reformed herself," and they would have us believe that in England the so-called Reformation was brought about by the free will of the Church itself and of the nation. But history tells us that the change was wrought by the strong hand of the Crown *against* the will of the Church and the nation. Here are proofs from some of the best historians. Mr. Green, in his *Short History of the English People* (Chapter vi.), says: "The one great institution which could still offer resistance to the royal will was struck down. The Church became a mere instrument of the central despotism. The people learned their helplessness in rebellions easily suppressed and avenged with ruthless severity. A reign of terror, organized with consummate and merciless skill, held England panic-stricken at Henry's feet. The noblest heads rolled on the block. Virtue and learning could not save Thomas More: royal descent could not save Lady Salisbury. The execution of queen after queen taught England that nothing was too high for Henry's 'courage,' or too sacred for his 'appetite.' Parliament assembled only to sanction acts of unscrupulous tyranny, or to build up by its own statutes the great fabric of absolute rule. All the constitutional safeguards of English freedom were swept away. Arbitrary taxation, arbitrary legislation, arbitrary imprisonment were powers claimed without dispute and unsparingly exercised by the Crown."

Dr. Brewer (a Protestant Clergyman), in his introduction to vol. iv. of the *Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, of the reign of Henry VIII.*, also shows (p. dcli.) that the change of religion was not the work of the Clergy or the nation: "The Reformation did not owe its origin to Tyndall or to Parliament—to the corruptions of the Clergy, or to the oppressions of the Ecclesiastical Courts. *There is no reason to suppose that the nation as a body was discontented with the old religion.* Facts point to the opposite conclusion. Had it been so, Mary, whose attachment to the faith of her mother was well known, would never have been permitted to mount the throne, or have found the task comparatively easy, seeing that the Reformers under Edward VI. had been suffered to have their own way unchecked, and to displace from honour and influence all who opposed their religious principles. *Long down into the reign of Elizabeth, according to the testimony of a modern historian, the old faith still numbered a majority of adherents in England.* The experiment would have been hazardous at any time, from Henry VIII. to the Spanish invasion, if a plébiscite could have been impartially taken of the religious sentiments of the people. *This rooted attachment to the old faith, and the difficulty everywhere experienced by the Government and the Bishops in weaning the clergy and their flocks from their ancient tendencies, is a sufficient proof that it was not unpopular.*" And (p. dcxlvii.): "It was not from Parliament, but from Convocation, that the King had to anticipate any show of independence or opposition. The former was as tame and submissive as the most arbitrary monarch could desire; and there is scarcely an instance on record, in this or any succeeding

Parliament throughout the reign, of a parliamentary patriot protesting against a single act of the Crown, however unjust and tyrannical it might be. Convocation had, at least, the advantage over Parliament in this respect: *it did resist;* though its resistance was short and ineffectual. Consequently, the King, in his desire to concentrate all the powers of the State in his own hands, spared the Parliament and the laity, *depriving the convocation of its independence* on the Tudor maxim:

> *Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.*
> Spare the conquered, and crush the high."

Convocation did indeed submit, but after considerable resistance and yielding only to threats; and when granting the King the present of £100,000 in return for pardon of its alleged crimes, it inserted a clause in the deed of gift acknowledging the King to be, "as far as the law of Christ will allow, the supreme head" of the Church of England. This was embodied into a statute with the saving phrase "as far as the law of Christ will allow" artfully omitted; a recognition of the same was added to the oath of succession, and the denial of it made high treason, and this oath was tendered to the clergy, who thus were called upon to yield to the King, or be true to the Pope at the cost of life itself. But, as Lingard writes:* "Penal statutes might enforce conformity: they could not produce conviction. The spiritual supremacy of a lay prince was so repugnant to the notions to which men had been habituated, that it was everywhere received with doubt and astonishment. To dispel these prejudices, Henry issued injunctions that

* Hist. of Engl. vol. vi. ch. iii.

the very word 'pope' should be carefully crossed out of all books employed in the public worship; that every schoolmaster should carefully inculate the new doctrine to the children entrusted to his care; that all clergymen, from the bishop to the curate, should on every Sunday and holiday teach that the King was the true Head of the Church, and that the authority hitherto exercised by the Popes was an usurpation hitherto admitted by the carelessness or timidity of his predecessors; and that the sheriff in each county should keep a vigilant eye over the conduct of the clergy, and should report to the Council the names, not only of those who might neglect these duties, but also of those who might perform them indeed, but with coldness and indifference."

The following account of several Catholic Martyrs in the reign of Henry VIII. is taken from another collection of the *Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, of the reign of Henry VIII.*, arranged and catalogued by Mr. James Gairdner, Assistant-Keeper of the Public Records.

In the Preface to vol. viii., published in 1885, of this work, Mr. Gairdner remarks: "The Acts declaring the King Supreme Head of the Church . . . had been passed in the November Session of the preceding year (1534). On the 15th January the new title was, by a decree of the Council, incorporated in the King's style, and, so far as regards external form, the revolution was complete. But all would have been to little purpose if the King had not been prepared to vindicate his new authority by something more than declarations and enactments; and the seven months of which this volume contains the record beheld *a series of appalling executions, which completely subdued in*

England all spirit of resistance, while abroad it filled the minds alike of Romanists and Protestants with horror and indignation. *That the nation disliked the change (of religion) as it disliked the cause of the change, there can be very little doubt.* On no other subject during the whole reign, have we such overt and repeated expressions of dissatisfaction with the King and his proceedings." Mr. Gairdner states that the following interesting document (No. 661, in vol. viii.) has been "hitherto quite unknown."

"On the 28th April, 1535, the Lords of England met in the Court Chamber, with many officials and ministers of justice, to hear the defence of certain monks and secular priests who had been prosecuted for writing and giving counsel against the King. Among them a D.D of Sion Abbey, of the Order of St. Bridget [Richard Reynolds] was interrogated by the Chancellor why he had persisted in an opinion against which so many Lords and Bishops in Parliament and the whole realm had decreed. He replied, 'I had intended to imitate our Lord Jesus Christ when He was interrogated by Herod, and not to answer. But since you compel me to clear both my own conscience and that of the bystanders, I say that if we propose to maintain opinions by proofs, testimony, or reasons, mine will be far stronger than yours, because I have all the rest of Christendom in my favour;—I dare even say all this kingdom, although the smaller part holds with you, for I am sure the larger part is at heart of our opinion, although outwardly, partly from fear, and partly from hope, they profess to be of yours.' On this he was commanded by the Secretary, under the heaviest penalties of the law, to declare who held with him. He

replied, 'All good men of the kingdom.' He added, 'As to proofs of dead witnesses, I have in my favour all the General Councils, all the historians, the holy doctors of the Church for the last fifteen hundred years, especially St. Ambrose, St. Jerome, St. Augustine, and St. Gregory; and I am sure that when the King knows the truth, he will be very ill-pleased, or rather indignant against certain Bishops who have given him such counsel.'

"He was ordered to speak no more, but merely to reply to the question why he had, against the King's authority, maliciously counselled many persons within the kingdom not to be of the King's opinion. 'From the time I was first brought into court,' he said, 'I answered as if I were before God, that I would never declare my opinion for malice against the King or any other person, unless it was asked me in confession, when I could not refuse for discharge of my conscience. It is true I am much grieved the King should be in such error. Therefore, I have never said it in public, nor have ever spoken of it except as I have said above, and if I had not done so, I would do it now, because I am so bound to God and my conscience.' Here he was ordered to hold his tongue, and he added, 'Since you do not wish me to speak further, *secundum legem vestram judicate me*.' After hearing his sentence, he said with the greatest constancy, 'This is of the things of this world.' He then prayed the judges to obtain for him two or three days of life, considering that he had been eight days '*come irregular*' in the Tower of London, and in those three he proposed to prepare his conscience and die like a good religious man. They answered that it

was not in their power, but in the grace of the King. He then said: *Credo videre bona Domini in terra viventium*—'I hope to see the good things of the Lord in the land of the living.'

"The Prior of the Grande Chartreuse of Flanders [? of London], went to the King's almoner and two other doctors, and desired them in discharge of his conscience to let him ask them three things:—1. Seeing that our Lord gave power to men on earth by the words *Et tibi dabo claves regni cœlorum*—'and to thee I will give the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven'—which no doctor understood to be addressed to any other than Peter alone, then to the apostles, and consequently to the Popes and Bishops, how could the King, a layman, be Head of the Church of England? The Secretary replied, 'You would make the King a priest, then?' and commanded him to speak no further,"

The arrest was then made, and the execution followed on the 4th May in the following manner:

"First, the said four monks and one of the secular priests were drawn from the Tower of London to the place of execution (about a French league distant), and without respect for their Order, hanged with great ropes. While they were still alive the hangman cut out their heart and their bowels and burned them. Then they were beheaded and quartered, and the parts placed in public places on long spears. And it is believed one saw the other's execution fully carried out before he died—a pitiful and strange spectacle, for it is long since persons have been known to die with greater constancy. No change was noticed in their colour or tone of speech, and

while the execution was going on they preached and exhorted the bystanders with the greatest boldness to do well and obey the King in everything that was not against the honour of God and the Church."

Mr. Gairdner says in his Preface: "The sentence was carried out on the five devoted men with all the barbarity of the old law of treason—*if not indeed, with something more.*" The last words refer to the document numbered 726 in vol. viii., in which it is said:

"There is strange news here of the cruelty of the King of England to certain religious men. He caused them to be ripped up in each other's presence, their arms torn off, their hearts cut out and rubbed upon their mouth and faces; and this for having caused remorse to certain ecclesiastics who had sworn that the King was the Head of the English Church, and not the Pope. Has seen a letter of the 5th from London, saying that on the 4th a prior of one of the Charterhouses, two friars of the Order, a priest of Sion, and a priest, who refused to swear to the King's supremacy, were hanged without degradation, as rebels. They were dragged through the streets in carts, their head and feet were to be placed on the public gates, and the rest of their bodies burnt. The whole city is displeased, as they were of exemplary and holy life. It is thought that 10 or 12 priests now in the Tower would be executed for the same cause."

This is how Henry VIII. robbed England of her ancient faith; this is how the King took the place of the Pope as head of the Church.

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EVOLUTION RUN WILD.

THE literature of advanced Evolutionism carries the imagination back to the scene of a Roman triumph. Every page is bright with epithets—"central Darwinian luminary" "magnificent all-sided conception" "stately fabric of vast theories"—as so many gaudy banners on which is inscribed the defeat and route of the teleological school: of all, that is, who profess to see in nature the working of any intelligence higher than human. We are reminded of the complacent utterance of the panegyrist of Epicurus—

> Quare religio pedibus subjecta vicissim
> Obteritur, nos exæquat victoria cœlo.

But a triumphant march is not a victory, although it may lead light-headed people to suppose that a victory has been gained. It is simply a "demonstration," in the modern political sense of a show and pageant, that proves nothing, but is got up to seem to mean much.

But rhetoric aside—an arm of offence which teleologists can brandish as well as Darwinists—we ask what view of the universe is it that we are called upon to accept on the strength of Darwin's discoveries. The sum is this, that matter is prior to mind, mind being the growth and outcome of matter: that there is no intelligence above man's, none at least that has anything to do with the world in which man moves: that a house is a thing planned and contrived, not so the architect—he is "the last

product of kinetic solar energy," energy that needed neither creation to start it, nor providence to direct its course. And the proof? It is the old story. First a hot, spinning nebula, or something of that kind. A certain degree of heat, no doubt: call that x. And a certain density, uniform or varying: call the average density y. And a certain angular velocity of rotation: call it z. These are definite quantities. Now we ask, why x, y, z, rather than any other quantities, x', y', z'? That is due, we are told, to the previous unknown history of the nebula. That answer is mere shuffling. The question always returns: why have the antecedent conditions been such as to give this present collocation, and not any other of the myriad possible collocations or arrangements of material? A teleologist will say that the collocation which x, y, z represent, was planned by Intelligence. *Stet pro ratione voluntas.* Can the evolutionist put his hand on any one of Charles Darwin's discoveries that shall disprove this teleological explanation? Unless he can, the position that matter is prior to mind remains unproven.

But the nebula spins on, cools down, condenses into liquid, solidifies, till the tiniest and lowliest of vegetable organisms blooms suddenly on the bosom of primeval mud. How is this? we ask. Some happy variation. A pretty thread to hang a whole philosophy on, like an elephant from a horse-hair. But there the organism is, and of course it reproduces others, and they adapt themselves to their environment, and some individuals are a little unlike their progenitors, and this unlikeness proves an advantage to them, and they transmit it to their posterity; and those individuals who have this advantage, being stronger, supplant such as have it not. So vegetation grows luxuriant and manifold.

And the lowest plants are very like the lowest animals, often quite undistinguishable; so that we may suppose both plants and animals to have come from one humble source, that primitive organism, child of happy variation. There is a good deal here debatable enough; and much that undoubtedly is true. The principle of natural selection must ever hold its place by the side of the law of universal gravitation as one of the grand laws of Nature. This means that Darwin must stand with Newton, the naturalist with the astronomer. In his capacity of naturalist he is worthy of no less a place. Whether natural selection will account for the variation of species to the extent which he cautiously implies, and his disciples open-mouthed proclaim, is matter of much question. A happy variation, as a shade of colour, or a slight increase of neck, must be small to begin with, too small very often to be of any assistance to its possessor in the struggle for life. Two beings must unite, each with this happy variation, in order to transmit it at all certainly and pronouncedly. Then there is the tendency to atavism, or reversion to an earlier and less improved type. Likewise, catastrophes and wholesale devourings, which involve improved and unimproved in a common ruin. So natural selection works through a long chapter of accidents, and gets on slowly. But has it not infinite time to work in? No, it has not. Modern research tends to show that at a certain epoch, a long way back certainly, but still a limited term of years, no life, or none but the very lowest, was possible upon this earth by reason of the temperature.

These are difficulties for naturalists. The teleological school take their stand at three other principal points. The first is the origin of all things:

why this world with its collocations rather than any other possible collocations, unless by the selection of Intelligence. The second is the origin of life. These two points Darwin has left as he found them. The third is the origin of man, and on this he has written in his *Descent of Man*, how "from the latter (the Old World monkeys), at a remote period, man, the wonder and glory of the universe, proceeded." Now, what does the teleologist say to that? I abstract here from all teaching of Holy Scripture, and argue by science and philosophy, as we should have had to speculate had the Scriptures never been given to us. The teleologist then says that, speaking of animals, it is a mistake to discuss their bodily structure alone. In all the higher animals certainly, there is some sort of a soul. The soul is more perfect, if not in its being at least in its operation, where the body is more perfect.

There is a difference between a material soul and a spiritual soul in this, that the latter can and the former cannot apprehend an universal idea away from individualizing circumstances. None but bodies of the highest organization are capable of uniting with a spiritual soul; this, because soul and body in the animal have one joint operation. An inferior organism cannot take a concurrent part in high psychical operations. Suppose then that all that Darwin has written on the gradual evolution of the anthropoid ape were true. Evolution is a progress of ever better organized bodies. In time, when organization is sufficiently advanced, suppose the next generation to have infused into it a spiritual and immortal soul. I have nothing to say to the antecedent possibility of man having been evolved in this way; but let us suppose it possible, which is going to extreme Darwinian lengths. Even then, there is no account rendered of the soul of

man, unless that be ascribed to the creative act of a Divine Intelligence. There is no evolving an immortal spirit out of cosmic mist, not even through billions of transformations, because thought and matter are not in the same order. If the evolutionist maintains that they are, we ask on what particular process of inductive reasoning gone through by Darwin he relies for his proof. It is not enough to show that human thought is conditioned on a certain bodily organization disposed and operating in a certain way; every student knows that. Nor is it enough, as Darwin has done, to trace analogies between emotions in man and in brutes; for it is not emotion but intellect that is characteristic of man. Most human attributes have their analogues in the lower creation. Indeed it was a favourite idea of the schoolmen, that creatures rose one above the other in a gradual ascending scale. Such a scale has been drawn by Darwin and Haeckel. But the ascent, so gradual to the eye, is broken here and there by vast gulfs of difference. The villages of the Lebanon are so close that you can drop a stone from one to the other, but there is a perpendicular precipice between. There is not much difference to the eye between the lowest man and one of Haeckel's anthropoid apes, nor between a living spore and a speck of dust. But there is a difference so vast that Darwin has been unable to span it. He has not been able to explain the transition from brute matter to life, nor that from a material to a spiritual soul. The finger of God is here.

One might expect that if ever lower animals had a chance of attaining, if not human form, at least human intelligence, it would be in historic times, when they are especially bred and trained and cultivated by man's care. Yet they fall hopelessly short; they get no nearer, except as man may get nearer the stars by

going upstairs. Is this because Nature has fallen off in her variability, being no longer young? Then natural selection is not enough for evolution, but we need a certain indwelling potentiality. Whence came this potentiality? The teleologist will call it "a creative *nisus*."

Again, man is a free being. Or has Darwin shown that he is not? But how can freewill have grown out of the necessary evolution of matter?

These are some of the doubts of a teleologist touching the Darwinian formularies. They form part of his scientific plea for still holding the old faith to be better than the new. The worship of God the Creator has survived the discovery that the stars are not animals, and that they are not borne about by angels. Our idea of God's majesty has even gained by dropping epicycles and geocentricism. Teleologists will yet "baptize" Darwin, as they baptized Aristotle in the thirteenth century, and classical literature in the sixteenth. They will accept as much evolution as is capable of proof, and glorify God who planned the germ and primitive potentiality. They will yet, as Kingdon Clifford once dreaded they would, seize all the glories of modern science and weave them into a crown for the Creator and Redeemer of men.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY,
69 SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD, LONDON, S.E.

PAUL THE MASON.

By Lady Herbert.

The way in which the best and holiest souls are sometimes tried by God, and the strange manner in which, after they have suffered, He brings about their deliverance, and that, very often, by the most unexpected means, is fully shown in the history which I am about to relate, and which is true in every particular.

In a convent in Rome certain additions were found necessary to facilitate the work of retreats; and the new buildings were to be carried out according to the plans and under the superintendence of a very clever nun, who daily came to give directions and to watch the work. The men chosen for this purpose were generally of good character; but one in particular, named Paul Dionisi, was noted for his manly, earnest, quiet piety, and his conscientious performance of every duty entrusted to him. Yet he was a bright, cheerful, active man, not in the least disposed to set himself up as better than his neighbours, and quite ready to share in any innocent amusement. But the most remarkable feature in his character was his simple, unhesitating trust in God, and his deeply-rooted conviction that whatever happened to him was ordered by One Who knew what was best for him; so that a cheerful acceptance of His will was not only his best and wisest course, but a plain duty.

Things went well with him for many years. He married a good and industrious woman, and had five children, who were well and carefully trained. In spite of the occasional jeers of the most careless among his fellow-workmen, he was respected by all of them: for they always found him ready to do them a kind and a good turn, and that in the quietest and most unobtrusive way possible

One morning he did not appear at his work as usual, and on inquiry the nun heard that he had taken a violent chill which he had neglected, and was then seriously ill. He came to the convent a little later, however; but was so very unwell that the nun insisted on his going home again after she had given him some simple remedies. Being anxious about him she sent a doctor to see him for the first three or four days, and persuaded him to stay in bed during the morning and only come to work for the half-day, she promising to pay him full wages all the same, so that his family might not suffer. It was this nun's business to pay the men and keep the accounts, the improvements in the convent we have spoken of being carried out with her own money: so she carefully marked down the three days in her books when he had thus been laid up—with what important result our readers will presently learn.

The buildings went on, the finer portions being always reserved for Paul; when one morning the nun, not being well, came later than usual to the works, and to her astonishment found them all stopped and the men talking together in groups, apparently in great agitation. Evidently something most unusual had happened. Paul, too, was nowhere to be seen! In answer to her eager inquiries, she was told in breathless accents and almost in one voice, that Paul had been seized the night before by the police and carried off to prison. Why or wherefore, nobody could imagine! Dismay was painted on every face and no possible reason could be suggested to account for it. Soon after, his poor wife arrived at the convent, quite broken-hearted at what had happened, and explained the whole thing.

It seemed that a year or two before, they had taken a lodger into their house for a little time who had appeared respectable and who had given in his papers (a necessary form in Rome) under a certain name. Paul found out, however, by degrees, that he had several different and false names, and that letters and parcels were continually coming to him from various quarters under these. There were several other mysterious things about his lodger which excited Paul's suspicions, and finally he made up his mind to get rid of him. The man was furious at being sent away, but dissembled his anger and his cruel plans of revenge; only asking as a favour that he might leave a heavy box behind

him for a time, which for greater security, he walled up in a disused chimney, and which he said he would come and fetch later.

This man, two years after, was discovered by the police to be a coiner of false money, and when he was arrested, he declared that his tools were left in Paul's house, of which he gave the address. The police came, found the box and all the forger's implements, and, naturally thinking that Paul was an accomplice, threw him also into prison. In vain he protested his innocence and his entire ignorance of the contents of the box, the very existence of which he had almost forgotten. In vain did the parish priest and many others come forward at the preliminary trial, attesting the excellence of his character. "There are too many people apparently of the most respectable kind implicated in this matter," replied the superintendent of police. So poor Paul was marched off to prison till the regular trial came on. There he remained for nearly six months, during which time his wife and children suffered extreme want. For some weeks even the nuns did not know of the distress they were in, as they were not of a kind who ever would beg or ask for anything: and it was only later that they heard that on Christmas Day they had had nothing but some radishes and water for dinner!

There were not wanting envious and malicious people also, who rejoiced secretly in their misery, treated and spoke of Paul's previous good conduct as that of a hypocrite, and felt even glad at one being removed from their midst whose honesty had been a constant reproach to them and their nefarious practices.

There is an old saying that misfortunes never come single, and so it turned out in the case of this poor family. For the eldest boy, Louis, having been taken on to work at some factory, had his arm and hand crushed by a wheel in the machinery; and was for a long time unable to bring in any help.

The nuns took the little girls into their school, and were astonished to find them so advanced in religious knowledge; but the children told the Sisters that every evening after his work, when their father was free, he taught them and explained the catechism to them himself, which accounted for their progress.

In the meantime, Paul's conduct in the prison had won the admiration and esteem of all the officials. And they found he had such influence over the other prisoners, that they moved him from one ward to another, so that all might be brought into habits of order and obedience by his example. He helped also in repairing and ornamenting several parts of the prison, and was always cheerful and resigned to the will of God, saying that in God's own good time his innocence would be proved. His conduct was in fact so exemplary that, as this affair implicated so many people who could not all be found, and the trial would probably be postponed for some months longer in consequence, the governor of the prison himself proposed that Paul should be let out on bail, which was granted.

Many people advised Paul then to leave the country; and his sister, who was settled near Salerno, implored him to come and take refuge with her, and to bring his whole family. He consulted his good friend the nun and the parish priest, and they agreed with him that it was better not. "Were I to fly," he said, "people would say I was guilty: whereas if I stand the test of the trial I feel sure I shall be acquitted."

So he remained in his old house and went about his work as usual, everyone hastening to employ him, so that his family were soon relieved from want. His sister took the two eldest girls, gave them an excellent education, and finally procured them good and suitable marriages. But now the day of trial came, and Paul readily answered the summons to appear. After a lengthened examination of an immense number of witnesses, the whole of the prisoners were condemned, including Paul, to twelve years of the galleys!

All Paul's friends, and especially the nuns, were in despair: and the one who knew him best resolved to move heaven and earth to save him. She sent for one of the judges, whom she knew, and implored leave to see the papers which gave the grounds of his accusation. On carefully examining them she found that Paul's share in the supposed crime, and in the consequent terrible sentence, rested on the fact that during three given days the forger had declared that Paul had gone with him to a certain place outside Rome to work at the production of the counter-

feit money. She turned to her books, and found, with a joy which it is difficult to express, that those were the very three days on which Paul had been ill, when she had given him his medicine herself and paid him his full wages for three half-day's work, as we have before mentioned!

She instantly made an affidavit to that effect, which she sent to the judge, and which was proved by Paul's fellow-workmen and the doctor who had attended him. The case was again brought before the court, with the result that Paul was honourably acquitted, although no compensation was awarded him for his many months of suffering and imprisonment.

But his trials were not yet over. His great ambition had been to become a master-mason and to set up in business for himself; and for that purpose, when once more free, he worked early and late, till at last he had gathered together a very respectable sum and saw his dream on the point of being realized. But again he was destined to suffer from the jealousy of the wicked. In the same house and on the same floor with himself, was a Jewish family, who had always envied his prosperity. They proposed to him to join them in some sort of speculation, which he refused. Determined to be revenged, and watching their opportunity, they stole into his apartments one day while he was away at work, and while his wife had gone to nurse a sick daughter. The children were all away, so the coast was clear. Like most Italians, Paul had the habit of keeping all his savings in a box in his house, which he carefully concealed in his wife's wardrobe.

Suspecting this, they broke open the cupboard, and took not only the precious box, but all the gold ornaments which Roman women wear on feast-days and which are kept as heirlooms. They also stole all their linen and other valuables and then decamped, taking the first train to Civita Vecchia, where they embarked in a boat, and were no more heard of!

When poor Paul came back from his work and his wife from her sick child, they found the house rifled, and everything of value gone! What added to their misery was that it was (as the Jews well knew) the eve of the day on which their rent was due; this had been carefully put aside for that purpose, but it too was gone! Almost in despair that

evening at the ruin which had so unexpectedly fallen upon them, they sat down to their poor supper, which consisted only of the remains of their mid-day meal, for they had no means to buy any more, when a poor beggar-woman came, to whom they had been in the habit of giving some food two or three times a week. Paul's wife told her what happened, and how grieved she was that there was nothing for her as usual: but Paul heard her, and fumbling in his pocket found one penny, which was all he had in the world, and gave it to her, saying that he never would turn any one empty away.

The same nun of whom we have spoken heard of this fresh and terrible misfortune through a neighbour of theirs, and instantly obtained, through a rich relation of her own, the sum necessary for the rent. So that in that respect, the malice of their enemies was defeated, and they were not turned homeless into the street as the landlord who was a hard and bad man, had threatened. But although the police did their best, no trace of the thieves could be discovered, and it was even supposed that the boat, which contained both them and their stolen treasure, had capsized. Certain it is that the Jewish thieves were never again heard of.

Everything had now to be begun again, and more than ever poor Paul's faith and courage and perseverance were put to the proof. His sister soon heard of their trouble and implored them to leave Rome, where they had suffered so much, and come to her. They did so, and by her influence he got good work at one of the new Sicilian lines of railway, where a number of fresh stations were required. Very soon his value was discovered by his employers, who promoted him from one post to the other, till he became a kind of superintendent of all the buildings to be erected on the line. So he prospered more and more. His children all turned out admirably and are well and happily married and settled in life. He never forgets his old and faithful friend the nun, and writes to her continually happy and grateful letters. And now he is reaping the reward of his faith and patience and trust in God, and as "Don Paolo Dionisi" has attained to a higher position than he ever dreamed of in his old mason days. So true it is, that in the midst of all the trials He sends them, God always takes care of those who are His own.

THE FATAL BIRTHDAY:

A Tale founded on fact.

I.

A FEW weeks after the disastrous expedition of Quiberon, and while the numerous prisoners who had fallen into the hands of the Republicans were being daily led from the little town of Auray to die under the bullets of their remorseless enemies, a young Royalist who had formed part of the expedition was seated in a small room on the ground-floor of one of the principal houses in that same town of Auray. He was very young, but his remarkably handsome face wore an expression of sadness ill-suited to his extreme youth. Some sketches lay on the table. Beside them were thrown down a palette and brushes; a large oil painting occupied an easel which stood near the window. It was the portrait of an officer wearing the uniform of a Republican general, and was evidently no fancy picture, but the faithful copy of a living model. The face, which though not ill-looking was far from prepossessing, was delineated with so vigorous a touch that it could not fail to arrest attention. In the piercing black eyes, partly shaded by bushy overhanging brows, might be traced a mingled expression of ferocity and deceit. The lower part of the face and the neck were coarse and heavy, denoting brutal instincts, while the aquiline nose, the massive forehead, and the erect carriage of the head gave the idea of sternness and determination. The picture would have done honour to an experienced artist, yet it was the work of the young occupant of the room. It needed only a few touches in the uniform to be complete; but the artist seemed in no humour to resume his work. After sitting musing for some time, he rose abruptly, and commenced pacing up and down with the impatience of a captive. Except that the window, probably on account of its situation on the ground-floor, was strongly barred, there was nothing in

his surroundings to suggest that the occupant of the room was a prisoner, yet such was the fact. After the utter failure of the Royalists at Quiberon, Count Hyacinth de St. Florent had been conducted, with over nine hundred unfortunate companions in arms, to Auray, and there imprisoned to await an almost certain death: for although the victors held out some hopes of sparing the lives of such prisoners as were under age, little reliance was to be placed on vague promises when the solemn treaty made with Sombreuil was already ignored.

Gifted with a wonderful talent for painting, he had tried to while away the tedious hours of his captivity by sketching the likenesses of his friends in misfortune, or calling on his memory to produce the Breton scenery in the midst of which his childhood had been passed. The drawings, done with such materials as the place afforded, attracted the notice of the Republican general to whom the superintendence of the daily executions had been entrusted. Wishing to obtain views of the town and its environs, he made the young artist accompany him on two or three occasions to take the desired sketches; then, apparently charmed by the amiable manners of Hyacinth, with perhaps also some pity for his extreme youth, he removed him to his own house, where, while he had him sufficiently guarded to prevent any attempt to escape, he at the same time showed him every kindness, and frequently invited him to dine at his own table. Although Hyacinth had too much experience of the wretched, overcrowded prison of Auray not to be fully sensible of the improvement in his condition, and although the prospect of being spared an ignominious death was certainly not without attraction to one so young, he was nevertheless, when he thought of the brave companions he had left behind him, subject, since his removal to the general's house to frequent fits of depression. At such moments he would almost reproach himself with the strange fortune that had separated his lot from theirs.

On the afternoon in question he was even more than usually restless and low spirited; he had walked several times to and fro in the room, when he stopped suddenly. A slight sound had attracted his attention, a sound which was familiar to him. He moved quickly to the window.

The face of a beautiful girl appeared on the other side of the bars. She bore so close a resemblance to the youthful captive that no one could have hesitated a moment in pronouncing them to be brother and sister. Their age also seemed to be the same.

"Oh, Hermanie!" he exclaimed. "Why do you risk your safety by coming again so soon? You promised you would not."

"True, brother," replied the girl in a soft whisper; "but I could not let this day, our birthday, pass without seeing you. We are both nineteen, and it is the first time in our lives we have found ourselves separated on this feast-day. Besides, Hyacinth, I have been so dull and uneasy all day. I could bear it no longer, so I came to see if you were safe and well."

"Both safe and well, as you see," answered her brother, smiling as he fondly pressed the little white hand she had passed through the bars. "Do you remember how our dear mother used to say that we two always had the same thoughts and feeling? Well, all this day I have been sad and downcast, because you have been so, I suppose. So now try and be cheerful, Hermanie, or I must be dull too."

"Do they continue to treat you kindly?" inquired the girl anxiously.

"Yes I have everything I want, except—my liberty. Really I feel ashamed to be so well off while my former companions remain in misery."

"That is not your fault, my poor Hyacinth!"

"No, only the fault of my talent. By the way, I wonder what the General will make me paint next. His portrait is all but finished. Can you see it through the window?"

Hermanie stood on tip-toe and shading her eyes with her hands looked in.

"It is the very image of him!" she exclaimed, and with a slight shudder she added, "but I do dislike his face so much! those eyes seem fixed on me with such a cunning, cruel expression!"

"When you take a portrait you must copy nature," said her brother, smiling; "but, hush! I hear footsteps! Goodbye, sister dear; may our next birthday be a happier one!"

The girl glided quickly from the window, crossed the solitary yard into which it looked, and made her exit by a

low broken-down wall which ran along one side. Hyacinth threw himself into a chair.

The next minute the door opened and the General came in. After exchanging a friendly greeting with his prisoner, he walked towards the easel.

"Upon my word, St. Florent," he said in a self-satisfied tone, "that is quite a flattering picture!"

"I am glad you think so," replied the young artist.

"But you have not finished the coat! That is the worst of you men of genius, you are always lazy. I do believe you have done nothing to it since yesterday!"

"I can finish it in half an hour," answered Hyacinth, "I will set to work early to-morrow."

"But I want it done to-night," replied the other impatiently.

"To-night! The light is not good for painting at this hour.

"Nonsense! it is quite bright near the window; it is scarcely six o'clock and this is the third of August. Why, we shall have light for the next two hours! Come, there's a chair for you."

So saying he placed a seat opposite the easel, and Hyacinth rather reluctantly set to work; he soon, however, became interested in it, while the General sat looking on.

"Where are those sketches of the town?" he asked.

"Some are on the table, the rest in the drawer. I have been touching them up."

"That's right!" Then suddenly changing the subject of conversation, he said: "You seem to be a great favourite with the officers on my staff, and especially with Obéron."

"He is very kind to me," replied Hyacinth, without raising his eyes from his painting.

"He says that you told him to-day was your birthday How old are you?"

"Nineteen."

"Young enough to look forward to a long life."

"I do not know," answered the prisoner sadly. "Youth is no guarantee for life in these days. You know the saying: 'In peace sons bury their fathers, in war fathers bury their sons.' But all my relations are gone, so most probably strangers will bury me."

"Decidedly, St. Florent, you are in a melancholy humour

to-night. You must come and dine with us to celebrate your birthday."

Hyacinth thanked the General, and then there followed a long interval of silence; at length, throwing down his brush, he exclaimed:

"There! it is done."

"You have forgotten to sign your name."

"Oh! do you care for it?"

"Of course I do, it will always put me in mind of you."

There was something peculiar in the manner in which the General spoke these last words; a thought darted through the captive's mind. Perhaps he was just going to receive his liberty, and hence the General's haste to have the portrait finished. His heart beat at the idea. Liberty! How Hermanie would rejoice! Already he fancied himself returning with his dear twin-sister to their old Breton home, there to await some favourable opportunity of again using his sword in the cause of the King. When he collected his thoughts he found himself alone, and the reflection that perhaps after all they were but dreams brought back with it a sadness which was not quite dispelled even while sitting at table on the right hand of the General and next his friend Obéron. Little by little, however, his spirits rose; he became bright and animated. The General, who was even more attentive to him than usual, proposed to drink his health; several of the officers in doing so complimented him on his birthday. Hyacinth replied to their good wishes with his usual courtesy. Dessert was on the table, when the commander, calling one of the attendants, gave him some order in an undertone and the man left the room; then turning towards his guest, he said:

"The Republic has just issued a decree which concerns you, St. Florent. Hitherto none of the prisoners taken at Quiberon who were under one-and-twenty have been shot; they are now included in the sentence of death, and you are one of the number."

Hyacinth had turned pale during these words, but with his eye steadily fixed on the speaker, he said calmly:

"How soon is the sentence to be carried out?"

"Now! at once!"

A murmur of astonishment and horror followed these

words. Obéron rose from his place: "General," he said, "are you in earnest or are you jesting?"

"I am so much in earnest that the soldiers who are to execute the order will be here directly."

He had scarcely finished speaking when four fusiliers with loaded muskets entered the apartment.

"Surely," exclaimed Obéron indignantly, "you cannot mean to have a man shot whom we have all treated as a friend, and in whom you yourself have taken such kindly interest. Surely it would have been less cruel to have left him in prison than to have raised hopes that were not to be realized."

"If St. Florent deceived himself it was his own look out; I never gave him any promise of protection from the law."

Several of the Republican officers joined Obéron in soliciting the life of the young Royalist, but the General remained inexorable. Hyacinth stood up;

"I do not ask," he said calmly, "any difference to be made between me and my companions; since loyalty is a crime, I am as guilty as they are. But I do demand a short time to recollect myself before I pass from a banquet to death."

"A soldier and not ready to die!" said the General sarcastically.

"You are right," answered the young man boldly; "a Christian and a soldier should always be prepared for death." Then turning to the soldiers charged with his execution, he said: "I am ready!" and moved towards the door. It was a bright moonlight night, the soldiers placed their prisoner against a blank wall which formed one side of the yard and then withdrew a few paces. The General stood at the open window of the dining-room to watch the scene. Suddenly a figure, which had been crouching under the window of the room hitherto occupied by the captive, sprang forward, darted across the yard and threw its arms round the neck of the victim.

"Hermanie, is it you?" murmured Hyacinth, as he tried to detach himself from her embrace.

The soldiers, startled by the suddenness of the apparition, hesitated what to do.

"Fire!" cried the girl; "if my brother is to die, let me die with him."

The visit which Hermanie had paid that afternoon to her brother had not dispelled the strange presentiment which she felt about his fate. When the old aunt with whom she resided—for she was an orphan—had retired to rest, she quickly left the house and stole up to the well-known window; she heard sounds of mirth in the dining-hall above, from which streamed a brilliant light; at times she could discern her brother's voice. Taking up her station close under the wall of the house she determined to await his safe return to his room, and thus it was that now she saw him led forth to die.

One of the officers succeeded in separating her clasped hands and drew her to a distance.

"Fire!" exclaimed the young Royalist. It was the last time his voice sounded in his sister's ear; the next moment the simultaneous discharge of four muskets had ended the life of Count Hyacinth de St. Florent.

II.

Some sixty years ago there stood on a slight eminence above the little Breton village of St. Florent an old château, which was the cradle of the Counts who had given their names to the hamlet and its surrounding district. Hyacinth, the last male heir of that ancient line, had died fifteen years before in the sad manner already recorded. The château, however, was not uninhabited, although the mouldering terraces, the grass-grown walks, and the closed shutters of many of the apartments gave it that appearance; now and then figures might be noticed moving about the cheerless dwelling, and there was one stately form, that of the mistress of the château, which could be seen almost daily pacing slowly up and down the broad terrace or wandering through the lonely wood, but never turning her solitary footsteps towards the village or the highway: the busy haunts of men were uncongenial to her sad and wounded spirit. She was the twin sister of the last Count of St. Florent. Hermanie was no longer a girl, but she still retained the handsome features which had distinguished her in her youth, though their expression was now cold and austere. It was easy to discern that the heart within had been crushed by sorrow.

Alas! it had been a sorrow unhallowed by religion. In the first moment of wild, uncontrolled grief at the death of her brother, she uttered those words which are as senseless as they are untrue in the mouth of a Christian. "The trial is greater than I can bear!" Yet the trial was there and Hermanie had to bear it, but she did so without resignation and without solace. Unfortunately, the only relative she had, her aunt, although far advanced in years, was a worldly woman without religious feeling; the consolations she offered her niece were ill-suited to her ardent, elevated mind and her strong affections. Hermanie's beauty attracted many admirers, but to her aunt's incessant instigations to seek happiness in a married life, she invariably replied that she did not care for happiness, and that all the affections of her heart had died with Hyacinth. At last she prevailed on her aunt to take her back to the home of her peaceful childhood. Most of the lands had been confiscated or sold, but the house and a small farm with a park had been preserved to the family through the fidelity of an old servant.

Here, when her aunt died, Hermanie remained sole mistress and occupant. Solitude had been a necessity to her. After the wave of anguish which had passed over her youth, it had become a habit. Day followed day in unbroken monotony. Mdlle. de St. Florent had a cultivated mind, and reading was the one absorbing occupation of her lonely life. The château ,possessed a rather extensive library, and in it she spent most of her time: she read anything. In spite, however, of this desultory reading and the dangerous character of much of the literature she perused, her faith remained intact—that strong faith which had been nurtured in her by a pious and wise mother, of whom death had deprived herself and her brother a few months before Hyacinth was taken prisoner. It was an inactive unpractical faith, it is true, but still the smouldering fire might some day be kindled into the burning flame of charity. So at least hoped the good Curé, who was the only visitor who ever crossed the threshold of the château. The Curé was always received by Hermanie with courtesy and respect as the minister of a religion in which she believed, although she did not practise it; and he continued his visits with the hope, hitherto fruitless, of winning back that haughty soul, which

sorrow had only exasperated instead of softening. In dealing with his strange parishioner, the Curé laboured under a serious difficulty: he was acquainted with her history, but he had never once been able to penetrate the true reason of her neglect of her religious duties. Her life was blameless; she had no attachment to the things of the world, and if there is a class of persons to whom religion seems more particularly suited it is surely those whom sorrow has disenchanted of earthly pleasures, and whose heart needs a balm which no human sympathy can bestow. Yet Mdlle. de St. Florent persistently rejected all the consolations of religion; and the Curé was at a loss from what point to assail her obduracy.

One evening—it was the third of August, and the fifteenth anniversary of the fatal birthday—Hermanie, after finishing her solitary meal, had sauntered to the open window, and stood gazing far away through the framework of fragrant jessamine and clematis that surrounded the casement. The day was full of sad memories, but at that moment her thoughts wandered back to the happy hours of childhood. She imagined herself once again playing on that verdant slope with her brother, ever her inseparable companion. She heard the merry peals of laughter with which they gave chase to the brilliant butterflies across the meadow below the terrace. Could that thoughtless, joyous child have been herself, the brokenhearted woman who cared for nothing on earth? And could that lively light-hearted boy be the same as he whose bleeding form she had seen fall under the bullets of the soldiers? "Oh, how deceptive is life!" she murmured. She was about to turn from the window, when she saw the figure of the Curé toiling slowly up the winding path which led from the village to the château. She went to the door herself to receive and welcome him. They conversed for some time on indifferent subjects, until the Curé, happening in reference to the harvest to make mention of the date, Mdlle. de St. Florent replied:

"Yes, this is the 3rd of August—I know the date but too well, it is the anniversary of our birthday, and of that fatal day on which my poor brother died."

The Curé thought the moment favourable to observe gently that religion alone could bring comfort to her life,

and reminded her of the words of our Saviour; "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

"M. le Curé," she replied calmly but firmly, "it is not the first time that you have insinuated that I ought to practise my religion; in doing so, you do not know my character. I am as well acquainted with the precepts of the Gospel as you are; I believe them as fully. You wish me to pray; now what are the words our Lord teaches us to say? 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us.' Well, I never have forgiven and never will forgive the murderers of my brother. I cannot injure them, indeed they are perhaps now beyond the reach of human vengeance, but no matter; the will to seek revenge is there; I feel a morbid satisfaction in that sentiment of hatred, as though it were the one vibrating chord which tells me my heart is not dead. Again, you advise me to go to the Church to seek consolation; are you not aware of those words: 'If at the foot of the altar you remember that you have something against your neighbour, go first and be reconciled to him, *then* come and offer your gift?' How could I kneel at the altar rail with a heart so full of hatred? And now that I have revealed to you my sentiments, will you still press me to practise, or rather to mock, our holy religion?"

"Mademoiselle," replied the priest, "I would implore you to change those sentiments. Think of that Divine pardon pronounced by Jesus Christ on the Cross when looking on His murderers He said: 'Father, forgive them.'"

"He was God," Hermanie answered in a subdued tone; "I am a poor weak woman."

"But Christ is our model, and all the saints have imitated Him."

"I am not a saint."

"You are right," replied the priest, "you are a poor weak woman, but you yourself have suggested the thought which should fill you with encouragement. Yes! He is God; and because He is God, He is able and willing to give you the help necessary to fulfil His commands. He bids us forgive our enemies as He Himself did, and, as God, He both can and will give us the grace to do so. Only we must not resist or refuse him."

"Perhaps so," answered Hermanie coldly, "but I had not thought of that."

The Curé said as he rose to depart: "I fear, mademoiselle, that yours is a difficult case, yet I do not despair. I shall recommend you to the holy souls in purgatory; I have often obtained through their intercession things which, humanly speaking, appeared impossible. And," he added after a moment's hesitation, "if your brother be still among those suffering souls, I will ask that he may be allowed to touch the heart of one so dear to him."

"My brother!" exclaimed Hermanie with emotion. "Oh, M. le Curé, you forget that he has been dead fifteen years. He cannot be still in purgatory."

"Ah! those are questions we cannot decide. I know God's mercy is great, especially to those to whom men show least mercy. Yet your brother received a fearfully sudden summons to die, and who can say that in those few moments which preceded his death he was able fully to prepare himself to appear before God? Or that, although I do not doubt his Christian sentiments, there may not have remained on his soul stains of a thoughtless life, such as was led by so many of the young *émigrés?*"

The Curé had departed, and Hermanie remained alone; it had been her yearly habit to watch through the night of the fatal birthday. It always seemed to her impossible to rest on such an anniversary. The old servant was acquainted with his mistress's custom; having therefore brought the lights, and seen that the doors of the house were locked, he retired to rest.

Hermanie sat in the silent chamber, plunged in a melancholy reverie. She thought of that night when she stood with beating heart beneath her brother's window, then she saw the group that issued from the General's house, the moonlight flashing on the soldiers' arms, and Hyacinth in the midst of them; how he stood alone, calm and pale. She passed her hand over her eyes—was she dreaming, or was it an effect of over-wrought imagination? It seemed to her that her brother was really standing before her in that very room. She was fully awake, for she heard the old clock on the stairs strike. Yes! it was he, not changed by years as she was, but in the strength and beauty of his nineteenth birthday; he looked sad but resigned. Something in his appearance which awed her prevented his sister from advancing to embrace him; she instinctively

felt that an abyss lay between them. He was spiritualized, she was still of the earth. She clasped her hands upon her throbbing breast.

"Hyacinth, my brother; what has brought thee back to this world of sorrow?" she murmured, in a voice thrilling with emotion.

"Sister," replied the spirit gravely, "I have come to complain of the cruelty with which I have been treated."

"I know it," she answered quickly, "your death is imprinted in fire on my heart, your blood seems to cry vengeance in my ears; but what would you have me to do?"

"I do not mean my death; life, seen from eternity, is like a speck on the ocean; death is but a passing pang, the threshold into the vestibule of the mansion of the King. But that which afflicts me is that you, my own sister, you whom I loved so dearly have forgotten me."

"Forgotten you!" exclaimed Hermanie. "Has a day passed without my thinking of you? Have not my nights been disturbed by sad dreams of you! In the full flower of my youth I refused all offers of pleasure and happiness, because without you my heart would not rejoice!"

"Alas! your tears and your despair availed me nothing: it was prayers that I longed for, that might aid me to pay the debts I had contracted by sin. For years I have waited in vain; no prayer was breathed for me on earth. My body was buried without pious supplication; no priest has ever offered a Mass for me. I have seen countless souls rise to the mansions of eternal bliss, freed by the prayers and Communions offered for them, while I am left to expiate alone. Yet in my last moments, when the justice of God dawned upon me with a fearful vividness, and almost overpowered me, I had one consoling thought: 'The prayers of my sister will follow me beyond the grave.' Last night for the first time a *De profundis* was said for me; it obtained for me the permission to come and plead my cause with you. Have compassion on your brother, help to shorten the time of my punishment. You on earth cannot conceive the anguish of a soul who for one brief moment has seen its God and then finds itself banished from His Presence!"

Hermanie threw herself on her knees. "O, Hyacinth,

pardon me!" she exclaimed. "I have indeed been cruel to you while I imagined I was honouring your memory."

She hid her face in her hands and wept bitterly; when at length she looked up, the vision had disappeared, and the first rays of dawn streaked across the eastern sky. Still she knelt, and prayed as she had not prayed for years. Presently a sound came floating on the calm morning air; it was the bell of the village church summoning the faithful to five o'clock Mass. Hermanie arose; she descended with rapid steps the pathway to the village. The dew lay thick on the grass, the air was fresh and balmy, the birds poured out their joyous hymns, but she heeded nothing; one only thought absorbed her: her brother suffered and she could bring him relief. Tears of repentance flowed as she recalled her past neglect of so dear and sacred a duty. It was with feelings of deep emotion that Hermanie entered the little church; the scanty congregation of peasants marvelled to see the lady of the château kneeling for the first time in the midst of them. After Mass she looked for the good Curé, and related to him the events of the preceding night, and added that henceforth she desired to live a truly Christian life.

"Thanks be to God!" answered the priest. "Whether what you saw last night was really the spirit of your brother or only a dream, it is certain that our Heavenly Father has made use of this means to draw your soul back to His service."

"It was no dream," she said thoughtfully. "M. le Curé, did you say a *De Profundis* for my brother's soul?"

"I did," he replied with some surprise.

"Then I did really see Hyacinth, for he told me that was the first prayer that had been offered for him."

A few days later, Mdlle. de St. Florent knelt at the altar rail to receive the Divine Master Whose commands she had so long neglected. Hers was not a nature that did things by halves. If hitherto she had lived for herself, absorbed in the selfish indulgence of a fruitless grief, now her days were devoted to good works. Her means, it is true, were scanty, but were more than sufficient for her modest requirements: she, therefore, found wherewith to relieve the poor She gave more than her money, she gave them her time, her consoling words, and her strong loving counsel. The

peasants named her "the good lady of St. Florent," but when they offered her their grateful thanks and called blessings on her head, she would say with a sad, earnest look: "Only pray for the soul of my brother; that is all I ask of you."

If death struck some member of the villagers' families, Hermanie, after gently consoling the living, used to add an earnest entreaty: "Do not forget to pray for your poor dead: they long so for our prayers." Each year when the anniversary of the "Fatal Birthday" came round, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered for the young Count. The peasants, justly deeming that they could not better testify their gratitude to their benefactress, thronged the church as though it were a day of obligation; and then, remembering that it was also her birthday, they would bring her flowers, which she, however, laid upon the altar.

Twenty-five years were spent by Hermanie in works of piety and deeds of charity; the third of August dawned once more as she lay on her death-bed: she had received with great devotion the last rites of the Church. She seemed to await a summons from above; suddenly her whole face lit up with joy. "I see Hyacinth," she said, "radiant with beauty; he comes to bid me go to my God; he is supremely happy, and I shall soon join him!" She fell back on her couch; the brother and sister were reunited in the bosom of their God.

NELLIE: A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

By Rosa Mulholland.

A child had been passed in the dispensary as a fit inmate for the Children's Hospital in Dublin, and had been brought up to the wards by the nun in charge. Truly the new patient was an odd little figure. The ward-maid who had received it from the nun, looked at it in surprise, though pretty well accustomed to strange-looking children. Sore eyes, sore spots on the face, a tangle of wild hair, a swelled mouth, a frost bitten nose. The little creature was clad in the most curious assortment of rags: a boy's pair of pantaloons in holes, a girl's draggled petticoat, a remnant of a woman's jacket wrapped about the shoulders.

"Are you a boy or a girl?" asked the ward-maid, looking at the forlorn object with puzzled eyes.

"I don' know," said the child stupidly.

"What do they call you?"

"Nellie Murphy."

"Have you a father and mother?"

"Iss."

"What is your father's employment?"

No reply: the question was not understood. The eyes were too sore to emit any particular expression, and peered blankly into a corner away from the questioner.

"What does your father be doing all day?" said the ward-maid, putting her question in a more familiar, and therefore more comprehensible, form.

"*Murdherin' my mother!*" was the quick and startling answer. The ward-maid said no more, but proceeded to give her a bath, to cut off her tangled hair, to put her into a little white nightdress and flannel jacket, and establish her in a crib in a shaded corner of the girls' ward, where the light from the windows should not hurt her eyes. As soon as her head touched the pillow the child fell asleep, and slept almost without interruption for three long nights

and two dark winter days. Early in the morning after the third night, she was found sitting bolt upright in her bed, gazing around her, eagerly demanding to know what day of the week it was.

"It's Saturday, my dear, and you have been here since Wednesday evening," said the Sister, patting her little hand kindly. "And really," she added to the ward-maid, "her eyes are better, and her face is not so swelled, and she has got a spark of intelligence in her countenance."

The child had dropped back on her pillow again, however, and rolled herself away from the light, taking no notice of anything, while all the little life and bustle of day in a children's hospital began and continued around her. A baby clambered out of its bed and turned a somersault on the floor, right behind the back of the Sister who was serving out the bread and milk, and a chorus of delighted laughter from twenty cribs greeted the performance. Another infant screamed for its neighbour's crowing toy cock. Two or three little convalescents, with shaven heads and smiling pallid faces, hugging broken-nosed dolls in their lank young arms, came to Nellie's bedside, trying to make overtures of friendship to the stranger. But Nellie would have none of them. She was pining for the hovel out of which she had been taken, home-sick for the home where her seven years of existence had been passed amid quarrelling, drunkenness, and dirt. All that day she would neither speak nor eat; but late in the evening, a sound of sobbing and wailing was heard from the crib in the corner.

"What is the matter, my poor child?" said the good nun, bending over the little figure convulsed with sobs under the coverlet.

"It's Saturday night, and my mother'll be bet, an' I won't be there to save her!" wailed Nellie, and refused to be comforted.

Days and weeks passed away, for Nellie's case was a tedious one. Her blood had been poisoned by foul air, and fevered by the "sups of whisky" given her to dull the pangs of hunger, her system exhausted by years (her few years!) of half-starvation. It took all the father's wages to keep him in whisky and porter, so how could Nellie get a bit to eat except when the neighbours gave

it to her? The child had always been hungry in order that the father might always be drunk. Nellie had no objection to that—she did not think anything about it; but the one thing she could not bear was to see her mother beaten. In order to quell the storm of fear and anguish which the child suffered in her crib, the nuns went to visit her mother in her den of a home, and found her gaunt, tipsy, idle, gossiping in her doorway with others like herself.

Sister Mary asked leave to come in and talk to her. She had brought her news of her child, and she had also brought her a little present of tempting food. The wretched mother was overcome, and covered her face with her dirty apron.

"It's a poor place for the like o' you, ma'am, an' shamed I am to ask you to sit down. I had a betther place wanst. I was a dacent servant and thought much o' myself before I saw Pat Murphy's face, or smelt the whisky."

"Ay, Mrs. Murphy, it's the whisky does it," said the nun gently. "Now, if you would only promise me that you, at least, will never taste it again."

The woman shook her head. "When he throws the stool at me," she said, "I've to run out an' get it—only for the whisky I'd go mad."

"Better to go mad without the whisky than with it," said the Sister sorrowfully. "But cheer up now, Mrs. Murphy, and come and see Nellie on Sunday. You cannot think how improved she is."

The mother came on Sunday. She washed her face and borrowed a neighbour's gown and shawl; and as she had kept sober on Saturday, and hidden from her husband on Saturday night, she presented a much less shocking appearance than usual as she sat by Nellie's crib. The child gazed at her with adoration in the big black eyes, which were now visible under the eyelids from which the sores had been gradually cleaned away, and was as happy as it was possible for the unhappy little mortal to be. This hollow-eyed, skeleton-like, uncleanly mother was to her the most lovely, loving, lovable creature in God's universe. She saw no fault in her, thought no ill of her, the child's one complaint against a cruel world was that on Saturday nights this worshipped mother should be "bet." Her own sores were nothing to Nellie, cold was nothing to her, hunger was nothing to her, so long as she

might be allowed to fling her own small person upon her mother's body, to ward off the blows that were aimed at that beloved form.

Now, as Nellie sat up in her crib, healed, smiling, pretty and clean in her clean nightdress, and with her short curly crop, the soft cheek nestled gladly against her own. As she sat there, the mother scarcely knew her; and the woman wept softly as her child's arms fastened themselves tightly round her neck, and rocking her in her arms and shedding quiet tears over her darling, who knows what thoughts passed through Anne Murphy's drink-soddened mind? She would try to bear her troubles better, and keep away from the whisky-palace. She would get some work to do, and strive to earn over again the good character she had once possessed and had miserably lost. She would live to be decent once more, and appear like yonder neat respectable young woman who was visiting her sick baby in the neighbouring bed. She would struggle not to go mad when the blows fell upon her—to remember Nellie.

And then time was up, the visiting hour was over, and the mother left her child and went back to her trials and temptations.

More weeks passed away. Nellie's case had not been less tedious than was expected; but a continued course of wholesome food, cleanliness, freedom from recurring shocks of terror, even more than doctor's treatment, had transformed her into a pretty, intelligent, and lively little girl, who, if not very strong, was in a sufficiently wholesome and healthy state. She had learned to forget the horrors of seeing her mother "bet," to find her little world a pleasant place, and to have hope and confidence in the goodness of "big people." Naturally of an amiable temper and full of fun, she had become the life and soul of the girl's ward. The Sister who in leisure moments amused the children by teaching them to sing, had found Nellie an apt pupil; and her piercing sweet voice rang above all the rest when hymn or ballad or merry catch was trilled by the young convalescents for the comfort of the most suffering patients. When she sang "Mother of Mercy," or the "Wearing o' the Green," even the boys in the next ward sat up in their cribs, and forgot their pains in listening.

At last, however, the day arrived when Nellie had to leave the hospital. The doctors pronounced her cured, and another and more suffering mite of humanity was waiting to take possession of her bed. She said good-bye to her young companions, going round the cribs and shaking hands with all. A child who had just come in envied Nellie for going "home;" and very happy and bright Nellie looked in the nice blue woollen frock and holland pinafore in which the kind Sisters had clothed her. Her dark curly hair lay in smooth rings on her forehead; her big grey eyes were full of tears as she flung her arms round the neck of the nun who had been her tender nurse; and yet all the while her little face was shining with smiles at the prospect of being again with her beloved mother.

"Lord pity her, poor babe!" thought the Sister, as she let the little hand go, and gave her in charge of the ward-maid who was to take her home. "How will she be able to bear the life she is returning to?"

The ward-maid came back with a very serious face from her errand of leaving Nellie at home.

"Such a black dull hole!" she said to the Sister. "I give you my word, ma'am, it was all I could do to keep from snatching her up and running back with her here away from them. I felt like dropping a lamb into a wolf's den, so I did."

"Indeed, I wish we could have kept her," said the Sister; "but this is not an orphanage, and we have no place for her. But I will bear her in mind, and we may get her in somewhere.'

"I doubt if she would leave the mother," said the ward-maid. "To see her hugging the tipsy wretch, and calling her all the lovingest names! God knows, I can't eat my dinner for thinking of the sight!"

And the ward-maid sat down to dine with a disgusted look on her good-natured face; and the nun went away about the duties of the hour, thinking much about Nellie Murphy, and how she should manage to get the child away from her incorrigible parents and into a decent home.

A few quiet cheerful days had elapsed at the Children's Hospital. Nellie was still missed by her young companions, but her bed was now filled by a stranger, and the

"Too late to let any one in, Bridget."

"She wants just one look at her child, ma'am. God knows what way she'll be in the morning."

The Sister reflected a moment, and then opened the door herself, and admitted a gaunt crouching creature, that came creeping into the hall like a whipped animal. Yes, it was Annie Murphy, thinner and more haggard, dirtier and more ragged, than even herself of a couple of months ago. A hateful odour of drink entered the hall with her, and tainted the air of the peaceful house. The nun signed to her to follow, and, leading the way to the quiet chapel, stood back to allow her to enter. But one look from the doorway was enough for the wretched mother. With a glance she took in the small still face on which the sanctuary light shone—the folded hands, the white garb that seemed to fit this little creature for the company of angles; and the woman fell flat on her face and grovelled on the threshold.

"My child! I killed my child!" the Sister heard her stammer. "Murdered for me—murdered by her father!"

Then she rose up, swinging her arms frantically over her head; and, with a cry of despair which those who heard it can never forget, fled away through the hall-door into the outer darkness.

ONLY A PENNY.

By Elizabeth King.

"It's only a penny, missis," said John Stevens, as he stood potting a root of white daisies he had bought of a costermonger as he came home from his work.

"Only a penny, John! that's what you always say; but you forget how those pennies you waste on such-like useless things tell up, and how they would tell up, too, in the savings-bank. Come, your tea's getting cold while you're fiddling with them flowers."

John sat down to his tea without making any answer, after placing the pretty flowers on the window-ledge among a row of primroses, ferns and polyanthuses. His tea was

nicely made, and his eggs and bacon cooked to perfection, and laid on a clean table, over which was spread a cloth as white as snow.

"Here comes Pat," said Mrs. Stevens, with a sigh, as a fine boy about fourteen years of age entered the room, and throwing down his hat and a magazine, took a seat next to Mrs. Stevens.

"Another penny wasted, I do declare, while I'm slaving from morning to night to save a penny."

"Don't bother the lad, missis; he's not yours, and I won't have him teased. He'd better be reading of an evening than running the streets and fighting, and smoking, and drinking, as some of our neighbours' lads do at his age."

"Perhaps, Mr. Stevens," said his wife, drawing herself up, "you'll be glad of my savings some day. I earned them honestly in good situations."

Stevens was sorry he had been cross, for he was a kind-hearted man.

"Mary," he said "you are a good, honest woman, and as notable a wife as a man could have, but you spoil it all by your stingy ways and the want of interest you take in my way of amusing myself. But I don't care so much for that if you'll let the lad alone. You'll be driving him into the streets," continued Stevens, as Pat left the room, slamming the door after him, "to find amusement there, if you go on nagging at him every time he brings in a book or a magazine."

"If he were my own child and not your first wife's," said Mary, "I'd say the same to him, and I'll teach that child,"—said Mrs. Stevens, pointing to a rosy baby lying in a cradle in a corner of the room—"as she grows up, the old proverb, 'A penny saved is a penny got.'"

Mr. Stevens was not naturally a passionate man, but when once roused to anger, it was long before he could control himself; and as he rose and left the house, his wife was alarmed at the paleness of his face and lightning-flash from his eyes. She had never seen him very angry before since their marriage about a year previously. A light touch on his shoulder, a gentle "John, I am sorry," would have brought him back, but Mrs. Stevens was too proud, and felt she was an injured woman, and busied herself clearing away the tea-things, angry tears filling her eyes from time to time

The church clock struck ten. Stevens and Pat had never been out so late before, but they came not when the quarter chimed. The half-hour chime sounded like a knell in the young wife's ear. The baby awoke and cried, and she took it up and paced the room with it in her arms. She listened as the chimes warned her that it was a quarter to eleven. She placed the baby in the cradle, opened the door, and looked down the street. In the dim gaslight she saw a man coming towards the house with unsteady step. She was disappointed, for she thought she recognized a neighbour's drunken husband, and hastily entered the house, shut the door, and fastened it.

In a few minutes there was a loud knock. Mary's heart beat quickly as she opened the door; and John, her own John, staggered into the room, sank on the nearest chair, and asked her in the unmistakable voice that has saddened the heart of many a wife and mother, to give him more brandy.

"O John, John!" cried Mary, falling on her knees beside him, "don't talk so, or you'll drive me crazy."

John's eye wandered till they rested on the innocent babe that was crying in the cradle, and the strong man sobbed like a child.

Mary watched her husband through that dreadful night. She resolved never to drive him away from home by selfishness or ill-temper to seek recreation elsewhere.

The next morning, unaccustomed to drinking hard, poor Stevens was too ill to go to work. His first sign of remembrance of the scene of the previous evening was a sorrowful look at Pat's magazine, which still lay among the plants.

"Is Pat gone to work, Mary?" said he, as she gave him some tea.

Mary trembled. She had been wondering all night what had become of Pat.

"He's not come home since last he went out before you: maybe he's at his aunts."

Pat often went to his deceased mother's sister when in trouble. Upon inquiry, however, it was found that he had not been there. In the evening, a letter came from the boy saying he had gone to the docks to see his uncle, the captain of an American trading-vessel, and if he did not hear from his father that he objected to his going, he

would sail with him the next morning and try his fortune in the New World.

Early on the following morning Stevens went to the docks, but Pat and his uncle were gone. The poor father was heart-broken. He could not blame the boy who had taken silence for consent; but to lose him, the child of his blue-eyed, sweet tempered Kathleen, who on her deathbed had charged him to be gentle with him for her sake and bring him up a good Catholic, was almost more than he could bear. The tempter came, the companion who had invited him the night before to "take a drop to cheer him;" and, dreading the sight of Mary, John turned into the tavern.

Many a weary night for years did Mary watch and listen for the heavy tread of her husband's foot sometimes till the grey light of morning streamed through the window shutters. As she had craved for money, so he now craved for drink—maddening drink.

The white daisies died. One by one, all the pretty plants her husband had so carefully tended, perished; watered only by Mary's tears, for she knew not how to manage them. Sometimes she would buy a pretty geranium, and put it in the window to see if it would tempt him to stay at home, but all in vain; the drunkard's senses were deadened; the beautiful in nature had no longer any charms for him. Many are the sources whence the love of drink first springs, and many also are the attractions that will preserve a man from falling a pray to the hateful vice. A taste for the cultivation of flowers, for good reading, for collecting pictures and curiosities, all within the reach, to some extent, of every class now for a small expenditure, will rob the tavern of many a miserable victim.

Mary Stevens had tried many a plan to lead her husband back. Her savings were all drawn out of the bank, her clothes were often pawned to get the necessaries of life for herself, and some comfort for John and her child—her sole consolation

Ten miserable years passed away, when one day the little girl came home from the convent-school looking unusually thoughtful.

"Mother," she said, "the Sisters are going to make a novena to Our Lady of the Angels for father's conversion,

and we are to join it, and get as many as we can to do so."

Mary's face brightened. She had often prayed for her husband's conversion in a vague way, and very hopelessly, but now she determined to have confidence in God. She started off to the Catholic shop, which was at some distance, bought a miraculous medal, and took it to the priest to bless it, asking him to offer up the Holy Sacrifice for her intention.

When John came home at night, she put up the medal, attached to a blue ribbon, round his neck. Instead of throwing it off, as she expected, he smiled, saying:

"It seems like old days, Mary. I used to wear one always."

On the last day of the Novena, Mary and her child were sitting at tea, wondering whether Stevens would come home as he sometimes did, or go straight to the tavern after his work; when he walked in perfectly sober, and asked for some tea.

"Missis," he said, "I've taken the 'pledge'; I'm going to give up drink. I'm certain our Lady and my Guardian Angel have watched over me; they've never given me up, though all the world has. Many an escape of my life do I owe, under God, to my Guardian Angel. Don't blame yourself, Mary"—for her tears were falling fast—"I'd no business to drink because you bothered me when I came home, and Pat shouldn't have gone off so sudden. But it's all over now, and, by the help of God, I've been to confession, and I'll try to lead a better life."

A week later, Pat wrote to his father, telling him that he had married a blue-eyed Kathleen, like his mother, and was very happy. He said his wife was very thrifty, but she found a penny *well spent* was as good as, and often produced, a penny saved. He said he had a good library of useful books, carefully covered by his tidy wife.

Pat sent some books to his sister, and Stevens amused himself by making her some shelves for them. Her mother spent many a penny she saved in adding to the store; and the tavern, not the savings-bank, was the loser.

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